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OLD GEORGETOWN—A SOCIAL PANORAMA.

«THREE MILES FROM THE CAPITOL.»

WHEN the author of «The Star-spangled Banner» emerged from his quiet domicile by the Aqueduct, and went for a pensive ramble, as was his custom of an afternoon, he mounted the winding way to the heights of Georgetown to find a point of vantage there for his more comprehensive contemplation of the prospect. Here his poetic sensibility was soothed and his patriotic foresight flattered by the scene that greeted him riverward and on either hand, and even where the homely little burgh, like a happy country child, strove to spread her narrow skirts between the embowered reveries of Rock Creek and the airy gladness of the college eminence; for the legislature of Maryland, by act of incorporation in 1789, had erected into a town the erstwhile careless thorp that cuddled to the bountiful Potomac, and harbored the fishers of shad, and the fowlers of swans and ducks, and the small skippers of pinnace and pirogue lightly cruising between the Little Falls and the feeding-grounds.

Very dear to the eye of that pensive singer of piety and patriotism were the several landmarks that loomed impressively above the river mists: The Little Falls three miles up the river, whither fishing and picnicking parties resorted for hilarious junketing; Analostan Island, umbrageous and delectable, affording leafy glimpses of the fair Virginia shore, and of flashing sails that, swan-like, chased each other. Beyond the river the historic heights of Arlington, the friendly spires and homes of Alexandria, the consecrated shades of Mount Vernon; and then the nearer Rock Creek and Piney Branch, melodious haunts of birds and bees piping and humming to their floral friends—a retreat of woodland nooks and grassy glades, where twilight lingered and a parsonage nestled. Eastward of that, «Kalorama,» the once beautiful seat of Joel Barlow, patriot, poet, philosopher, whose congenial friend and guest, Robert Fulton, launched his prophetic kettle on Rock Creek; and here the remains of Decatur reposed after the fatal duel with Barron. Farther eastward showed the bold lines of the Capitol, while in the nearer west, airily seated, were the sedate university—stately memorial of Archbishop Carroll, and alma mater of many distinguished citizens of the republic, as well as of notable scholars native to the South American States, Mexico, and the West Indies—and the Convent and Academy of the Visitation, founded by French ladies of the order of «Poor Clares» when as yet the city of Washington was not.

Between the convent and the creek the heights were crowned with the mansions of prosperous and influential citizens whose names are locally historic now: «Monterey,»

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seat of the Linthicums, occupied by Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War in the Monroe cabinet; «Tudor Place,» the garden home of Thomas Peter, Esq., notable in the annals of Georgetown; the storied residence of Brooke Williams, once tenanted by Sir John Crampton, British ambassador, and later by the French minister; and other houses of much social celebrity.

Low on the incline, but slowly creeping hillward from the river, the quaint and kindly burgh looked idly out through dormer-windows on a lounging, drowsy world, and sociably shouldered the highway with all its stoops and sloping cellar doors; and comfortable little boys and girls, unembarrassed by considerations of decorum, and careless of rents and maternal rages, slid down the cellar doors, and watched the world go by—a world of shad-fishers, and fowlers of swans and ducks, and pliers of pirogues[1] and pungies; a world wherein the market-master and the hay-weigher, the constable and the town-crier, the watchman and the lamplighter, were personages of exalted privileges and mysterious powers; where a black Juliet, gaudily coifed in bandana, and hoop-ringed as to her ears, who dispensed English muffins to the outcry of a bell, and a blacker Romeo, amply aproned, who chanted on street corners the succulent glories of hot corn and baked pears, were ever the chroniclers, confidants, and oracles for the children, white or black, on Key and Congress streets and the Causeway, on Bridge and Falls streets, West Landing and Duck Lane.

A characteristic feature of the time and place was the Conestoga wagon, freighted with farm produce from Pennsylvania, ark-like under its long tunnel of canvas, and drawn by five or seven big, benevolent horses, each with a chime of bells making melodious announcement of butter, eggs, and fowls, garden truck, sauerkraut, *schmierkäse*, and apple-butter; and always a hen-coop hung at the stern, and a dog, ill-favored and unsociable, trotted between the hind wheels.

No less characteristic and picturesque was the pier, the landing-place for the lighter craft that flitted between the river-landings in excursions of business or pleasure. Hither came the fishermen to mend their great nets, and the fowlers with their ducking-guns and dogs, and the darkies, old and young, to lend a hand on the flats, or in the blinds or the boats, or in the fish-houses that flanked the beach at convenient points. Hither came country wagons from all the neighboring counties, to convey the shad or rockfish to inland markets. In April and May of 1828 Potomac shad were sold on the wharves of Georgetown for five dollars a hundred. In the early spring of 1826, rockfish weighing from twenty-five to one hundred pounds were netted in great numbers; on the Virginia side of the river, at Sycamore Landing, thirty miles below Washington, four hundred and fifty of these noble fish were taken at one draught of the seine.[2] The multitudinous fleet of small craft, bright, brisk, and bustling, that flitted to and fro between the fishing-grounds and the landings,—the boatmen shouting, singing, bantering each other,—imparted to the beautiful river the aspect of a festal panorama.

In the late fall and winter myriads of canvasback ducks, then commonly called «whitebacks,» came to feed on the small white celery that grew so abundantly in the swamps and flats of the Potomac and the Susquehanna. Formerly on James River they were known as «sheldrake»; but their favorite provender failing there, they flocked to the more bountiful fields between Craney and Analostan islands. They gathered in clouds of thousands, obscuring the river, and storming the air with multitudinous clangor, only to be fusilladed from blinds, or «tolled» within range by dogs trained to play and leap, or by the waving of a red-and-yellow handkerchief luring them by their foolish and fatal curiosity. Tom Davis, the trusty fowler of Mount Vernon, with his Newfoundland dog «Gunner,» often brought down at a single discharge of his clumsy British «piece» as many ducks as might serve the larder for a week.

Even so the snow-white swans were tolled as they floated in fleets of hundreds near the shore at the mouth of the Occoquan: superbly silly birds, spreading from six to seven feet of flashing pinions, clanging and trumpeting in melodious clamor that on still evenings might be heard by the dwellers on the creeks three miles away, and lured to their death by the diverting puzzle of a cunning puppy's antics.

Similarly spectacular was the sport that went to the taking of the ortolan[3] on dark

[1] G. W. P. Custis, in his «Recollections and Private Memoirs,» describes the «pirogue» in which Washington, with a party of his friends, made the first survey of the Potomac above tide-water, as a *canoe* «hollowed out of a great poplar tree, hauled on a wagon to the bank of the Monocacy, and there launched.»

[2] Elliot: «The Ten Miles Square.»

[3] *Sora* of Virginia, *rail* of Pennsylvania.

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

THE LANDING-PLACE, OLD GEORGETOWN.

October nights on the flats near Georgetown, when the birds had settled to their perches on the reeds and wild oats. Amidships across the gunwale of a canoe stout boards were laid to make a platform, and these were sheathed with clay to form a hearth. Here a fire of lightwood was kindled, and the boat crept noiselessly to the flats, a boy feeding the

PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART. BORDER DRAWN BY WILLIAM N. SMITH. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. OWNED BY MRS. GOLDSBOROUGH.

ELIZA PARKE CUSTIS.

flame as it glided in among the perches where the birds, stupefied by the glare, incapable of flight or outcry, and in plain sight of the hunters, were clubbed with light paddles, and so killed or captured by scores. Thirty or forty dozen were often taken by one canoe.

When, in 1796, Thomas Twining, British-Indian merchant and official, alighted, cramped and sore, from the «coach with four horses» that had bumped and banged him from Baltimore by way of Bladensburg to Georgetown, he blessed the «Fountain Inn,» where a feather-bed and a bountiful supper afforded tolerable compensation for his beloved bungalow and his mulligatawny, and gave him strength to confront a great American joke; for while «in the whole course of the day he had not seen a blacksmith's nor a baker's shop,» he had been edified, while waiting for his dinner at the «Indian Queen» in Bladensburg, by the contemplation of a plan of the city of Washington that hung over the fireplace in the dining-room, and showed «all the streets, squares, and public buildings of the intended city, minutely detailed.» Next morning he took horse at the «Fountain Inn,» and rode four miles to see those squares and public buildings, and to call on Mr. Thomas Law, formerly of the Bengal Civil Establishment, who had pitched his bungalow by the Potomac, and married Eliza Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter.

His ride was across a level tract like an English heath. The rude beginnings of a road presently assumed the appearance of an avenue, and although no sign of habitation was visible, «I had no doubt,» writes that patient and amiable wayfarer [illegible] now jogging along [illegible] launched.» [illegible]les Square.» metropolitan [illegible]nia, *rail* of Pennsylvania.

Then he came out into a cleared space, where he found workmen tugging and pounding at the framework of two «somewhat imposing buildings,» and they informed him that *this* was the Capitol and *that* was a tavern. «Can such things be?» And with the thought he rides on over a trackless plain, and through a wilderness of woods and thickets and a labyrinth of bog and underbrush, until Mr. Law's chariot appears, on its way to Georgetown to meet him, and he is conducted to the bungalow by the Potomac. And immediately the wilderness blossoms like the rose; for there are the comely Mrs. Law, and her delectable sister, the vivacious Nelly Custis, and Miss Westcott of Philadelphia, «distinguished for her talents and literary attainments.» And even Talleyrand, prince, politician, diplomat, wit, was expected; for illustrious Frenchmen were entertained at the Law house from time to time, even as Louis Philippe was regaled by General Mason on Analostan Island in 1798.

Law had administered in Bengal the affairs of an extensive district, and had been trained to the discharge of important functions implying consequence and the splendor of a rajah. In England his family was opulent and distinguished. His father was Bishop of Carlisle; his uncle, «the brilliant barrister who defended Warren Hastings against the influence of Fox, the eloquence of Sheridan, and the virulence of Burke.» Now his coachman drove through a wilderness in a «trap» provided with spare shoes for the horses and an outfit of blacksmith's tools. To Twining's thinking, such nabobs as Mr. Law would have been more appropriately bestowed at «Belvidere,» the charming villa of Colonel John Eager Howard near Baltimore—a seat of luxurious shrubberies and sloping lawns, «reproducing in the wilderness the cultivated and poetic perfections of a Repton or a Haverfield.» Nor was his enthusiasm abated in contemplating the attractions of the «seat» in company with Mrs. Howard, when she took him in the chariot to make the circuit of the place; for Mrs. Howard was that redoubtable Peggy Chew whose charms of wit and person the gallant but ill-fated André had celebrated with pen and pencil.

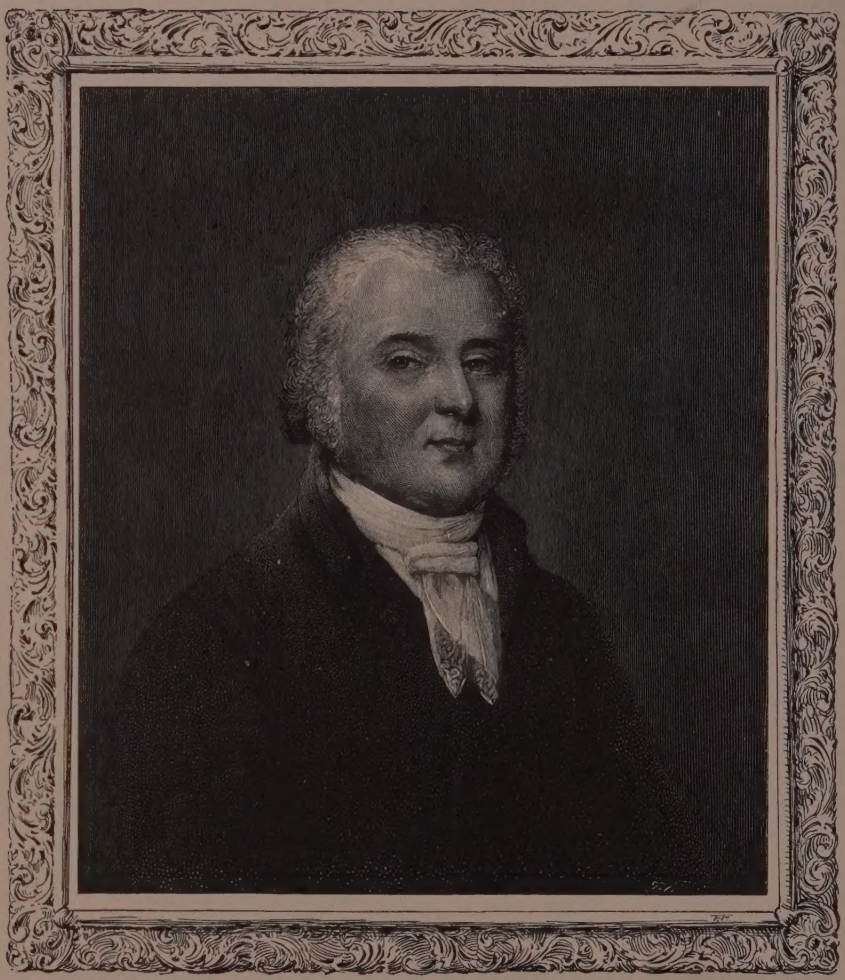
In John Adams's time a witty French lady described Georgetown as «a town of houses without streets, as Washington is a town of streets without houses»; and Mrs. Adams, writing to her daughter in November, 1800, says: «Woods are all you see from Baltimore City which is only so in ll cot without a window appearing in the Forest, through which you travel miles without seeing a Human being.» Oliver Wolcott, writing to his wife on the Fourth of July, 1800, says: «There is one good Tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are building; but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings unless they will consent to live like Scholars in a college or Monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly secluded from Society. The only resource for such as wish to live Comfortably will be found in Georgetown, three miles distant, over as bad a Road in winter as the clay grounds near Hartford.»

But thirty years later a four-horse coach plied almost hourly between Georgetown and Washington for the accommodation of the patres (and matres) conscripti, carrying twelve inside at «a levy» each. From Gadsby's hotel, the «Indian Queen,» and the Mansion House, in Washington, stages ran to Baltimore for a fare of $2.50; there were daily steamboats to Alexandria, Norfolk, and Fredericksburg, and a «mail-stage» every evening for Pittsburg and Wheeling.

Soon after the Revolution the Conestoga wagons and the «gondolas» brought a brisk and various trade to the wharves and doors of Georgetown. The place had been largely settled by Scotch agents or factors of British houses, and British bottoms consigned to these came annually, laden with hardware, dry goods, and wines, to receive return cargoes of tobacco, or of furs brought down the Potomac by Indian traders, while sugar, molasses, and rum from the West Indies were sold on the wharves.[1] The lumbering Conestoga rolled homeward freighted with dry goods and groceries, salt and fresh shad and herring in the season, for the use and consumption of the farming folk of Maryland and Pennsylvania; and the long, flat-bottomed gondola, bringing corn and flour, pork and iron, was poled down the Potomac to the Great Falls, twelve miles above the town, and thence around the falls and back to the river by the route of a canal.

Meanwhile, Georgetown had grown to be a place of homes and congressmen's lodgings—a town of spindle-legged sideboards, tall clocks, marquetry tables, claw-and-ball chairs, screens and andirons and warming-pans. The «Union Tavern,» a hostelry of fashionable pretensions during the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, had the honor to entertain many imposing per-

[1] B[illegible]n: Perley Poore's «Reminiscences.»



PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART. BORDER DRAWN BY FRANK FRENCH. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. OWNED BY MRS. BAYARD.

JAMES ASHTON BAYARD.

sonages, such as Louis Philippe and Talleyrand, Volney and Baron Humboldt, Jerome Bonaparte and Lafayette. Georgetown had already become the «court end,» a trysting-place and rendezvous for persons of quality, while as yet Washington was but a huddle of booths, taverns, and gambling-houses set round about a political race-course. The more civilized and homelike little burgh had seven thousand inhabitants in 1810, and its social attractions were irresistible. Analostan Island was a romantic paradise; there were dim and whispering rambles for lovers on the slopes of the Heights, and endless were the match-making and gossip. The solicitous attention which the idle Strephon might be beguiled into offering to the idler Daphne, with the aid of much piping, twanging, and tinkling in serenades,—

> Sighing and singing of midnight strains
> Under Bonnybell's window panes,—

was construed as serious courtship, and news of it was diligently dispensed by the barber, who came on horseback, tooting on his scandalous little horn, and peddling the tattle he had cajoled from the mercenary seamstress who was supposed to be dumb for five dollars a month, or the perfidious chambermaid who vowed to be blind for three dollars and tips.

Sir Augustus Foster, secretary of the British legation in 1805, was a sort of Pepys and

Paul Pry in one for the small-beer chronicles of that time. «No lack of handsome ladies,» says he in pert staccato notes, «for the balls at Georgetown, drawn from the families of Members and others who come for the season. I never saw prettier, more lively, or better-tempered girls anywhere—mostly from Virginia and Maryland. Both Washington and Georgetown are famous marriage markets. Much dancing, much singing of popular and sentimental ditties. Small literature or improving conversation. Excess of small talk, mixed with romance derived from the high-flown novels of the period. Young married women are relegated to the background. Cards for everybody—‹loo› (pronounced with lingering sweetness) for the girls, ‹brag› for the men, for whom, likewise, toddy before dinner. Rouge and face-powder in great request.»

After the flippant secretary comes a deferential and sententious chronicler who, with becoming «predilection for the Columbian Fair,» regrets to have observed among the ladies who grace the select circles of Washington and Georgetown «a fondness for the bewitching torment of play, which, when indulged for motives of gain, and the violence of hope, fear, and even baser passions, changes the very features, in effacing that divine impression of the female countenance which is so often irresistible.»

'T is sad to reflect that it took the «Columbian Fair» about six administrations to discover that gambling reddened the nose and spoiled the complexion; but it went out at last with face-powder and the ubiquitous umbrella.

In Washington, between the «Indian Queen» and the Capitol gate, the gambling-houses appealed seductively to the heroic restlessness of members with brag and faro that were brisk, and suppers and sideboards that were free; and private play at social entertainments was eminently fashionable. A Boston matron cooed to Mrs. Clay: «How it must distress you to think that your brilliant husband gambles!» «Sometimes, yes,» replied the guileless child of Kentucky; «but really, he almost always wins.»

With its great swinging sign displaying a gaudy and theatrical Pocahontas, the «Indian Queen» tavern strove to toll strangers within range of the landlord's winning ways, as the wily hunter tolled ducks by the flutter of a scarlet petticoat. In his voluminous white apron, and with familiar cajolements, the landlord greeted his guests at the door of the dining-room, and conducted them to their favorite seats, where Moses and Columbus received them with a sort of obsequious patronage, and served them with their favorite dishes as infallibly as the barkeeper «set up» their favorite tipples. It cost about $1.50 a day to live at the «Indian Queen.» A bottle of real old Madeira imported into Alexandria was $3, and a superior grade of sherry could be had for $1.50. But the decanters of brandy and whisky that glorified the table represented «the compliments of the landlord,» and were free.

At Christmas, and on Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July, the guests of the house were invited to partake of egg-nog or apple-toddy brewed in a great punch-bowl that had once adorned the board at Mount Vernon. The landlord's place was behind the bar, where the room bells, hung on coiled springs, rang resoundingly. Letters and cards were received by the barkeeper, who answered a thousand questions as he mixed the beguiling beverages; for he was supposed to know all the notable people, where they lived, and on what days they «received.»[1]

With the gaudy but picturesque Pocahontas of the tavern the plainer sign-board of a saddler competed for public admiration in terms of startling patriotism: «Peter Rodgers, Sadler, from the green fields of Erin and Tyranny to the green streets of Washington and Liberty! See Copenhagen; View the Seas! 'T is all blockade, 't is all ablaze! The Seas shall be Free. Yankee Doodle, keep it up!»

Peter had been banished from Cork, at the age of seventy-five, «just for appearing in a green-colored coat, and sighing for the fate of his dear native land.» How must his grateful heart have been wrung by the later satire of his melodious but spiteful compatriot, Tom Moore:

> This famed metropolis, where Fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees—
> Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
> With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn!

Impressive and memorable were the figures of the actors who held the stage at Georgetown in those days—Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Randolph of Roanoke, Luther Martin and Aaron Burr, Robert Fulton and Francis Scott Key, John Quincy Adams, James Ashton Bayard, Washington Irving, and Major l'Enfant.

Living on the Heights (and metaphorically *in* the heights) was Vice-President Calhoun—tall and gaunt, «grand, gloomy, and peculiar,» wearing his long black hair brushed

[1] Ben: Perley Poore's «Reminiscences.»

straight back like a Drury Lane conspirator, studious of simplicity in dress, but driving four horses and giving elaborate entertainments. And daily on the Heights Calhoun encountered the man who had addressed him in the Senate as «Mr. Speaker—I mean Mr. President of the Senate, and would-be President of the United States (which may God in his infinite mercy avert!)»—John Randolph, Lord of Roanoke, precocious and pugnacious, long-limbed and lank, his hair parted in the middle, attired in an English broadcloth coat with high rolling collar and long skirts falling over knee-breeches and white boot-tops; who brought into the Senate-chamber whip and spurs and riding-gloves, and a favorite hound to crouch beneath his desk while «the gentleman from Virginia» waited for an opponent worthy of the steely eyes and the vixenish voice and the nervous forefinger.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. OWNED BY DR. CRIM, BALTIMORE.

LUTHER MARTIN, «THE FEDERAL BULL-DOG.»

Eagerly greeted in every drawing-room from Kalorama to Analostan, where Southern senators held undisputed sway in social functions and affairs, was the magnetic personality of Mr. Clay, whose twinkling eyes and engaging smile were but gentler reflections of that restless vitality which stirred the Kentucky orator in debate, and set him «going all over»—gesticulating with arms and hands and head and feet and spectacles and snuff-box. Hither, too, came Daniel Webster, in blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, buff waistcoat, and high white cravat—«Black Dan,» stalwart and swarthy, massive as to his brow and cavernous as to his eyes, at once impressive and prodigal, majestic and convivial, heroic and hilarious. The distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts is described by one who hobnobbed with him as not really a large man. «His shoulders were broad, and his chest was burly, but his hips and lower limbs were comparatively slight. Although Clay's head appeared much smaller than Webster's, they wore the same diameter of hat.»

At Christmas, when happy darkies were delivered over to their own rousing raptures, and the generations of Maryland Catholics and Virginia Episcopalians made elegant revel between the supper-table and the sideboard, the fashionable tipple ladled from the family bowl was the «Webster punch,» brewed with brandy and arrack, or Medford rum, champagne and maraschino, green tea and lime-juice—very expensive and very neat. In Georgetown, Frederick, and Alex-

andria, Yule logs, Christmas carols, and mistletoe were much affected. At the houses of the cabinet and the wealthier members of the Senate and the House there were endless entertainments and evening parties in the season, with suppers, punch, and cards, and cotillions and contra-dances to the music of harp and violin.

To the assemblies, always exclusive and ceremonious, and managed by a committee who dispensed their complimentary cards with the superfine discrimination of Almack's, officers of the army and navy and members of the diplomatic corps came in regimentals and regalia, while plain citizens disported themselves in pumps, silk stockings, ruffled cravats, two or even three waistcoats of different colors, the dangling fob-ribbon with gold buckles and a big seal of topaz or carnelian, regulation frock-coats of green or claret-colored cloth with huge lapels and gilded buttons, and Hessian top-boots with gold tassels. Certain of the exquisites affected ultra-fashionable full dress, which prescribed coats with great rolling collars and short waists, voluminous cravats of white cambric, and small-clothes or tight trousers.

The costume of the ladies in the administration of the younger Adams was classically scanty; we read of skirts of five breadths, a quarter of a yard each, of the favorite India crape, coquettishly short for the freer display of the slipper and silk stocking matching the color of the gown and fastened with ribbons crossed over the instep and ankle. The low baby waist, ingenuous and frank, came to an end abruptly under the arms, which were covered with gloves so fine that they were sometimes stowed cunningly in the shell of an English walnut. The hair, dressed high, was crowned with a comb of tortoise-shell, while turbans and ostrich-feathers were the peculiar ensigns of wives and matrons.

The ball opened at eight with the *menuet de la cour*, followed by a quadrille or the «basket-dance,» and closed at eleven with a rollicking Virginia reel to the tune of «Money Musk» or «Sir Roger de Coverley» fiddled by proud and happy darkies. Cake in variety, pineapples from the West Indies, and negus of port-wine or sherry, were served to the ladies, with compliments of flowers and flowery compliments, by their cavaliers. In Jackson's administration the widow of Alexander Hamilton introduced ice-cream at the President's receptions, to «Old Hickory's» great delight. It amused him to see the rustic sovereigns «*blow* on the funny stuff.»

After the Revolution the minuet, which had long held the place of honor in the select assemblies, began to be slighted, fashionable favor turning capriciously to less exacting and more democratic styles of diversion for the fantastic toe. General Washington, whose performance in the stately dance was impressive, appeared in that function for the last time in 1781, at a ball given in Fredericksburg in honor of the French and American officers on their return from the capitulation of Yorktown. The last birthnight ball he attended was in Alexandria in 1798.

John Pendleton Kennedy, author of «Swallow Barn» and «Horseshoe Robinson,» himself a conspicuous personality in the clubs and fashionable gatherings of 1820, was wont to gossip pleasantly concerning the wits and beaus who pranced so gallantly on the streets of Baltimore, Alexandria, and Georgetown in his childhood. «Cavaliers of the old school, full of starch and powder; most of them the iron gentlemen of the Revolution, with leathery faces; old campaigners, displaying military carriage and much imposing swagger; convivial blades, too, and heroes of long stories; all in three-cornered hats and wigs and buff coats with narrow capes, long backs, and hip pockets, small-clothes that barely reached the knee, striped stockings, and great buckles to their shoes; and then the long steel chains that hung half-way to the knee, dangling with seals shaped like the sounding-board of a pulpit!»

These oppressive gentry made the little town fairly jump with the ring of their gold-headed canes on the pavement, «especially when the superfine swashbuckler accosted a lady in the street with a bow that required

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN. OWNED BY MISS HOLLYDAY.

MRS. SUSANNAH STEUART TILGHMAN.

a whole sidewalk to make it in—the wide scrape of the foot, and the cane thrust with a flourish under the left arm till it stuck out behind along with the stiff cue! And nothing could be more piquant than the pretty coxcombry of the lady, as she reciprocated the salutation with a deep, low curtsy, her chin bridled to her breast.»

PAINTED BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY. BORDER DRAWN BY FRANK FRENCH. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN. OWNED BY COL. F. C. GOLDSBOROUGH.

ANNE FRANCIS.

Memorable in the early annals of Georgetown society is Marcia Burns, daughter of David Burns, that obstinate Scotchman who was General Washington's *bête noire* in the infancy of the national capital. Burns owned a tract of six hundred and fifty acres, known as «the Widow's Mite,» in the heart of the projected metropolis; and to Washington's appeals, addressed to his patriotism and his local pride, to induce him to part with his precious fields and orchards, he replied with unseemly flouts and gibes: «If it had not been for the Widow Custis and her niggers, you would never have been anything but a land-surveyor, and a very poor surveyor at that.» But at last, making a grace of compulsion, he yielded, only stipulating that the Burns cottage should be spared from the encroachments of vulgar streets.

In this cottage Marcia Burns, the heiress, blossomed in a graceful prettiness. Luther Martin, the erratic and brilliant Maryland advocate, received her into his family to be educated and trained for society, and in the companionship of his daughters Mid very Eleanor, so that when she returned and Alex-

now famous homestead the became by her beauty, wit and various attainments the ornament of a notable coterie of Taylors, Lees, and Keys. Lees and Dennis, Calverts and Carrolls, and entertained with familiar hospitality Alexander Hamilton, Burr and Blennerhassett, James Lenox Dupont and William Wirt, Gilbert Stuart the painter, and Tom Moore the poet.

With the Mount Vernon group of Custises and Calverts, who were Martha's occasional guests, came Washington's favorite aide and confidential secretary, Colonel Tench Tilghman, the distinguished soldier who had the honor of bearing to the Federal Congress the glad tidings of the capitulation of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis. Tilghman's mother, Anne Francis, was the handsome daughter of Tench Francis, of a family distinguished in letters. One of his brothers was a barrister, and author of «Maxims of Equity»; another, the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace. Was the daughter of Sir Philip Francis, reputed author of the «Letters of Junius.» Tench Francis removed from Talbot County, Maryland, to Philadelphia, where he became attorney-general of Pennsylvania. His daughter Anne was married to James Tilghman of the «Hermitage,» afterward a member of the Provincial Council in Philadelphia. One of her kinswomen in the Tilghman connection was that wonderful Susannah Stewart, who was so admired and beloved in pre-revolutionary Georgetown, also wedded to a Tilghman of the «Hermitage,» and mother of a later mistress of «Rosedowne,» the hospitable seat of the Hollidays of Queen Anne's.

MRS. LAWRENCE LEWIS.

At twenty Marcia Burns was married to amoral Van Ness, member of Congress from Pressinkyk, «rich, handsome, well bred and great de.» Hard by the moss-roofed cottage the severe the famous Van Ness mansion, designed by Latrobe, finished in fine woods and marbles, and decorated with sculptures from Italy. Here their daughter, married to Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, died in 1811. Their Marcia went into seclusion, and in fulfilment of a vow erected an orphan-asylum and devoted her life to works of charity in schools and hospitals. At her death she was crowned with public honors in that classic mausoleum which was afterward removed to Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown, where the author of «Home, Sweet Home» found a home at last. Before that great bereavement converted it into a house of mourning, the Van Ness mansion had been the scene of distinguished entertainments. From its portico ships from Europe could be seen moored in the docks of Alexandria and West India merchantmen sailed up, bound for the port of Georgetown.

Familiar as well as honored guests in the Van Ness mansion and in the pleasant homes of Georgetown were the several ladies and gentlemen who composed the «Washington group» after the house at Arlington had been built by G. W. P. Custis in 1802. With Mr. Law, already mentioned (son of the bishop of Carlisle, and nephew of Lord Chancellor Ellenborough), came his handsome wife Elizabeth Parke Custis, Martha Washington's granddaughter. Mrs. Law's only child Eliza, afterward noted for her engaging oddities of mind and manner, married Lloyd N. Rogers of «Druid Hill.» I am indebted to her daughter, Mrs. Goldsborough of Baltimore, for the privilege of reproducing the miniature which so happily reflects her beauty.

Nelly Custis, delectable and wilful, was a diverting perplexity to the household of Mount Vernon, had hardly outgrown her dolls and her Chinese pigs, her audacious rides on the awful back of the first President, and

her tearful struggles with that expensive and hateful spinet, when she wrote the pert and sprightly letter in which she recounts to the stern soldier and sage her trials and triumphs in her first ball at Georgetown, and confesses «the soft impeachment» of her passion for the son of Washington's sister Betty, Major Lawrence Lewis. At her wedding on the general's birthday in 1799, at Mount Vernon, she would have had the Father of his Country attend in the gorgeously embroidered uniform of a commander-in-chief, but he preferred the Continental blue and buff, and the cocked hat with the plain black cockade. The pouting bride was consoled with the white plumes that General Pinckney had presented to him, but which were better suited for the decking of a young matron in the minuet, as when, a few years later, Mistress Lewis graced the ball-room at Arlington.

The turnpike was a diverting novelty and the steamboat a wonder, when Dolly Madison, inspiring sprite of tea-parties and loo, and idol of the common people, warm-hearted and prodigally hospitable, cleverly blending gracious dignity with a frank condescension, queened it so kindly in her spangled turbans, paradise plumes, and rosetted shoes, and ruled her little world of lovers with a snuff-box. It was at one of her receptions in Georgetown that an amusing incident occurred, remembered for the characteristic tact it illustrated. A shy young fellow from the country had come to pay his respects to the star of the hour. Mrs. Madison observed him neglected and embarrassed, and approaching him quickly with extended hand, so startled the abashed and timid lad, who had just been served with coffee, that he dropped the saucer and thrust the half-filled cup into his pocket. «How the crowd jostles!» said the delightful Dolly. «Let me have the servant bring you coffee. And how is your charming mother? We were friends, you know.» Ever «mistress of herself, though china fall,» that dazed, dumfounded boy was not less interesting to her gracious solicitude than the justices of the Supreme Court in their gowns, or the diplomatic corps in their regalia, or distinguished officers of the army and navy in the luster of full uniform—all dancing attendance at those memorable levees on New Year's day and the Fourth of July, when Dolly Madison was «at home» to kings, presidents, and the people, without distinction of persons.

The social throne that Dolly Madison had filled with historic distinction was restored and adorned by Louisa Catherine Johnson, niece of Tom Johnson, first Republican governor of Maryland, and wife of President John Quincy Adams. Mrs. Adams was born, educated, and married in London when her father was American consul there. As a bride she shared her husband's honors as senator in Washington, envoy to Russia, minister to the court of St. James, and secretary in the cabinet of President Monroe.

She was preëminently mistress of the arts of society, and her entertainments in Georgetown and Washington were events of memorable import in the political as well as in the social world. Sectional rancor or the spites of party had no place at her teas and receptions. A ball that she gave in 1824 is chronicled as the «grand ball» of that time. Webster and Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, and Jackson, were there in their pride of blue coats and gilt buttons, buff waistcoats, silk stockings, and pumps; while her democratic majesty was singular and conspicuous in a suit of steel—her gown of «steel lama,» with brilliant ornaments of cut steel in her hair and on her throat, bust, and arms. Her portrait by Leslie, a reflection from the court of Napoleon, shows an American woman of the republican court in her proper panoply of grace, culture, and distinction.

Among the ladies of honor who graced the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Adams, two daughters of Maryland were expressly admired. One of these, a cousin of «the elect lady,» was Fanny Russell Johnson, granddaughter of the governor. This beautiful young woman was born on the night and almost at the hour of General Washington's death, and that sad association endeared her to the households of Mount Vernon and Arlington. In the political and literary coteries that met at her cousin's house when Mr. Adams was Secretary of State, she was the object of competing compliments; and when Lafayette returned in 1824 to greet his brothers in arms and to salute again the patriotic ladies of whom he had written, «I am proud of my obligations to them; I am happy in the tie of gratitude that binds me to them,» his admiration for Fanny Johnson was expressed with the Gallic ardor he kept for his fair favorites. Rembrandt Peale, who made the portrait here reproduced, was never satisfied with it. He privately painted another, with which he could not be induced to part, reserving it among the happier achievements and souvenirs of his art. Fanny Johnson was married to Captain John McPherson of Frederick, Maryland, where, in her ninety-

PAINTED BY REMBRANDT PEALE. BORDER DRAWN BY FRANK FRENCH. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS.

FANNY RUSSELL JOHNSON.

seventh year, she is revered and honored, as aforetime she was courted and serenaded.[1]

In those happy days in Washington and Georgetown, Fanny Johnson and Charlotte Graham Nicols were inseparable comrades and confiding rivals. Charlotte Nicols married Joseph Patterson, brother of Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte, another of whose brothers, Robert, married Charles Carroll of Carrollton's lovely granddaughter Marianne Caton, by her later marriage Marchioness of Wellesley. The portrait by Sully of Mrs. Joseph Patterson is justly coupled with that of the Marchioness by Sir Thomas Lawrence among the «counterfeit presentments» of notable Maryland women. Marianne Patterson, being widowed, went to England, and married the Marquis of Wellesley, brother to the

[1] Mrs. Carlton Shafer writes with filial love and reverence: «In the late autumn of her beautiful and honored life she shows us how gracious and charming must have been the women of her day. This venerable and beloved lady, sitting in almost total blindness, teaches us to regret the passing away of the old régime in Maryland, of which she is almost the last surviving representative.»

Her family, represented by her daughter, Mrs. Worthington Ross of Frederick, Maryland, permit themselves to hope that they may be indebted to some kind reader of THE CENTURY for information disclosing the present whereabouts of the missing Peale portrait, which is supposed to be in Philadelphia.

Duke of Wellington, and viceroy of Ireland. Her sisters (Catons of Baltimore) were the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Stafford. She was for a time first lady in waiting to Queen Adelaide at Windsor, and her extraordinary beauty was the talk of court circles. The venerable Mrs. Barney, daughter of Samuel Chase, signer of the Declaration of Independence and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who had been the close friend of Marianne Caton, and was present at her wedding to Robert Patterson, once said to the writer of this sketch: «I saw her while she was living at St. John's Lodge, Regent Square, and I then thought the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence at her father's house in Baltimore did less than justice to her beauty. A singular grace adorned her simplest movements, and her manner was most engaging.»

A daughter of Mrs. Patterson, married to Mr. Charles Gilmor of Baltimore, inherited her mother's social charm; but stricken by the death of her two pretty boys, she died in her young motherhood.

Peale's portrait of Mrs. Rebecca Rogers is an impressive presentation of a typical Maryland matron whose occasional presence served to illustrate the affability and bounty of social life in early Georgetown. Rebecca Woodward was born at «Primrose,» her mother's estate near Annapolis, and was half-sister to Charlotte Hesselius.[1] She was wedded to Philip Rogers of «Greenwood,» the sylvan home near Baltimore of that branch of the family of Druid Hill. The gracious hospitality of its mistress made Greenwood a mansion of delight to the innumerable kinfolk and friends of the Rogers connection. As one group departed another took its place, and the house was at all times as full as it could hold comfortably or uncomfortably. On one occasion Mrs. Rogers writes: «So crowded is this house with inhabitants of the most noisy sort that I have ranged through every room in vain, seeking a respite from the chatter of children and, as poor L'Argnan used to say, the ‹chatteration› of grown people.» Postage was high in those days, and the Greenwood bills at one time amounted to five hundred dollars for the postage of guests, whose visits were neither far between nor limited as to duration: a Greenwood visit was commonly reckoned by weeks.

The fine portrait of Mrs. Rogers becomes especially interesting when contemplated in the light of a letter addressed by the lady to her friend Mrs. Walter Dulany in London, and dated at «Baltimore Town,» May 12, 1787:

> I have for some time past been trying to get a plain mount of a Fan to paint for you, as I wished to produce something you would wear, and you know my art does not extend to miniature painting. I intend to sit as soon as possible to Mr. Peale. But, my Dear, do you prefer it a miniature? I have been thinking, when I am happy enough to have your dear Resemblance, I should choose something nearer the natural size of your Features. Unless a Face is very remarkable indeed, I think 't is never so striking in miniature; and one leading Feature, by bearing some resemblance to another person's, very often misleads the Judgment. Thus, Mrs. Sophia Carroll's, by having an aquiline Nose, is thought by some as much like me as her; but I presume you would desire something more like your friend than she is like Sophia, tho' it should not possess in a tenth degree so agreeable an Aspect.

PAINTED BY BENJAMIN WEST. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS.

MRS. CHARLES GILMOR.

[1] See «Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland,» in THE CENTURY for February, 1896.

PAINTED BY THOMAS SULLY. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN. OWNED BY MRS. WORTHINGTON ROSS.

MRS. JOSEPH PATTERSON.

Eliza, or Betsy, Hesselius, the youngest of Mrs. Rogers's half-sisters, and her protégée, was married at Primrose in 1792 to the Rev. Walter Dulany Addison, that excellent divine who had the Bible at his fingers' ends, and who in 1794 founded in Georgetown the historic church of St. John, when there was no Episcopal church there nor in the «trackless waste» that stood for Washington. But it was not until 1809 that the faithful and patient founder was called to the rectorship of the completed temple. Then the pews in the galleries were rented at high rates to persons of notable respectability, and the street in front of the church was filled with fine coaches and servants. Mrs. Madison was of the congregation, and Mrs. Calvert from Bladensburg, and the British minister—his excellency followed by two attendants in livery with drawn swords. At that time there was a small church at Rock Creek, but it had never had a floor, and the building was so out of repair that the rector was driven to holding services under the trees in the yard.

When Betsy Hesselius left school in Baltimore to return to Primrose and thence to Georgetown, her place in the house at Greenwood was taken by that delightful child Mary Grafton, whose letters afford us amusing foretastes of the ingenuous candor and the frank, engaging flings at cant and dullness that so tickled Sir Walter Scott and Dr. John Brown in the diary and letters of Marjorie Fleming. Thus, Mary Grafton to her father:

I went on Wednesday to Madame B's exhibition [a fashionable school]. There were five Crowns: the two principal Crowns for Eminence in lessons and Virtue. They were all Crowned in great style at the Assembly Rooms, in the presence of 500 Spectators. As for Mrs. Groombridge, she has postponed her Exhibition till Christmas. She says

PAINTED BY PEALE. BORDER DRAWN BY FRANK FRENCH. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF. OWNED BY MRS. COMMODORE RIDGELY.

MRS. REBECCA ROGERS.

it will show the People what *her* scholars can do. She was bitterly against Crowns when she first heard of them. When I went there the next day [after Madame B's « exhibition »] she told me she would have a Crown for the most Eminent of every Class.[1]

Mary Grafton, desperately wrestling with Rollin and the Peloponnesian war, is but a forecast of Marjorie in the throes of multiplication. « I am now going, » says Marjorie, « to tell you the horible and wretched plaege [plague] that my Multiplication gives me you cant conceive it the most devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure. »

« Aunt Brice » is delighted with the French officers; she has five or six at her house every evening. But « Aunt Rodgers » does not wish Mary to go while they are there. So that single-minded young person writes to her father:

Nancy Weems has arrived in Town, and tells me Cousin Mary will be hurt if I do not return to Annapolis with her. If I can get ready I don't know but I may, for if I wait for the French Officers to leave I may not get there till next Winter. Besides, I have not such an Invincible Hatred to them as to make me forego Cousin Mary's agreeable society.

[1] « The Life and Times of the Rev. Walter Dulany Addison, » by his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hesselius Murray.

P. S. Mrs. Twitchem, with her one eye,
A wondrous length of tail lets fly;
And as she passes through every gap,
Leaves a piece of her tail in the trap.

What do you think of that riddle? Perhaps it may seem of some consequence when I tell you it was produced by the Bishop of London.

Major Grafton's letters to his lively daughter are not lacking in the admonitions and petty maxims that were regarded as worldly wise in his time. «It has been remarked upon as a great excellence of General Washington's Writing,» says the major, «that no one c'd substitute a single Word which c'd so well express his Meaning. I have heard that for Seven years of his life he never wrote without having his Dictionary before him.»

What raptures of fun the girl's keen sense of humor most have extracted from that passage—seeing that she already spelled more correctly than the august personage whose example was commended to her!

The social atmosphere of Georgetown, hitherto placidly respectable and decorous, was sadly vitiated by the recklessness and extravagance of the Jackson period. Wine, women, and high play, social and political intrigue, and Peggy Timberlake, forced their way into retreats consecrated to sobriety, good manners, discreet deportment, and edifying discourse. Margaret Timberlake, *née* O'Neill, was the widow of a young naval officer whom she had married before she was seventeen. He died by suicide at Port Mahon in 1828, leaving this red-and-white relict, beautiful, unconventional, adventurous, much given to high spirits and boisterous assaults upon the complacent proprieties of the period. Her dark-brown hair curled naturally, and so

PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. BORDER DRAWN BY WILLIAM N. SMITH. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.
OWNED BY THE MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY.

did her pert red lip, impatient of «preachments.» She was the spoiled daughter of a rollicking Irishman, landlord of a conspicuous public-house in Washington, who thought nothing too good for his Peggy, and was content if the company that met around his decanters were half as lively and bright as she. It was his boast that Mrs. Madison had crowned his Peggy with «the crown of beauty» at a school exhibition in Georgetown.

General Jackson, with his bosom friend Eaton, had lodged at O'Neill's tavern, where Peggy's pranks had amused them, while her impulsive, defiant temper won their hearts. Especially did she appeal to the chivalrous sentiment in «Old Hickory,» whose beloved wife had been cruelly assailed in the presidential canvass, and now he vowed vengeance against all defamers of women. Presently the widow Timberlake, whose eccentricities were tempered with ambition, became Mrs. Eaton. The respectabilities of the capital, shocked and indignant, opened fire upon her with great guns of scandal, and she gleefully reveled in the bombardment. President Jackson, her formidable champion, had her often, an honored guest, at the White House, and swore: «By the Eternal! the spiteful cats who plagued the life out of my patient Rachel shall not scratch this brave little Peggy.»

His wily ally, Mr. Van Buren, joining forces with the ministers of Great Britain and Russia, made a demonstration in force, and entertained the goddess of discord at dinners, suppers, and balls. On these occasions her audacity was as brilliant as her beauty was bewildering. Staid matrons of the cabinet and congressional set called untimely for their carriages, clergymen denounced her publicly; and Peggy danced for joy, running to the White House every day with fresh stories of delightful insults. Van Buren and Eaton pretended to resign from the cabinet. Of course the President would not accept, but he bluntly signified how willingly he would contemplate the retirement of certain of their colleagues whose sensitive consorts shrank from calling on the wife of the Secretary of War.

«It is odd,» wrote Daniel Webster, «but the consequences of this desperate turmoil in the social and fashionable world may determine who shall succeed the present chief magistrate.» The senator from Massachusetts foresaw the historical sequence—Peggy O'Neill, the widow Timberlake, Mrs. Secretary Eaton, President Van Buren!

This formidable mistress of social and political coups, who had dismembered the cabinet of a nation, and compelled the recall of a foreign minister whose wife had ventured to snub her, and who had been the bosom friend of Queen Christina at the court of Spain, died in obscure and tragic penury in Washington, in her old age the mocked and discarded wife of a young Italian dancing-master who had eloped with her money and her granddaughter.

Lest the social panorama of old Georgetown should lack aught of its intellectual harlequinade, we may not omit from the motley procession of engaging and diverting ghosts the censorious sprightliness of Mrs. Trollope, deploring the ubiquitous offensiveness of the spittoon, the fatal flimsiness of feminine foot-gear, the absence of «Punch» and the Established Church, and the superfluity of «camp-meetings»; or the sententious and rhetorical deliverances of Charles Kemble's comely daughter, she of the low Greek brow, and, like Juno, «ox-eyed,» whose fine Olympian shoulders Sir Thomas Lawrence so proudly pictured—Fanny Kemble, petulant and portentous, who disposed of the foolishness of snobs and the fate of nations with the identical oracular sweep: «It is my conviction,» said she, «that these United States will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton.»

But the social panorama of old Georgetown had its happier chronicler in N. P. Willis, whose society letters in the New York «Mirror» brewed many a tempest in a teapot: «master of Elegant Gossip, travelled, fastidious, poetic, airy»—Leigh Hunt of the drawing-rooms.

John Williamson Palmer.

THE CELLO.

NOT while the cello hid its tone
'Neath din of viol, harp, and horn,
But when it rose at last alone,
Were faith and aspiration born.

Nor printed word, nor golden tongue,
Nor canvases, nor statues rare,
Have led me where that last note hung,
Dying, upon the trancèd air.

Meredith Nicho

GENERAL SHERMAN'S OPINION OF GENERAL GRANT.

[THE letter which follows is printed from the original, in possession of the person to whom it was addressed. It is significant as representing, fourteen years after the war, General Sherman's frank and deliberate judgment of General Grant's characteristics.—THE EDITOR.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 18, 1879.

DEAR ——: . . . I don't believe Grant's head has been turned or confused one iota by the extraordinary displays in his honor at San Francisco or elsewhere. He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody civil war. Yet to me he is a mystery, and I believe he is a mystery to himself. I am just back from Chicago, where he had a reception equal in numbers and display to that of San Francisco. I was president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, the first he commanded, with which he achieved the great victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, of Shiloh, and of Vicksburg. As such I presided at two great assemblages of people, at the theater and at the banquet-hall. In both cases I sat by him, and directed all the proceedings. He was as simple, as awkward, as when he was a cadet; but all he did and all he said had good sense and modesty as the basis. No man in America has held higher office or been more instrumental in guiding great events, and without elaborating, I 'll give you what I construe to be the philosophy of his life: a simple faith that our country must go on, and by keeping up with the events of the day he will be always right—for «whatever is is right.» He don't lead in one sense, and don't attempt to change natural results. Thus the world accounts him the typical man, and therefore adores him. Our people want success, progress, and unity, and in these Grant has been, is, and will be accepted as the type. . . .

Here at this moment crowds are assembled to unveil the equestrian statue of General George H. Thomas, another of the heroes of the Civil War, who died in California in 1870, and who now lies buried at Troy, New York. He, too, was my classmate at West Point from 1836 to '40, served with me in the same regiment for ten years, and, last, was my most trusted commander in the great campaign of Atlanta. . . .

I will be present at all, but will have a modest part, because most of the audience will think that my turn comes next, and many that I, too, ought to have died long since to make room for ambitious subordinates. But somehow I linger on—it may be, «superfluous on the stage»; but I reason that I have taken a reasonable share of chances to be killed by bullets and by sickness, and it is not my fault that I have survived Thomas and McPherson and others of my war comrades. When my turn does come I suppose that the world will have forgotten the days of 1864–5, and forget the gratitude then felt and expressed for the men who fought and won the battle for our national union and liberty. Don't forget it yourself, but be thankful that your children thereby escaped the horrors of battle, the terrible conflicts of passion and feeling, which had to be in 1861–5 or at some subsequent time. Now all is peace and glory; America now stands at the head of civilized nations, and many must exist who know the truth, and bear in honor and affectionate remembrance the men who fought that glorious peace might be possible. . . .

Yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

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PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY NAPOLEON WELLS

GENERAL GRANT AT THE BONANZA MINES.

In October, 1879, General Grant after his trip around the world, went to Virginia City Nevada, for the purpose of going down into the mines. After they were dressed for the descent, General Grant remarked to Mr. Mackey that Mrs. Grant would not go down. Mr. Mackey said, «Oh, yes, she will—she is all ready.» General Grant then said that he knew her of old; she would go to the shaft, and then back out. Mr. Mackey again expressed his belief that she would go down, upon which General Grant said, «I will bet you a dollar in silver that she will do just as I have said.» The party arrived at the head of the shaft, and sure enough, when Mrs. Grant had taken one look down into it, she exclaimed with great earnestness, «I would n't go down in that hole for the whole mine.» Mr. Mackey told her of the bet he had made with her husband, while the latter enjoyed his discomfiture. This put Mrs. Grant on her mettle, and she at once descended with the party, declaring with much spirit that if the general had bet against her courage in that way, she would disappoint him. *Frederick D. Grant.*

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

GRANT'S DASH FOR PETERSBURG.

THE START FOR THE JAMES.

T dark on the evening of June 12 the famous march to the James began. General Grant had acted with his usual secrecy in regard to important movements, and had spoken of his detailed plans to only a few officers upon whose reticence he could rely implicitly, and whom he was compelled to take into his secret in order to make the necessary preparations. The orders for the movement were delivered to commanders in the strictest confidence. Smith's corps began its march that night to White House, its destination having been changed from Coles's Landing on the Chickahominy; and on its arrival it embarked for Bermuda Hundred, the position occupied by Butler in the angle between the James River and the Appomattox. A portion of Wilson's division of cavalry which had not accompanied Sheridan pushed forward to Long Bridge on the Chickahominy, fifteen miles below Cold Harbor. All the bridges on that river had been destroyed, and the cavalry had to dismount and wade across the muddy stream under great difficulty; but they soon succeeded in reaching the opposite bank in sufficient numbers to drive away the enemy's cavalry pickets. A pontoon-bridge was then rapidly constructed. Warren had kept close to the cavalry, and on the morning of the 13th his whole corps had crossed the bridge. Hancock's corps followed. Burnside set out on the road to Jones's Bridge, twenty miles below Cold Harbor, and was followed by Wright. Cavalry covered the rear. Warren moved out some distance on the Long Bridge road, so as to watch the routes leading toward Richmond and hold the bridge across the White Oak Swamp. He was to make demonstrations which were intended to deceive Lee and give him the impression that our army was turning his right with the intention of either moving upon Richmond or crossing the James above City Point. How completely successful this movement was in confusing the enemy will be seen later.

General Grant started from his camp near Old Cold Harbor on the night of June 12. Although there was moonlight, the dust rose in such dense clouds that it was difficult to see more than a short distance, and the march was exceedingly tedious and uncomfortable. The artillerymen would at times have to walk ahead of the battery horses, and locate the small bridges along the road by feeling for them.

GRANT'S SECRETIVENESS.

AFTER the general had got some miles out on the march from Cold Harbor, an officer of rank joined him, and as they rode along began to explain a plan which he had sketched, providing for the construction of another line of intrenchments, some distance in rear of the lines then held by us, to be used in case the army should at any time want to fall back and move toward the James, and should be attacked while withdrawing. The general kept on smoking his cigar, listened to the proposition for a time, and then quietly remarked to the astonished officer: «The army has already pulled out from the enemy's front, and is now on its march to the James.» This is mentioned as an instance of how well his secrets could be kept. He had never been a secretive man until the positions of responsibility in which he was placed compelled him to be chary in giving expression to his opinions and purposes. He then learned the force of the philosopher's maxim that «the unspoken word is a sword in the scabbard, while the spoken word is a sword in the hand of one's enemy.» In the field there were constant visitors to the camp, ready to circulate carelessly any intimations of the commander's movements, at the risk of having such valuable information reach the enemy. Any encouraging expression given to an applicant for favors was apt to be tortured into a promise, and the general

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

GRANT'S ARMY CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER.

naturally became guarded in his intercourse. When questioned beyond the bounds of propriety, his lips closed like a vise, and the obtruding party was left to supply all the subsequent conversation. These circumstances proclaimed him a man who studied to be uncommunicative, and gave him a reputation for reserve which could not fairly be attributed to him. He was called the «American Sphinx,» «Ulysses the Silent,» and the «Great Unspeakable,» and was popularly supposed to move about with sealed lips. It is true that he had no «small talk» introduced merely for the sake of talking, and many a one will recollect the embarrassment of a first encounter with him resulting from this fact; but while, like Shakspere's soldier, he never wore his dagger in his mouth, yet in talking to a small circle of friends upon matters to which he had given special consideration, his conversation was so thoughtful, philosophical, and original that he fascinated all who listened to him.

STEALING A MARCH ON THE ENEMY.

THE next morning (June 13) the general made a halt at Long Bridge, where the head of Hancock's corps had arrived, and where he could be near Warren's movement and communicate promptly with him. That evening he reached Wilcox's Landing, and went into camp on the north bank of the James, at the point where the crossing was to take place.

Hancock's corps made a forced march, and reached the river at Wilcox's Landing on the afternoon of June 13. Wright's and Burnside's corps arrived there the next day. Warren's corps withdrew on the night of the 13th from the position to which it had advanced, and reached the James on the afternoon of the 14th. The several corps had moved by forced marches over distances of from twenty-five to fifty-five miles, and the effect of the heat and dust, and the necessity of every man's carrying an ample supply of ammunition and rations, rendered the marches fatiguing in the extreme.

Although the army started on the night of the 12th, it was not until the next morning that Lee had any knowledge of the fact, and even then he wholly misunderstood the movement. He telegraphed to Richmond at 10 P. M. on the 13th: «At daybreak this morning it was discovered that the army of General Grant had left our front. Our skirmishers were advanced between one and two miles, but failing to discover the enemy, were withdrawn, and the army was moved to conform to the route taken by him. . . .» It will be seen from this that Lee was occupied with Warren's advance directly toward Richmond, and made his army conform to this route, while Grant, with the bulk of his forces, was marching in an entirely different direction. On the 14th General Grant took a small steamer and ran up the river to Bermuda Hundred, to have a personal interview with General Butler and arrange plans for his forces to move out at once and make an attack upon Petersburg. Grant knew now that he had stolen a march on Lee, and that Petersburg was almost undefended; and with his usual fondness for taking the offensive, he was anxious to hasten the movement which he had had in contemplation against that place, to be begun before the Army of the Potomac should arrive. His instructions were that as soon as Smith's troops reached their destination they should be reinforced by as many men as could be spared from Butler's troops,—about 6000,—and move at once against Petersburg. General Grant returned to Wilcox's Landing at 1 P. M. He had sent a despatch from Bermuda Hundred to Washington, giving briefly the situation of the army and the progress of the movement. That afternoon reports were received showing pretty definitely Lee's present position; for Grant, with the energy and system which he never failed to employ in securing prompt information regarding his opponent's movements, had had Lee's operations closely watched.

THE PASSAGE OF THE JAMES.

THE work of laying the great pontoon-bridge across the James began at 4 P. M. on June 14, and was finished by midnight. It was twenty-one hundred feet in length, and required one hundred and one pontoons. These pontoons were attached to vessels that were anchored above and below for this purpose. Admiral Lee's fleet took position in the river, and assisted in covering the passage of the troops. Hancock began to move his corps on ferry-boats on the 14th, and before daylight on the morning of the 15th his entire infantry had been transferred to the south side of the James, with four batteries of artillery. By 6:30 A. M. three ferry-boats had been added to the number in use, which greatly facilitated the passage of his wagons and artillery. Butler had been ordered to send sixty thousand rations to Hancock that morning. Hancock waited for them till eleven o'clock, and then started for Petersburg without them. General Grant now received the following answer to his despatch

MAP OF THE PETERSBURG CAMPAIGN.

of the day before to the President: «I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all. A. Lincoln.»

By midnight of the 16th the army, with all its artillery and trains, had been safely transferred to the south side of the James without a serious accident or the loss of a wagon or an animal, and with no casualties except those which occurred in the minor encounters of Warren's corps and the cavalry with the enemy. This memorable operation, when examined in all its details, will furnish one of the most valuable and instructive studies in logistics.

A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.

As the general-in-chief stood upon the bluff on the north bank of the river on the morning of June 15, watching with unusual interest the busy scene spread out before him, it presented a sight which had never been equaled even in his extended experience in all the varied phases of warfare. His cigar had been thrown aside, his hands were clasped behind him, and he seemed lost in the contemplation of the spectacle. The great bridge was the scene of a continuous movement of infantry columns, batteries of artillery, and wagon-trains. The approaches to the river on both banks were covered with masses of troops moving briskly to their positions or waiting patiently their turn to cross. At the two improvised ferries steamboats were gliding back and forth with the regularity of weavers' shuttles. A fleet of transports covered the surface of the water below the bridge, and gunboats floated lazily upon the stream, guarding the river above. Drums were beating the march, bands were playing stirring quicksteps, the distant booming of cannon on Warren's front showed that he and the enemy were still exchanging compliments; and mingled with these sounds were the cheers of the sailors, the shouting of the troops, the rumbling of wheels, and the shrieks of steam-whistles. The bright sun, shining through a clear sky upon the scene, cast its sheen upon the water, was reflected from the burnished gun-barrels and glittering cannon, and brought out with increased brilliancy the gay colors of the waving banners. The calmly flowing river reflected the blue of the heavens, and mirrored on its surface the beauties of nature that bordered it. The rich grain was standing high in the surrounding fields. The harvest was almost ripe, but the harvesters had fled. The arts of civilization had recoiled before the science of destruction; and in looking from the growing crops to the marching columns, the gentle smile of peace contrasted strangely with the savage frown of war. It was a matchless pageant that could not fail to inspire all beholders with the grandeur of achievement and the majesty of military power. The man whose genius had conceived and whose skill had executed this masterly movement stood watching the spectacle in profound silence. Whether his mind was occupied with the contemplation of its magnitude and success, or was busied with maturing plans for the future, no one can tell. After a time he woke from his reverie, mounted his horse, and gave orders to have headquarters ferried across to the south bank of the river. On arriving there, he set out for City Point; but he had

ridden only a short distance when a small steamer came along, and as he wished to reach City Point as quickly as possible to direct operations from there, he decided to go aboard the boat. It was hailed, and took him on, with Parker and a couple of other staff-officers. The rest of us went by land, so as to take some instructions to Hancock's corps and to familiarize ourselves with that part of the country.

Upon reaching City Point, headquarters were established on a high bluff at the junction of the James and the Appomattox rivers. I have said that the passage of the James had been effected without the loss of an animal. A proper regard for strict veracity requires a modification of the statement. The headquarters mess had procured a Virginia cow the rich milk of which went far toward compensating for the shortcomings in other supplies. While preparing to ferry across the river, the cow was tied to a tree to prevent her from turning deserter, and in the hurry of embarking was entirely forgotten. The mess felt the loss keenly until another animal was procured. That evening at the dinner-table, when reference was made to the incident, the general said: «Well, it seems that the loss of animals in this movement falls most heavily upon headquarters.»

W. F. SMITH'S ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH had disembarked his troops at Bermuda Hundred during the preceding night (the 14th), had started immediately upon his movement against Petersburg, and had struck the Confederate pickets the next morning, June 15. The enemy was protected by a line of rifle-pits and heavy thickets. After some hard fighting he was driven from his position; our troops then moved forward, and by half-past one o'clock arrived at a point from which it was thought that an assault could be made upon the intrenchments. Reconnaissances were made during the afternoon, and finally Smith decided that a direct assault would be too hazardous, and at half-past seven o'clock threw forward his troops in strong skirmish-lines. After a short struggle the enemy was forced back from his intrenchments in front of our center and left, and Smith's second line then made an attack upon the rest of the works. The Confederates were now driven back at all points, four guns were captured and turned upon the retreating troops, and before dark the whole line of intrenchments, about two miles long, had been carried, and three hundred prisoners and sixteen pieces of artillery captured. Instead of following up this advantage with his whole force and seizing the city, Smith again delayed until night came on. Staff-officers from Grant had reached Smith at four o'clock, saying that Hancock was marching toward him. The head of Hancock's troops reached a point a mile in the rear of Hinks's division of Smith's command about half-past six, and two divisions of Hancock's corps were ordered to push on and coöperate in the pending movement. Hancock himself rode forward to where Smith was, to learn the exact situation and participate in the attack; and though senior in rank, waived his rights in this respect, and left Smith in command of the operations, for the reason that he was more familiar with the ground and the movements of the troops up to that time. It was now after dark, and Smith contented himself with ordering up the two divisions of Hancock's corps to occupy the works which had been captured. This was not accomplished until about eleven o'clock, and the object of the movement had failed. General Grant's belief regarding the very inferior force in Petersburg proved to be entirely correct. While the works were well supplied with artillery, about the only available troops to defend them were Wise's brigade of 2500 men, and Deering's cavalry of 2000. Besides this force there was only the local militia, composed of old men and young boys, who had never seen active service, and were no match for veterans. It was a moonlight night; Kautz and Hinks were quite familiar with the country; Smith had lost only about 600 men, and a bold dash upon the city after the works had been so gallantly captured would undoubtedly have secured the prize and made a vast difference in the campaign which followed.

Instead of letting Butler, the actual commander of the forces, take charge of the operation, the commander-in-chief had especially delegated Smith for it, as he was an educated soldier, and by his intelligence had commended himself to General Grant as an officer well fitted for such a task. Grant had won all his great successes by boldness and the vigor and rapidity of his movements, and it was hard for him to understand how others could be so lacking in these qualities. General Smith said that before taking the last works that he had captured he had heard rumors that the enemy was crossing the James to reinforce Petersburg, and that he thought it best to hold on to the position he had secured, instead of advancing and taking the

chance of his troops meeting with disaster and losing what they had already gained.

When the general felt that his subordinates had made a bold fight and had done their best, he always commended them for any soldierly traits they had displayed. His displeasure was aroused only when officers failed to comprehend the scope of his plans, and neglected to use to advantage the means which he placed in their hands. He had just reason to feel grievously disappointed over the failure of the admirable plan conceived for the capture of Petersburg. He had used all the arts of which he was master in preparing and conducting this memorable movement across the James, which was beset at all points by innumerable difficulties. He had thrown nearly 16,000 troops against Petersburg before Lee had sent a single reinforcement there, and had moved them by transports so that they might not arrive exhausted by a long march. With a perfect knowledge of Lee's movements, Grant had brought the advance of his army in front of Petersburg on the 15th, while Lee was still groping about to discover his opponent's movements. In reaching this point, Grant had marched more than twice the distance of Lee's route, and had crossed two rivers, one a most formidable obstacle. It was no wonder that he felt keen disappointment when Smith's command failed to seize the golden opportunity he had prepared; but brilliant generals, like eminent sculptors, in executing their best conceptions sometimes find that their tools break in their hands.

DONNING SUMMER UNIFORM.

THE weather had become so warm that the general and most of the staff had ordered thin, dark-blue flannel blouses to be sent to them to take the place of the heavy uniform coats which they had been wearing. The summer clothing had arrived, and was now tried on. The general's blouse, like the others, was of plain material, single-breasted, and had four regulation brass buttons in front. It was substantially the coat of a private soldier, with nothing to indicate the rank of an officer except the three gold stars of a lieutenant-general on the shoulder-straps. He wore at this time a turn-down white linen collar and a small, black «butterfly» cravat, which was hooked on to his front collar-button. The general, when he put on the blouse, did not take the pains to see whether it fitted him or to notice how it looked, but thought only of the comfort it afforded, and said, «Well, this is a relief,» and then added: «I have never taken as much satisfaction as some people in making frequent changes in my outer clothing. I like to put on a suit of clothes when I get up in the morning, and wear it until I go to bed, unless I have to make a change in my dress to meet company. I have been in the habit of getting one coat at a time, putting it on and wearing it every day as long as it looked respectable, instead of using a best and a second best. I know that is not the right way to manage, but a comfortable coat seems like an old friend, and I don't like to change it.» The general had also received a pair of light, neatly fitting calfskin boots, to which he seemed to take a fancy; thereafter he wore them most of the time in place of his heavy top-boots, putting on the latter only when he rode out in wet weather.

PETERSBURG.

ON the morning of June 16 General Grant went to the Petersburg front. He was accompanied by most of his staff, and by Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War. The enemy was then constantly arriving and occupying his intrenchments in strong force. Burnside's corps had just come up, and was put in position on Hancock's left. At 10:15 A.M. Grant sent an order to Meade to hurry Warren forward, and start up the river himself by steamer and take command in person at Petersburg.

The enemy's intrenchments which protected Petersburg were well located, and were in some places strong. They started at a point on the south bank of the Appomattox, about a mile from the eastern outskirts of the city, and extended in the form of a semicircle to a point on the river at about the same distance from the western limits of the city. Petersburg had at that time a population of 18,000, and was called the «Cockade City» from the fact that at the breaking out of the war of 1812 it furnished a company which was peculiarly uniformed and in which each man wore in his hat a conspicuous cockade.

The probability of Lee's attacking Bermuda Hundred in force induced General Grant to return to City Point to direct the movements on Butler's lines. While riding in that direction he met Meade hurrying forward from the steamer-landing. In a short interview, and without dismounting from his horse, he instructed that officer to move at once to the front and make a vigorous attack upon the works at Petersburg at six o'clock in the

evening, and drive the enemy, if possible, across the Appomattox. It was discovered before that hour that the enemy was advancing upon Butler's front, and General Grant directed me to ride at full speed to Meade and tell him that this made it still more important that his attack should be a vigorous one, and that the enemy might be found weaker there on account of troops having been collected at Bermuda Hundred. I found Meade standing near the edge of a piece of woods, surrounded by some of his staff, and actively engaged in superintending the attack, which was then in progress. His usual nervous energy was displayed in the intensity of his manner and the rapid and animated style of his conversation. He assured me that no additional orders could be given which could add to the vigor of the attack. He was acting with great earnestness, and doing his utmost to carry out the instructions which he had received. He had arrived at the front about two o'clock, and his plans had been as well matured as possible for the movement. Three redans, as well as a line of earthworks connecting them, were captured. The enemy felt the loss keenly, and made several desperate attempts during the night to recover the ground, but in this he did not succeed.

When I got back to City Point that evening General Grant felt considerably encouraged by the news brought him, and spent most of the night in planning movements for the next day.

LEE MYSTIFIED AS TO GRANT'S MOVEMENTS.

After further consultation with the general-in-chief I started again for the front at Petersburg before dawn on the 17th, carrying instructions looking to the contemplated attacks that day. Burnside's troops surprised the enemy at daybreak by making a sudden rush upon his works, captured his intrenchments, swept his line for a mile, and took 600 prisoners, a stand of colors, 4 guns, and 1500 stands of small arms. Attacks were also made by Hancock and Warren, and more of the enemy's line was captured, but not permanently held.

Telegrams sent by General Lee on June 17 show, even at that late day, how completely mystified he was in regard to Grant's movements. At 12 M. he sent a despatch to Beauregard, saying: «Until I can get more definite information of Grant's movements, I do not think it prudent to draw more troops to this side of the river.» At 1:45 P.M. he telegraphed: «Warren's corps crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge on the 13th; . . . that night it marched to Westover. Some prisoners were taken from it on the 14th; have not heard of it since.» At 4:30 he sent Beauregard another despatch, saying: «Have no information of Grant's crossing the James River, but upon your report have ordered troops up to Chaffin's Bluff.» Grant, on the contrary, had ascertained from watchers on Butler's tall signal-tower, which had been erected at Bermuda Hundred, just how many railway-trains with troops had passed toward Petersburg, and learned from the columns of dust that large forces were marching south. From scouts, prisoners, and refugees he had secured each day a close knowledge of Lee's movements.

A CHANGE OF COMPLEXION.

Colonel Parker, the Indian, had been diligently employed in these busy days helping to take care of General Grant's correspondence. He wrote an excellent hand, and as one of the military secretaries often overhauled the general's correspondence and prepared answers to his private letters. This evening he was seated at the writing-table in the general's tent, while his chief was standing at a little distance outside talking with some of the staff. A citizen who had come to City Point in the employ of the Sanitary Commission, and who had been at Cairo when the general took command there in 1861, approached the group and inquired: «Where is the old man's tent? I'd like to get a look at him; have n't seen him for three years.» Rawlins, to avoid being interrupted, said, «That 's his tent,» at the same time pointing to it. The man stepped over to the tent, looked in, and saw the swarthy features of Parker as he sat in the general's chair. The visitor seemed a little puzzled, and as he walked away was heard to remark: «Yes, that 's him; but he 's got all-fired sunburnt since I last had a look at him.» The general was greatly amused by the incident, and repeated the remark afterward to Parker, who enjoyed it as much as the others.

MEADE IN ACTION.

At daylight on the 18th Meade's troops advanced to the assault which had been ordered, but made the discovery that the enemy's line of the day before had been abandoned. By the time new formations could be made Lee's army had arrived in large force, great activity had been displayed in strengthening the forti-

fications, and the difficulties of the attacking party had been greatly increased. The Second Corps was temporarily commanded by D. B. Birney, as Hancock's Gettysburg wound had broken out afresh the day before, entirely disabling him. Gallant assaults were repeatedly made by Burnside, Warren, and Birney; and while they did not succeed in the object of carrying the enemy's main line of fortifications, positions were gained closer to his works, and these were held and strongly intrenched. Both of the opposing lines on this part of the ground were now strengthened, and remained substantially the same in position from that time until the capture of Petersburg.

General Grant realized the nature of the ground and the circumstances that prevented the troops from accomplishing more than had been done, and he complimented Meade upon the promptness and vigor with which he had handled his army on this day of active operations. Indeed, Meade had shown brilliant qualities as commander of a large army, and under the general directions given him had made all the dispositions and issued all the detailed orders. Grant felt it necessary to remain at City Point in order to be in communication with both Meade and Butler, as Lee's troops were that day moving rapidly south past Butler's front.

My duties kept me on Meade's front a large part of the day. He showed himself the personification of earnest, vigorous action in rousing his subordinate commanders to superior exertions. Even his fits of anger and his resort to intemperate language stood him at times in good stead in spurring on every one upon that active field. He sent ringing despatches to all points of the line, and paced up and down upon the field in his nervous, restless manner, as he watched the progress of the operations and made running comments on the actions of his subordinates. His aquiline nose and piercing eyes gave him something of the eagle's look, and added to the interest of his personality. He had much to try him upon this occasion, and if he was severe in his reprimands and showed faults of temper, he certainly displayed no faults as a commander. When the battle was over no one was more ready to make amends for the instances in which he felt that he might have done injustice to his subordinates. He said to them: «Sorry to hear you cannot carry the works. Get the best line you can and be prepared to hold it. I suppose you cannot make any more attacks, and I feel satisfied all has been done that can be done.» Lee himself did not arrive at Petersburg until noon that day.

After I had returned to headquarters that evening, and had given the general-in-chief reports of the battle in more detail than he had received them by despatches during the day, he sat in his tent and discussed the situation philosophically, saying: «Lee's whole army has now arrived, and the topography of the country about Petersburg has been well taken advantage of by the enemy in the location of strong works. I will make no more assaults on that portion of the line, but will give the men a rest, and then look to extensions toward our left, with a view to destroying Lee's communications on the south and confining him to a close siege.» At ten o'clock he turned to his table and wrote the following message to Meade: «I am perfectly satisfied that all has been done that could be done, and that the assaults of to-day were called for by all the appearances and information that could be obtained. Now we will rest the men, and use the spade for their protection until a new vein can be struck. . . .»

CONDITION OF THE ARMY.

It was apparent in the recent engagements that the men had not attacked with the same vigor that they had displayed in the Wilderness campaign; but this was owing more to the change in their physical than in their moral condition. They had moved incessantly both day and night, and had been engaged in skirmishing or in giving battle from the 4th of May to the 18th of June. They had seen their veteran comrades fall on every side, and their places filled by inexperienced recruits, and many of the officers in whom they had unshaken confidence had been killed or wounded. Officers had been in the saddle day and night, securing snatches of sleep for a few hours at a time as best they could. Sleeping on horseback had become an art, and experienced riders had learned to brace themselves in their saddles, rest their hands on the pommel, and catch many a cat-nap while riding. These snatches of sleep were of short duration and accomplished under many difficulties, but often proved more refreshing than might be supposed.

There was considerable suffering from sickness in many of the camps. It may be said that the enemy had suffered equally from the same causes that impaired the efficiency of our men, but there was a vast difference between the conditions of the two armies. The enemy had been engaged prin-

cipally in defending strong intrenchments and in making short marches; he was accustomed to the Southern climate, and was buoyed up with the feeling that he was defending his home and fireside.

A controversy had arisen as to the cause of Hancock's not reaching Petersburg earlier on the 15th. Hancock conceived the idea that the circumstances might be construed as a reproach upon him, and he asked for an official investigation; but General Grant had no intention of reflecting either upon him or Meade. He assured them that, in his judgment, no investigation was necessary. He recommended them both for promotion to the grade of major-general in the regular army, and each was appointed to that rank.

GRANT'S CAMP AT CITY POINT.

THE headquarters camp at City Point was destined to become historic and to be the scene of some of the most memorable events of the war. It was located at the junction of the James and the Appomattox rivers, and was within easy water communication with Fort Monroe and Washington, as well as with Butler's army, which was to occupy positions on both sides of the upper James. The City Point Railroad was repaired, and a branch was constructed to points south of Petersburg, immediately in rear of the line held by the Army of the Potomac, so that there might be convenient communication with that army. The new portion of the road was built, like most of our military railroads, upon the natural surface of the ground, with but little attempt at grading. It ran up hill and down dale, and its undulations were so marked that a train moving along it looked in the distance like a fly crawling over a corrugated washboard. At City Point there was a level piece of ground on a high bluff, on which stood a comfortable house. This building was assigned to the chief quartermaster, and General Grant's headquarters camp was established on the lawn. The tents occupied a line a little over a hundred feet back from the edge of the bluff. In the middle of the line were General Grant's quarters. A hospital tent was used as his office, while a smaller tent connecting in the rear was occupied as his sleeping-apartment. A hospital tent-fly was stretched in front of the office tent so as to make a shaded space in which persons could sit. A rustic bench and a number of folding camp-chairs with backs were placed there, and it was beneath this tent-fly that most of the important official interviews were held. When great secrecy was to be observed the parties would retire to the office tent. On both sides of the general's quarters were pitched close together enough officers' tents to accommodate the staff. Each tent was occupied by two officers. The mess-tent was pitched in the rear, and at a short distance still farther back a temporary shelter was prepared for the horses. A wooden staircase was built reaching from headquarters to the steamboat-landing at the foot of the bluff; ample wharves, storehouses, and hospitals were rapidly constructed, and a commodious base of supplies was established in the vicinity. The day the wharf was completed and planked over the general took a stroll along it, his hands thrust in his trousers pockets, and a lighted cigar in his mouth. He had recently issued instructions to take every precaution against fire, and had not gone far when a sentinel called out: «It 's against orders to come on the wharf with a lighted cigar.» The general at once took his Havana out of his mouth and threw it into the river, saying: «I don't like to lose my smoke, but the sentinel 's right. He evidently is n't going to let me disobey my own orders.»

GRANT AT THE MESS-TABLE.

EACH staff-officer took his turn in acting as «caterer» of the mess, usually for a month at a time. His duties consisted in giving general directions to the steward as to ordering the meals, keeping an account of the bills, and at the end of his tour dividing up the expenses and collecting the amount charged to each officer. General Grant insisted upon paying two shares of the expenses instead of one, upon the ground that he invited more guests to meals than any one else in the mess, although this was not always the case, for each officer was allowed to entertain guests, and there were at times as many visitors at table as members of the mess. The officer acting as caterer sat at the head of the mess-table, with the general on his right.

It now came my turn to take a hand in managing the affairs of the mess. The general, while he never complained, was still the most difficult person to cater for in the whole army. About the only meat he enjoyed was beef, and this he could not eat unless it was so thoroughly well done that no appearance of blood could be seen. If blood appeared in any meat which came on the table, the sight of it seemed entirely to destroy his appetite.

(This was the man whose enemies delighted in calling him a butcher.) He enjoyed oysters and fruit, but these could not be procured on an active campaign. He never ate mutton when he could obtain anything else, and fowl and game he abhorred. As he used to express it: «I never could eat anything that goes on two legs.» Evidently he could never have been converted to cannibalism. He did not miss much by declining to eat the chickens which were picked up on a campaign, for they were usually tough enough to create the suspicion that they had been hatched from hard-boiled eggs, and were so impenetrable that an officer said of one of them that he could not even stick his fork through the gravy. The general was fonder of cucumbers than of anything else, and often made his entire meal upon a sliced cucumber and a cup of coffee. He always enjoyed corn, pork and beans, and buckwheat cakes. In fact, he seemed to be particularly fond of only the most indigestible dishes. He had been eating so little for several days just before I took my turn as caterer that I looked about to try to find some delicacy that would tempt his appetite, and after a good deal of pains succeeded in getting some sweetbreads sent down from Washington. They had been nicely cooked, and I announced them, when they came on the table, with an air of ill-disguised triumph; but he said: «I hope these were not obtained especially for me, for I have a singular aversion to them. In my young days I used to eat them, not knowing exactly what part of the animal they came from; but as soon as I learned what they were my stomach rebelled against them, and I have never tasted them since.»

When any fruit could be procured, it was placed on the table by way of helping to ornament it, and afterward used as dessert. Between the courses of the dinner the general would often reach over to the dish of fruit and pick out a berry or a cherry and eat it slowly. He used to do this in a sly way, like a child helping itself to some forbidden dish at the table, and afraid of being caught in the act. He said one day: «I suppose I ought not to eat a course out of its turn, but I take the greatest delight in picking out bits of fruit and eating them during a meal. One of the reasons I do not enjoy dining out as much as I do at home is because I am compelled to sit through a long list of courses, few of which I eat, and to resist the constant temptation to taste a little fruit in the meanwhile to help pass away the time.» Napoleon was famous for eating out of the various dishes before him with his fingers. General Grant's use of the fingers never went beyond picking out small fruits. He was always refined in his manners at table, and no matter how great was the hurry, or what were the circumstances of the occasion, he never violated the requirements of true politeness.

He ate less than any man in the army; sometimes the amount of food taken did not seem enough to keep a bird alive, and his meals were frugal enough to satisfy the tastes of the most avowed anchorite. It so happened that no one in the mess had any inclination to drink wine or spirits at meals, and none was carried among the mess's supplies. The only beverage ever used at table besides tea and coffee was water, although on the march it was often taken from places which rendered it not the most palatable or healthful of drinks. If a staff-officer wanted anything stronger he would carry some commissary whisky in a canteen. Upon a few occasions, after a hard day's ride in stormy weather, the general joined the officers of the staff in taking a whisky toddy in the evening. He never offered liquor of any kind to visitors at headquarters. His hospitality consisted in inviting them to meals and to smoke cigars.

LINCOLN'S FIRST VISIT TO GRANT'S CAMP.

On June 21 Butler had thrown a pontoon-bridge across the James, and seized a position on the north side known as Deep Bottom, ten miles below Richmond. General Grant had directed this with a view to divide the attention of the enemy's troops, and to confuse them as to whether to expect an attack upon Richmond or Petersburg, and because he had in contemplation some operations on the north side of the James, which he intended to carry out under certain contingencies, in which case the occupation of Deep Bottom might become important.

On Tuesday, June 21, a white river-steamer arrived at the wharf, bringing President Lincoln, who had embraced this opportunity to visit for the first time the armies under General Grant's immediate command. As the boat neared the shore, the general and several of us who were with him at the time walked down to the wharf, in order that the general-in-chief might meet his distinguished visitor and extend a greeting to him as soon as the boat made the landing. As our party stepped aboard, the President came down from the upper deck, where he had been standing, to the after-gangway, and reaching out his

long, angular arm, he wrung General Grant's hand vigorously, and held it in his for some time, while he uttered in rapid words his congratulations and expressions of appreciation of the great task which had been accomplished since he and the general had parted in Washington. The group then went into the after-cabin. General Grant said: «I hope you are very well, Mr. President.» «Yes, I am in very good health,» Mr. Lincoln replied; «but I don't feel very comfortable after my trip last night on the bay. It was rough, and I was considerably shaken up. My stomach has not yet entirely recovered from the effects.» An officer of the party now saw that an opportunity had arisen to make this scene the supreme moment of his life, in giving him a chance to soothe the digestive organs of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. He said: «Try a glass of champagne, Mr. President. That is always a certain cure for seasickness.» Mr. Lincoln looked at him for a moment, his face lighting up with a smile, and then remarked: «No, my friend; I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very stuff.» This was a knockdown for the officer, and in the laugh at his expense Mr. Lincoln and the general both joined heartily.

General Grant now said: «I know it would be a great satisfaction for the troops to have an opportunity of seeing you, Mr. President; and I am sure your presence among them would have a very gratifying effect. I can furnish you a good horse, and will be most happy to escort you to points of interest along the line.» Mr. Lincoln replied: «Why, yes; I had fully intended to go out and take a look at the brave fellows who have fought their way down to Petersburg in this wonderful campaign, and I am ready to start at any time.»

LINCOLN AT THE FRONT.

General Grant presented to Mr. Lincoln the officers of the staff who were present, and he had for each one a cordial greeting and a pleasant word. There was a kindliness in his tone and a hearty manner of expression which went far to captivate all who met him. The President soon stepped ashore, and after sitting awhile at headquarters mounted the large bay horse «Cincinnati,» while the general rode with him on «Jeff Davis.» Three of us of the staff accompanied them, and the scenes encountered in visiting both Butler's and Meade's commands were most interesting. Mr. Lincoln wore a very high black silk hat and black trousers and frock-coat. Like most men who had been brought up in the West, he had good command of a horse, but it must be acknowledged that in appearance he was not a very dashing rider. On this occasion, by the time he had reached the troops he was completely covered with dust, and the black color of his clothes had changed to Confederate gray. As he had no straps, his trousers gradually worked up above his ankles, and gave him the appearance of a country farmer riding into town wearing his Sunday clothes. A citizen on horseback is always an odd sight in the midst of a uniformed army, and the picture presented by the President bordered upon the grotesque. However, the troops were so lost in admiration of the man that the humorous aspect did not seem to strike them. The soldiers rapidly passed the word along the line that «Uncle Abe» had joined them, and cheers broke forth from all the commands, and enthusiastic shouts and even words of familiar greeting met him on all sides. After a while General Grant said: «Mr. President, let us ride on and see the colored troops, who behaved so handsomely in Smith's attack on the works in front of Petersburg last week.» «Oh, yes,» replied Mr. Lincoln; «I want to take a look at those boys. I read with the greatest delight the account given in Mr. Dana's despatch to the Secretary of War of how gallantly they behaved. He said they took six out of the sixteen guns captured that day. I was opposed on nearly every side when I first favored the raising of colored regiments; but they have proved their efficiency, and I am glad they have kept pace with the white troops in the recent assaults. When we wanted every able-bodied man who could be spared to go to the front, and my opposers kept objecting to the negroes, I used to tell them that at such times it was just as well to be a little color-blind. I think, general, we can say of the black boys what a country fellow who was an old-time abolitionist in Illinois said when he went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing *Othello*. He was not very well up in Shakspere, and did n't know that the tragedian was a white man who had blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over the folks who had invited him to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said: «Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have for the race, derned ef I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em.'» The Western dialect employed in this story was perfect.

The camp of the colored troops of the Eighteenth Corps was soon reached, and a scene now occurred which defies description. They beheld for the first time the liberator of their race—the man who by a stroke of his pen had struck the shackles from the limbs of their fellow-bondmen and proclaimed liberty to the enslaved. Always impressionable, the enthusiasm of the blacks now knew no limits. They cheered, laughed, cried, sang hymns of praise, and shouted in their negro dialect, «God bress Massa Linkum!» «De Lord save Fader Abraham!» «De day ob jubilee am come, shuah.» They crowded about him and fondled his horse; some of them kissed his hands, while others ran off crying in triumph to their comrades that they had touched his clothes. The President rode with bared head; the tears had started to his eyes, and his voice was so broken by emotion that he could scarcely articulate the words of thanks and congratulation which he tried to speak to the humble and devoted men through whose ranks he rode. The scene was affecting in the extreme, and no one could have witnessed it unmoved.

SOME ANECDOTES BY LINCOLN.

In the evening Mr. Lincoln gathered with General Grant and the staff in front of the general's tent, and then we had an opportunity of appreciating his charm as a talker, and hearing some of the stories for which he had become celebrated. He did not tell a story merely for the sake of the anecdote, but to point a moral or to clench a fact. So far as our experience went, his anecdotes possessed the true geometric requisite of excellence: they were neither too broad nor too long. He seemed to recollect every incident in his experience and to weave it into material for his stories. One evening a sentinel whose post was near enough to enable him to catch most of the President's remarks was heard to say, «Well, that man 's got a powerful memory and a mighty poor forgettery.»

He seldom indulged even in a smile until he reached the climax of a humorous narration; then he joined heartily with the listeners in the laugh which followed. He usually sat on a low camp-chair, and wound his legs around each other as if in an effort to get them out of the way, and with his long arms he accompanied what he said with all sorts of odd gestures. An officer once made the remark that he would rather have a single photograph of one of Mr. Lincoln's jokes than own the negative of any other man's. In the course of the conversation that evening he spoke of the improvement in arms and ammunition, and of the new powder prepared for the fifteen-inch guns. He said he had never seen the latter article, but he understood it differed very much from any other powder that had ever been used. I told him that I happened to have in my tent a specimen which had been sent to headquarters as a curiosity, and that I would bring it to him. When I returned with a grain of the powder about the size of a walnut, he took it, turned it over in his hand, and after examining it carefully, said: «Well, it 's rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. It reminds me of what occurred once in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country storekeepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shopkeepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods. One evening a man rose up and said: ‹Brethren, let me take occasion to say, while we 're a-waitin', that I have jest received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the naked eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jest like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you 'll come down to my store at the cross-roads and examine that powder for yourselves.› When he had got about this far a rival powder-merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, jumped up and cried out: ‹Brethren, I hope you 'll not believe a single word Brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I 've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile; and any one of you, brethren, ef you was in your future state, could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurious flames surroundin' you without the least danger of an explosion.›» We thought that grain of powder had served even a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

As the party broke up for the night I walked into my quarters to put back the grain of powder, and upon turning round to come out, I found that the President had

followed me and was looking into my tent, from curiosity, doubtless, to see how the officers were quartered. Of course I made haste to invite him in. He stepped inside for a moment, and his eye fell upon a specimen artillery trace, a patented article which some inventor had left the day before in order to have it examined at headquarters. The President exclaimed, «Why, what 's that?» I replied, «That is a trace.» «Oh,» remarked Mr. Lincoln, «that recalls what the poet wrote: ‹Sorrow had fled, but left her traces there.› What became of the rest of the harness he did n't mention.»

That night Mr. Lincoln slept aboard the boat which had brought him to City Point. He had expressed to General Grant a desire to go up the James the next day, to see that portion of our lines and visit the flag-ship of Admiral Lee, who commanded the gunboats. All arrangements were made for the trip, and the President's boat started up the river about eight o'clock the next morning, stopping at Bermuda Hundred to take on General Butler. Admiral Lee came aboard from his flag-ship, and the party proceeded up the river as far as it was safe to ascend. Mr. Lincoln was in excellent spirits, and listened with great eagerness to the descriptions of the works, which could be seen from the river, and the objects for which they had been constructed. When his attention was called to some particularly strong positions which had been seized and fortified, he remarked to Butler: «When Grant once gets possession of a place, he holds on to it as if he had inherited it.» Orders had been sent to have the pontoon-bridge at Deep Bottom opened for the passage of the President's boat, so that he could proceed some distance beyond that point. His whole conversation during his visit showed the deep anxiety he felt and the weight of responsibility which was resting upon him. His face would light up for a time while telling an anecdote illustrating a subject under discussion, and afterward his features would relax and show the deep lines which had been graven upon them by the mental strain to which he had been subjected for nearly four years. The National Republican Convention had renominated him for the Presidency just two weeks before, and some reference was made to it and to the number of men who composed the Electoral College. He remarked: «Among all our colleges, the Electoral College is the only one where they choose their own masters.» He did not show any disposition to dwell upon the subject, or upon the approaching political campaign. His mind seemed completely absorbed in the operations of the armies. Several times, when contemplated battles were spoken of, he said: «I cannot pretend to advise, but I do sincerely hope that all may be accomplished with as little bloodshed as possible.»

Soon after his return to City Point the President started back to Washington. His visit to the army had been a memorable event. General Grant and he had had so much delightful intercourse that they parted from each other with unfeigned regret, and both felt that their acquaintance had already ripened into a genuine friendship.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE WELDON RAILROAD.

General Grant, having decided that it would be inexpedient to attempt to carry the works at Petersburg by assault, now began to take measures looking to the investment of that place by leaving a portion of his forces to defend our works, while he moved out with the other portion against the railroads, with the design of cutting off Lee's communications in that direction. Wright's entire corps had been sent back from Butler's front to the Army of the Potomac, and Martindale's command had been returned to Butler, so that Meade's and Butler's armies were again complete. Meade's corps were disposed as follows, from right to left of the line: Burnside, Warren, Birney (Hancock's), Wright.

On the morning of June 22, Wright's and Birney's corps moved westward with a view to crossing the Weldon Railroad and swinging around to the left; but they were vigorously attacked and forced back some distance. They advanced again in the evening, but nothing important was gained.

On June 23, Birney and Wright again moved out. There was great difficulty in preserving the alignment of the troops, as they had to pass through dense woods and almost impenetrable thickets, which made the movement a slow and difficult process. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while a portion of Wright's troops were at work destroying the Weldon Railroad, a large force of the enemy struck his left and drove it back. Darkness soon came on, and nothing of importance was accomplished. Wright was now given authority to withdraw his corps to the position occupied the night before, which was more advantageous. Meade had sent frequent messages to Grant, who was this day at Bermuda Hundred, keeping him advised of the movements in his front; and that night he telegraphed: «I

think you had better come up here to-morrow if convenient.» General Grant felt considerably annoyed about the operations that day at Petersburg, and regarded the position of the Army of the Potomac as somewhat vulnerable. In extending to the left the center had been depleted, while the left flank was out in the air, and would consequently be weak if a heavy and determined attack should be made upon it. The enemy had made his intrenchments so strong that he could afford to move a large portion of his force to his right for the purpose of such an attack. Hancock was much missed from the command of the Second Corps. It was quite natural that Meade should ask Grant to come in person to the lines in front of Petersburg, and it was another indication of the confidence which his subordinate commanders reposed in him.

SWAPPING HORSES.

At eight o'clock on the morning of June 24 the general rode to the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, accompanied by Rawlins, myself, and two others of the staff. In discussing with Meade and some of the corps commanders the events of the two previous days, he gave particular instructions for operations on that part of the line. The guns of the siege-train which he had ordered now began to arrive from Washington. Meade was told that they would be sent to him immediately, and it was decided to spend the next few days in putting the guns and mortars into commanding positions, in the meanwhile permitting the troops to desist from active operations. The heat was now intense, and the men were in much need of rest. Meade gave Grant and his staff a comfortable lunch, and late in the afternoon our party started for City Point.

Owing to the heat and dust, the long ride was exceedingly uncomfortable. My best horse had been hurt, and I was mounted on a bay cob that had a trot which necessitated no end of «saddle-pounding» on the part of the rider; and if distances are to be measured by the amount of fatigue endured, this exertion added many miles to the trip. The general was riding his black pony «Jeff Davis.» This smooth little pacer shuffled along at a gait which was too fast for a walk and not fast enough for a gallop, so that all the other horses had to move at a brisk trot to keep up with him. When we were about five miles from headquarters the general said to me in a joking way: «You don't look comfortable on that horse. Now I feel about as fresh as when we started out.» I replied: «It makes all the difference in the world, general, what kind of horse one rides.» He remarked: «Oh, all horses are pretty much alike as far as the comfort of their gait is concerned.» «In the present instance,» I answered, «I don't think you would like to swap with me, general.» He said at once, «Why, yes; I 'd just as lief swap with you as not»; and threw himself off his pony and mounted my uncomfortable beast, while I put myself astride of «Jeff.» The general had always been a famous rider, even when a cadet at West Point. When he rode or drove a strange horse, not many minutes elapsed before he and the animal seemed to understand each other perfectly. In my experience I have never seen a better rider, or one who had a more steady seat, no matter what sort of horse he rode; but on this occasion it soon became evident that his body and that of the animal were not always in touch, and he saw that all the party were considerably amused at the jogging to which he was subjected. In the meantime «Jeff Davis» was pacing along with a smoothness which made me feel as if I were seated in a rocking-chair. When we reached headquarters the general dismounted in a manner which showed that he was pretty stiff from the ride. As he touched the ground he turned and said with a quizzical look, «Well, I must acknowledge that animal *is* pretty rough.»

SHERIDAN RETURNS.

Sheridan had arrived on June 20 at White House, on his return from the expedition to the north side of the North Anna River, upon which he had been sent on the 7th. As soon as Lee learned of Hunter's success he sent Breckinridge's troops to oppose him; and hearing that Sheridan had started, he ordered Hampton's and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry commands to move against our cavalry. They were to attack Sheridan during the night of the 10th and surprise him; but that officer was not to be caught napping. He advanced promptly toward Trevilian's Station, and in a well-conceived and brilliantly executed battle defeated the Confederate cavalry, and then effectually destroyed several miles of the Virginia Central Railroad. He now obtained information from the prisoners he had captured that Hunter was in the vicinity of Lynchburg and not likely to reach Charlottesville; and as the enemy had thrown a large force of infantry and cavalry between

Hunter and him, and as he was encumbered with a large number of prisoners and wounded, and his supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted, he felt that it would be useless to try to make a junction with Hunter, and decided to return to the Army of the Potomac by way of White House, where ample and much needed supplies were awaiting him. On his arrival, orders were given that this depot should be broken up on the 22d, and the train of nine hundred wagons which had been left there was crossed to the south side of the James River, having been gallantly and successfully defended on its way by Sheridan's cavalry.

On the 26th Sheridan came in person to Grant's headquarters, and had an interview with him in regard to the results of his expedition and the further operations which he was expected to undertake at once on the south side of Petersburg. Sheridan was cordially greeted on his arrival by the general-in-chief. He was at all times a welcome visitor at headquarters, as his boundless enthusiasm, buoyant spirits, and cheery conversation were always refreshing.

The general, after learning all the details of Sheridan's expedition, told him that he fully approved his judgment in not attempting, under the contingencies which had arisen, to reach Hunter; but, as usual, the general did not dwell at length upon the past, and promptly began the discussion of the plans he had in view for the cavalry in the future.

WHERE POCAHONTAS SAVED JOHN SMITH.

A DAY or two afterward, Grant paid a visit to Butler's lines; and while he and the staff were riding out to the front they came to the place where, according to tradition, Pocahontas had saved the life of Captain John Smith. Whether it was the exact spot or not, it was regarded in that locality as historic ground; and Virginians, who take a particular pride in well-known family names, seemed to honor Pocahontas especially, no doubt because she was largely instrumental in preserving the Smith family to posterity. In the efforts to account for the attempted execution of the prisoner, there is a story told, about the truth of which there is a lingering uncertainty. It is to the effect that, when the captain fell into the hands of the Indian chief, he was rash enough to state, in reply to questions as to his identity, that his name was «John Smith»; and that the noble red man thought he was trying to perpetrate a practical joke on him, and was roused to swift vengeance by such an ill-timed pleasantry.

In climbing a rather steep hill at this point, the party had to move along a narrow bridle-path. The general was riding in the lead, followed by the staff in single file, with Badeau bringing up the rear. The trees were soon found to be so near together that a horse and rider could not pass between them when keeping in the path, and we turned out to the left, where the woods were more open. Badeau's near-sightedness prevented him from seeing very far ahead, and he was not paying much attention to his horse, but simply letting him go along as he pleased. Suddenly we heard a cry from him: «I 'm going off! I say, I 'm going off!» On looking round, we found his horse climbing up the path with a tree on each side, between which he could scarcely squeeze. When Badeau's knees reached the trees his saddle was forced back, and as the horse struggled on his rider finally slid off over the animal's tail. Then came the cry, «See here, I 'm off!» and Badeau and the saddle were seen lying on the ground. The horse stepped out of the girth and quietly continued his march up the hill as if nothing had happened. General Grant stopped, and looking back at the ludicrous sight presented, fairly screamed with laughter, and did not recover his equanimity during the remainder of the ride. Nothing could have been more amusing to him than such an accident; for, as he was an exceptionally expert horseman, awkwardness on the part of a rider was more laughable to him than to most people. Badeau, with the assistance of an orderly, had his horse re-saddled, and mounting again, soon joined the cavalcade. General Grant cracked jokes at his expense all the rest of the ride; and for two or three days afterward, when he would be sitting quietly in front of his tent, he would suddenly begin to shake with laughter, and say: «I can't help thinking how that horse succeeded in sneaking out from under Badeau at Bermuda Hundred.»

GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON'S RAID.

WHILE the enemy's cavalry was north of the James, and the probabilities were that it would be detained there by Sheridan for some days, it was decided to send Wilson's division of cavalry, which had remained with the Army of the Potomac, and four regiments of the cavalry of the Army of the James under Kautz, to the south of Petersburg, with a view to striking both the South Side and the

Danville railroads. This cavalry command started out on the morning of June 22. It was composed of nearly 6000 men and several batteries of horse-artillery. It first struck the Weldon, then the South Side Railroad, and afterward advanced as far as Roanoke Station on the Danville road, inflicting much damage. On the 29th, after severe fighting, it found itself confronted and partly surrounded by such a heavy force of the enemy that there was no means of cutting a way through with success; and it was decided to issue all the remaining ammunition, destroy the wagons and caissons, and fall back to the Union lines. The troops were hard pressed by greatly superior numbers, and suffered severely upon their march, but by untiring energy and great gallantry succeeded in reaching the Army of the Potomac on July 1. The expedition had been absent ten days. It had marched three hundred miles, and destroyed a large quantity of rolling stock and about fifty miles of railroad. The loss in killed, wounded, and missing amounted to about 1500 men. All the guns and wagons were destroyed or abandoned. The cavalry supposed that the infantry of the Army of the Potomac would be in possession of Reams's Station at the time of their return, but that station was still in the hands of the enemy.

The destruction of communications by Hunter, Sheridan, and Wilson gave the enemy serious alarm; but by dint of great effort he soon made the necessary repairs, and was again able to bring supplies to Richmond by rail. In the meantime the siege of Petersburg had begun, and it was now Grant's intention to make the investment as complete as possible, and to take advantage of every opportunity to inflict damage on the enemy, and give him battle whenever he could do so under circumstances that would be justifiable.

On June 29, Grant felt anxious about the fate of the cavalry and the progress of Wright's corps, which had been sent to Reams's Station to Wilson's relief, but did not reach there in time. He rode out to the Petersburg front with his staff, held interviews with Meade, Burnside, and Smith, and visited the lines to make a personal inspection of the principal batteries. He became impressed with the idea that more field-artillery could be used to advantage at several points, and when we returned to headquarters that evening he telegraphed to Washington for five or six additional batteries.

From the 4th of May until the end of June there had not been a day in which there was not a battle or a skirmish. The record of continuous and desperate fighting had far surpassed any campaign in modern or ancient military history.

THE STAFF ENLARGED.

In view of the important operations which were to be conducted from City Point, General Grant made some changes in the organization of the staff. General Rufus Ingalls, who had distinguished himself by the exhibition of signal ability as chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, was assigned to duty as chief quartermaster upon the staff of the general-in-chief. Grant and he had been classmates at West Point, and were on terms of extreme intimacy. Ingalls was exceedingly popular in the army, and both officially and personally was regarded as an important acquisition to the staff. Lieutenant-Colonel M. R. Morgan, an efficient and experienced officer of the commissary department, was added to the staff of the general-in-chief as chief commissary; thirty years after he became commissary-general of the army. Soon after General M. R. Patrick was made provost-marshal-general, and General George H. Sharpe was assigned to duty as his assistant. The latter officer rendered invaluable service in obtaining information regarding the enemy by his employment of scouts and his skill in examining prisoners and refugees. Captain Amos Webster was placed on duty as assistant quartermaster. Assistant Surgeon E. D.W. Breneman, U. S. A., was assigned to look after the health of those at headquarters; but the particularly robust condition of nearly all the officers he was prepared to attend made his work exceedingly light.

In discussing at this time the large amount of rations which had to be supplied by the subsistence department, and the system required in its management, General Grant said: «When I first had an independent command there were so few experienced men about me that I had to sit down at night and teach officers of the staff departments how to make requisitions for supplies, and fill out the blank forms furnished by the government when such blanks could be procured. I had acted at times as quartermaster and commissary in the old army, and was of course familiar with all the forms used in preparing papers. Word was brought to me one day that a new regimental commissary had gone aboard a commissary boat on the

Mississippi and presented a requisition for rations for his men. The officer in charge looked at it in amazement, and exclaimed: ‹Why, there are not half enough rations aboard this entire steamer to fill that requisition.› The commissary, who thought he had made only an ordinary demand, said: ‹Why, you 're filling requisitions for all the other regiments in our brigade!› ‹Regiment!› cried the commissary. ‹You mean a corps.› The regimental commissary then discovered that he had made out his requisition on a corps blank.»

A hospital had been established at City Point large enough to accommodate 6000 patients, and served a very useful purpose. The general manifested a deep interest in this hospital, frequently visited it, and constantly received verbal reports from the surgeons in charge as to the care and comfort of the wounded.

A telegraph line had been established on the south side of the James which connected by cable across Hampton Roads with Fort Monroe. From that place there was direct telegraphic communication with Washington. This line was occasionally broken, but by dint of great effort it was generally well maintained and made to perform excellent service.

The general headquarters had become an intensely interesting spot. Direct communication was kept open as far as possible with the various armies throughout the country, all of which the general-in-chief was directing, and information of an exciting nature was constantly received and important orders were issued. The officers on duty had an opportunity to watch the great war drama from behind the scenes, from which point they witnessed not only the performance of the actors, but the workings of the master mind that gave the directions and guided all the preparations.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.[1]

THE early part of the year 1885 found the hearts of the American people deeply touched by the certainty that a fatal disease was slowly but surely sapping the life of the illustrious citizen who had led their armies to triumphant victory, who had twice held the highest office in their gift, who in his own country had filled the largest measure of human greatness, and whose fame had extended to the uttermost parts of the earth. Tributes of affection poured in upon him from all sections of the land, and furnished the only balm which could assuage his sufferings. Congress placed him on the retired list as a general, restoring him to the rank which he vacated when called to the higher field of duty as President of the republic. Legislatures passed resolutions of sympathy; rulers of other lands telegraphed compassionate messages; church organizations, civic societies, war veteran associations, and men who had fought in the ranks of his enemies, sent touching words of condolence; and throughout the land prayers were offered, in public and in private, invoking the blessing of divine Providence upon the sufferer. Processions of school children sang anthems as they filed past his house and laid their tribute of flowers upon his door-step. Men who had voted for him and men who had opposed him, old soldiers who had served with him and strangers who had never seen him, lined the sidewalk opposite his residence, and stood for hours with moistened eyes gazing upon the windows of the sick man's room.

When the hot weather appeared, the invalid was removed to the cooler region of Mount McGregor. Every effort of devotion on the part of his family and friends ministered to his relief, and all the accomplishments of medical science were employed to assuage his sufferings and prolong the period of his life. The skill of the physicians often rallied his waning powers, buoyed up his spirits, and gained temporary triumphs over the disease; but the malady was beyond their control, and at eight o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 23, 1885, the spirit of the distinguished sufferer passed away, and he was permitted to enjoy what he had pleaded for in behalf of others, for the Lord had let him have peace.

When the news was flashed over the wires

[1] This paper was prepared, at the request of the Editor, by General Horace Porter, who as president of the association organized the movement for completing the fund for the construction of the monument which will be dedicated on General Grant's birthday, the 27th of the present month.—EDITOR.

there was a sorrow felt in every American household akin to the grief of a personal bereavement.

The question immediately arose as to what place should be selected for his sepulture. There was a general desire to have his remains interred at Washington, either in the National Cemetery at Arlington, in the park of the Soldiers' Home, or in the crypt of the Capitol. As every previous President had been buried in the State of which he was a resident, there was an earnest plea put in by the people of New York, urging that the place of burial should be the nation's metropolis, the city which the general had selected as his permanent home. The mayor of the city, the Hon. William R. Grace, proposed to the family that if the burial should take place in the city of New York, a suitable location would be provided either in Central or Riverside Park.

A week or two before the general's death he expressed some views to his son Colonel Frederick D. Grant in regard to his burial. The disease had made such progress that his power of articulation had almost ceased, and it was only by a supreme effort that he could whisper articulate words; he therefore used a pencil and paper to communicate with those about him. When he began to write, his son, who had remained by his bedside for many months and whose filial devotion had never relaxed, bent over his father to see what he was writing. The general named Galena, Illinois, his old home, then paused, and shook his head. He then wrote West Point, but expressed the fear that the rules governing interments there would prevent the burial of Mrs. Grant by his side. He finally referred to New York, where he had found such kind and devoted friends, but added that he wished no place selected where his wife could not be buried by his side. He was apparently attempting to write more, but a paroxysm of pain seized him, and the subject was not renewed. As New York was the last place he had indicated, the fact created a sentiment in favor of that city, as it had been apparently the general's final request. The family expressed a preference for New York, as it was their home; and with their assent the site of the present monument in Riverside Park was selected. It furnished an ideal location for the erection of a monumental tomb, the ground being on the bank of the Hudson, one of our noblest rivers, at a height of about one hundred and thirty feet above the water. It was seen that a monument of suitable height would be visible from prominent parts of the city, from points many miles up the river, and from the decks of vessels in portions of the harbor.

A temporary tomb of brick masonry, of a vault-like shape, was immediately constructed. The remains were brought to New York, receiving marked tributes of respect from official bodies and the assembled masses of the people at every point along the line of the route. After the body had lain in state for a day in the Capitol at Albany, and afterward at the City Hall, New York, the funeral took place on Saturday, August 8. The demonstration as the cortège passed from the City Hall to Riverside Park was the most solemn and imposing which the metropolis had ever witnessed; and the expressions of sorrow, and the honors paid to the memory of the deceased, were manifested in a manner which signalized the profound emotion of the vast assemblage that witnessed the passage of the funeral train. It was estimated that the procession was viewed by more than a million people.

On July 28, 1885, the mayor of the city called a meeting of citizens at the mayor's office, at which a committee was appointed to initiate a movement to erect a national monument to the memory of General Grant. A committee on organization was formed which met the next day and effected a permanent organization of the Grant Monument Committee, with ex-President Chester A. Arthur as chairman. In February, 1886, the Grant Monument Association was organized under an act of the legislature, and Hon. Chester A. Arthur was chosen president. A week later, being himself stricken with a fatal illness, he resigned, and Mr. Sidney Dillon was elected to take his place. The contributions received up to this time amounted to $114,000. In April, 1887, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt became president of the association, and was succeeded in February, 1888, by ex-Mayor William R. Grace.

After considering various measures for providing a proper sepulcher, a number of prominent architects were invited to submit competitive designs for a monumental tomb. In September, 1890, the association adopted the plan furnished by Mr. J. H. Duncan of New York City, for a structure to cost between $500,000 and $600,000; and this design, with some slight modifications, was adhered to in the construction of the monument now completed. A contract was made for building the foundations, and ground was broken with elaborate ceremonies on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1891. Comrade Charles H. Freeman, Commander of

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ULYSSES S. GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

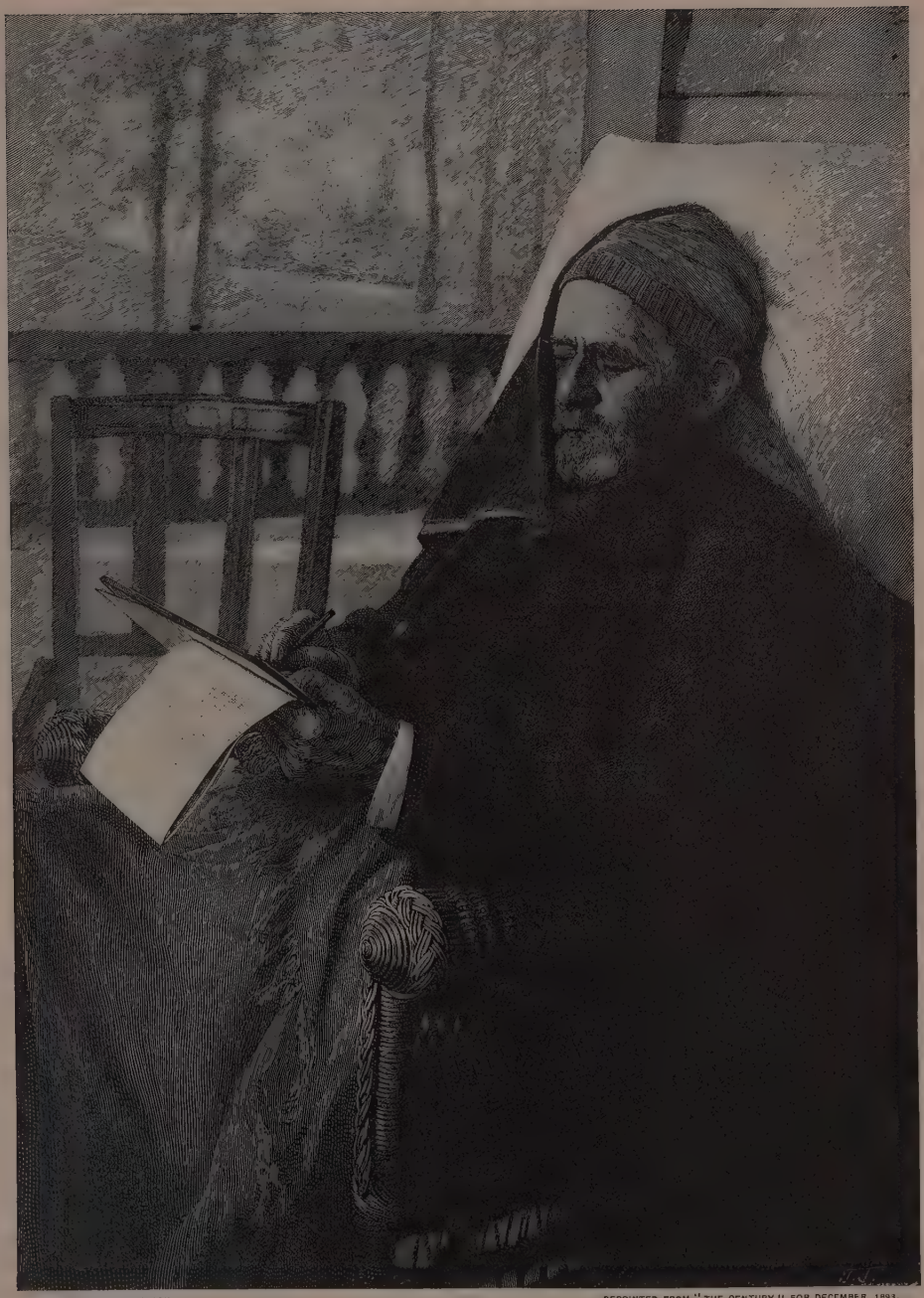
the Department of the State of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, was the presiding officer. Appropriate services were performed by that organization, and an oration was delivered by the writer.

A contract was afterward made for the construction of the lower course of the granite-work, which would bring the structure to a height of ten feet above the ground. The fund which had been secured now amounted to about $155,000, but all efforts to increase it beyond that sum seemed to be unavailing. When the year 1892 came, there was great public discontent manifested in consequence of the fact that there appeared to be no means of carrying out the project. In the belief that New York had failed to make good its implied promise to give to the remains of the illustrious general suitable sepulture, a bill had been introduced in Congress, providing for the removal of the body to the national capital. This led to a spirited debate in the House of Representatives, and the project was seriously resisted by the congressmen from New York, and did not prevail. The city of New York now became the target for attacks from all parts of the country for its lack of public spirit and want of generosity in allowing the ashes of so illustrious a man to lie without proper entombment for a period of seven years after his death. It was everywhere felt that this neglect was bringing serious reproach upon the fair name of the city, which had always enjoyed an enviable reputation as the most generous community of modern times. The soldiers who had served under the general's command felt the neglect most keenly, and much adverse criticism was provoked. At this period the writer was urged to take charge of the affairs of the association, with a view to devising some comprehensive means for the completion of the projected monument; and having been elected president of the association in February, 1892, he consented to assume the task.

Mr. James C. Reed accepted the position of secretary, and cheerfully contributed his time and services to the vast bureau work of the position, involving the extensive correspondence and the elaborate accounts made necessary by the manifold details of the office.

Mr. Frederick D. Tappen, president of the Gallatin National Bank, agreed to undertake the arduous duties of treasurer; and the enterprise is deeply indebted to him for his untiring labors in receiving and receipting for the numberless small sums subscribed, and for the constant care he has exercised over the finances.

The legislature was immediately asked to amend the charter of the association so as to provide for an increase in the number of trustees from thirty-three to one hundred. Such a bill was passed, and many prominent citizens were brought into the board. A by-law was adopted which provided that all the officers of the association should serve without compensation. Mr. D. O. Mills generously consented to provide offices free of charge, and the outlay for the general expenses of the association thereafter became insignificant in amount. It was deemed better to have the fund raised by a thoroughly popular subscription than by means of large contributions from comparatively few individuals. This plan involved the necessity of reaching all classes and conditions of the people, and devising means for arousing the entire community to join in the effort. It was decided to make each line of business and each profession a factor in soliciting subscriptions among its members. Investigation showed that there were over two hundred separate and distinct trades and professions in the city. Application was made to the Chamber of Commerce, to various clubs, and to many of the hotels for rooms in which to hold meetings in convenient portions of the city. These were cheerfully furnished without charge. The heads of prominent business firms and leading professional men were then requested to assemble in these meetings, and to select committees for the purpose of coöperating in the work. The committeemen thus appointed were provided with subscription-books, and urged to solicit subscriptions in their particular professions and lines of business. The number of committees soon reached 215, and the committeemen who composed them numbered 2487. Meetings were also called in the various exchanges, and public addresses delivered in all quarters of the city, day and evening, in advocacy of the cause. Urgent appeals were made to financial institutions, churches, clubs, schools, and military and civic organizations to bear their share of the work. Subscription-boxes were placed in banks, hotels, elevated-railway stations, and in stores located on the principal thoroughfares. The plans were explained to the journalists of the city, and the newspapers not only gave prompt and hearty support to the project, but also made liberal subscriptions to the fund. It was necessary to raise the sum of $350,000 at least, and public an-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR DECEMBER, 1893.

GRANT WRITING HIS MEMOIRS AT MOUNT McGREGOR.

nouncement was made that the active campaign for securing this fund would be confined to sixty days, and all persons who had manifested an interest in the work were urged to complete their labors within that period. Appeals were made to the churches of all denominations and creeds to make mention of the effort to their congregations, and in many cases a hearty response was given. In the meantime fourteen generous and public-spirited citizens, upon personal solicitation, contributed $5000 each. A convention of the chairmen of committees was held once a week, in which reports of progress were received. When announcements of the additions to the subscriptions were made at these meetings, a spirit of emulation was aroused among the various trades represented, and they were stimulated to renewed efforts.

On the 27th of April, the anniversary of the general's birthday, thirty days after the beginning of the movement to complete the fund, and midway in the campaign, the corner-stone of the structure was laid with imposing ceremonies. General Harrison, then President of the United States, with members of his cabinet, came on from Washington; and he, as President of the Republic, took the trowel in hand and performed the act of laying the stone in place. The Rev. Dr. John Hall offered the prayer, the president of the association made an address, and the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivered the oration. In a box placed in the corner-stone there were deposited a copy of the Constitution of the United States, of the Declaration of Independence, of the Articles of Confederation, and of the Bible; the «Memoirs» of General Grant; a list of contributors of flowers; the prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, and the address by General John A. Logan, on the occasion of the first memorial services, held at the temporary tomb, May 30, 1886; Mayor Grant's proclamation, dated April 8, 1892, to the citizens of New York, calling attention to the work of building the monument; a new American flag made of silk; a badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the military order of the Loyal Legion; eleven medals struck at United States mints commemorative of events in the life of General Grant; one complete proof set of United States gold and silver coins; copies of New York City and Brooklyn daily afternoon papers of April 26, 1892, and daily morning papers of April 27, 1892; and various illustrated papers.

Upon this occasion a public announcement was made by the president of the association that in the past thirty days the sum of $202,890.50 had been subscribed. The work of completing the fund was continued actively during the remainder of the prescribed time, but the energy which had been manifested by the people began to lag somewhat, and additional methods had to be devised for stimulating public interest and arousing new vigor. Prizes were now offered to the scholars in the higher grades of the public schools in New York and Brooklyn for essays on the life of General Grant. Twenty dollars in gold were promised for the best essays, and ten dollars for the next in merit. In a few days after this announcement every school child was at work seeking information about General Grant's career. Libraries were ransacked, letters of inquiry were sent to the press, teachers were appealed to, parents were catechized at home, and policemen were stopped in the streets and asked what they knew about the subject of the forthcoming essays. The topic became the town talk, and the interest in the project was soon revived. Many of the essays proved to be of a very high order of merit. The painters and sculptors of New York made a contribution of their works, which were sold at auction and helped to swell the fund. The only loss incurred in making the collections was occasioned by the theft of a young boy who stole from a station of the elevated railroad one of the contribution-boxes containing $13. He was caught afterward, however; and although the money was not recovered, the publication of his arrest, and of all the circumstances of the act, aroused so much indignation and became such a prominent topic of conversation that the excitement caused was the means of increasing the contributions to an extent very far beyond the sum lost. Thus vice itself made an unconscious contribution to patriotism.

On Decoration Day, May 30, at the close of the usual memorial services at the temporary tomb, the president of the association was able to say that the whole of the $350,000 had been secured within the contemplated time. Subsequent subscriptions obtained during the year increased the amount to $404,000. The total number of subscribers whose names were furnished was 17,118; the number of separate coins, bills, and checks which were dropped into the numerous contribution-boxes placed throughout the city was 47,670, representing probably about that number of separate contributors. The total number of contributors to the fund may therefore be stated at 64,788, making an average of about

JOHN H. DUNCAN, ARCHITECT.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

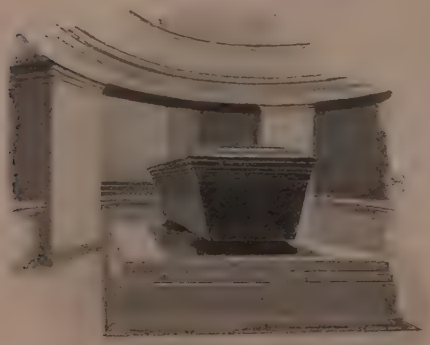
THE INTERIOR OF THE TOMB.

$6.23 for each contributor. The individual sums ranged from one cent to $5000. In collecting the amounts written upon the subscription-books the difference between the actual subscriptions and the amount of cash received from them amounted to less than $400. The entire amount was furnished by the people of the city of New York, with the exception of $38,115.20, which was received from citizens of Brooklyn, of the interior of the State, and of a few other States. Assuming that the average amount of the individual subscriptions to the sum of $155,000 originally secured was the same as that of the subsequent fund raised, the number of contributors to the entire fund may be said to be, in round numbers, 90,000.

During the progress of the work the unexpended balances have been deposited in four prominent New York trust companies, which have paid three per cent. interest upon the amounts. With the sum contributed, small subscriptions received from time to time since, and the accrued interest, the entire amount of the fund will reach nearly $600,000, which will fully complete the structure and sarcophagus.

After a diligent search of seven months in order to find a granite of light color which would be entirely flawless and durable in quality, a granite singularly well adapted to the purpose was found in North Jay, Maine, and this stone has been used in completing the structure. It is so light in tone that in a strong sunlight it is hardly distinguishable from marble. One of the most difficult problems presented was the selection of a material suitable for the sarcophagus. About a year ago there was found in the quarries at Montello, Wisconsin, a porphyry of fine texture and brilliant reddish color, which furnished a sarcophagus of great beauty and appropriateness. To comply with the frequently expressed wish of General Grant that his wife should be laid to rest by his side, a sarcophagus the exact duplicate of the one now finished will be provided, in which the body of Mrs. Grant will repose.

J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR. FIGURES



W. THE SARCOPHAGUS.

The work is now entirely completed. The lower portion of the tomb is a square structure of the Grecian Doric order, measuring 90 feet on a side. The entrance is on the south side, and is protected by a portico formed of double lines of columns, and approached by steps 70 feet wide. The square portion is finished with a cornice and a parapet, at a height from grade of 72 feet, and above this is a circular cupola 70 feet in diameter, of the Ionic order, which is surmounted with a pyramidal top terminating at a height of 150 feet above grade, or 280 feet above mean high water of the Hudson River. The interior is cruciform in plan, 76 feet at the greatest dimension, the four corners being piers of masonry connected at the top by coffered arches the crowns of which are 50 feet from the floor-level. On these arches rests an open circular gallery of 40 feet inner diameter, culminating in a paneled dome 105 feet above the level of the floor. The surfaces between the planes of the faces of the arches and the circular dome form pendentives which are decorated in high-relief sculpture, the work of J. Massey Rhind, and emblematic of the birth, military and civic life, and death of General Grant.

The sarcophagi will be placed in a crypt directly beneath the center of the dome. The approach to the crypt is by stairways which give access to a passage encircling the space

ON FAÇADE.

dedicated to the sarcophagi, which space is surrounded by square columns supporting paneled marble ceilings and entablature. A circular opening in the main floor gives an unobstructed view of the sarcophagi from that floor and from the gallery.

In the work of construction the fact was kept steadily in view that solidity and durability were of paramount importance, and that they should not be impaired by an effort unduly to hasten the work. To get out the large blocks of stone, new beds had to be opened at great depths in the quarry, and the dressing, carving, and transporting of the enormous amount of granite required for the construction was a tedious process. In the winter but little work could be done at the quarries, and no setting of stone was permitted for fear of damage from freezing weather. When the heavy piers of masonry in the interior were built, and large masses of concrete used, a delay of several months was insisted upon before continuing the construction, in order to allow the work to «set,» and to avoid any possibility of shrinkage or settling thereafter. Occasional delays occurred from finding specks or flaws upon the surfaces of some of the large stones after they had been dressed down to completion; and as the association reserved the right under the terms of the contract to reject such material, new stones had to be prepared to take the places of those which exhibited defects.

The time from the laying of the corner-stone to the completion of the tomb has been five years, a shorter period than has been consumed in the building of any conspicuous memorial in history. The Bunker Hill Monument, which cost $150,000, was not completed until seventeen years after the corner-stone was laid. In the case of the Washington Monument, which cost $1,187,710, the time consumed was thirty-seven years.

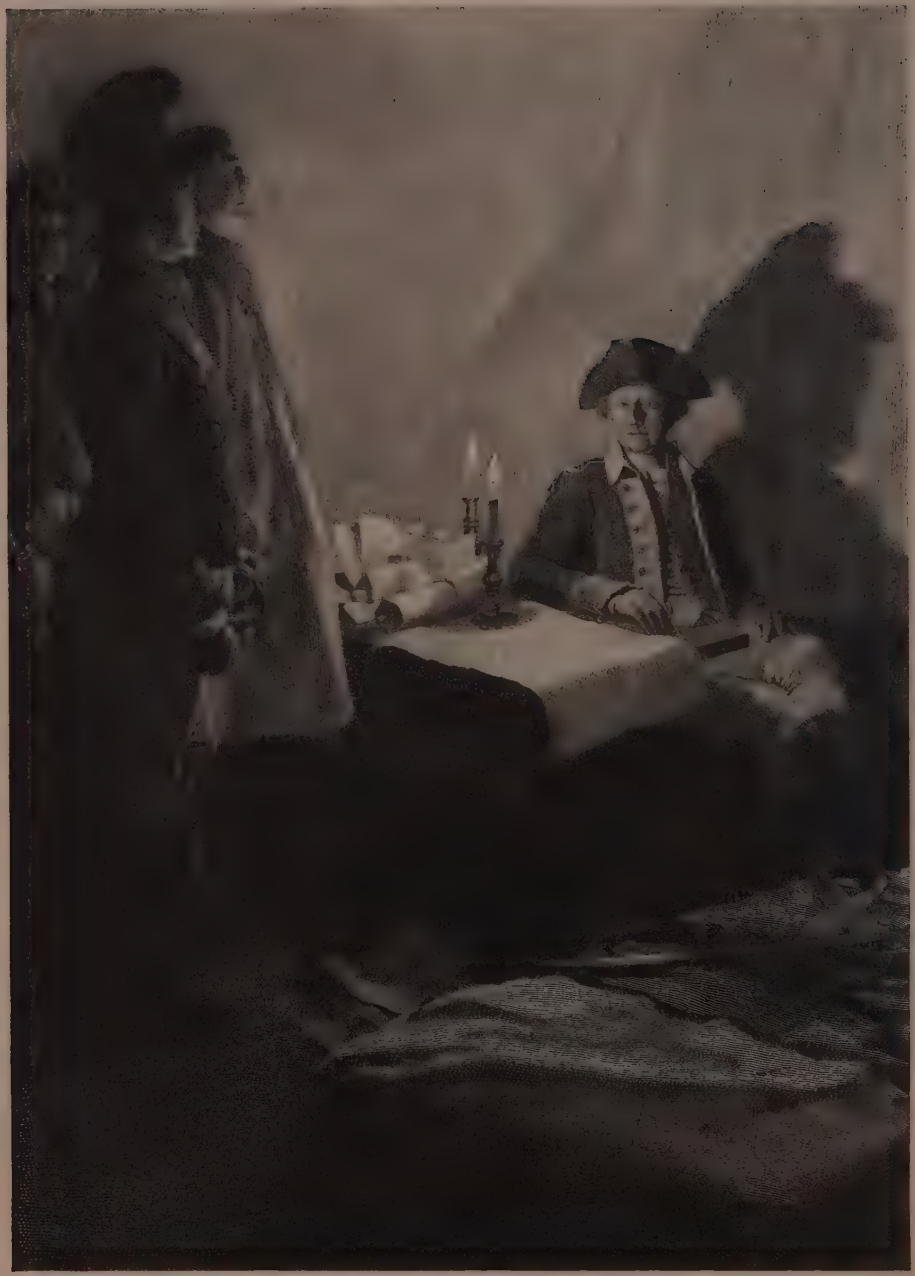
The next anniversary of the general's birthday, April 27, 1897, has been selected as the date of the inauguration of the tomb. The legislature has been requested to make the day a legal holiday, the President of the United States has been asked to take an official part in conducting the ceremonies, and invitations to participate in the function will be sent to all high officials of the State and city, the governors of other States, and the diplomatic representatives of all foreign governments. Naval vessels are expected to take up a position in the North River opposite the tomb and fire salutes; the regular army, the war veterans, the national guard of the various States, and many patriotic societies and other civic organizations, will take part in the services. The city of New York will assume the direction and expense of the inauguration, and the appropriation made for this purpose will be disbursed by the mayor. The structure will be delivered to the city, and will be placed in the custody of the Park Department. Since the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France, and their interment in the Hôtel des Invalides, there has been no similar function that will equal in solemnity and importance the dedication of the tomb in Riverside Park.

Horace Porter.

SUNNY HARBOR OR STORMY SEA?

SOMETIMES I wonder which is best for me—
The sunny harbor or the stormy sea.
How may the soul woo rest, yet grow more brave;
Woo calm, yet battle with each warring wave;
Win love, yet not forget the loveless kind;
Win heaven itself, yet bear the world in mind?

Ella Giles Ruddy.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

IN THE PRESENCE OF WASHINGTON.

(SEE PAGE 864.)

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of «Far in the Forest,» «Roland Blake,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XV.

MY personal difficulties were not made more easy to bear by the course of public events. Howe had taken New York. In November Fort Washington fell. Jack, who was within its walls, got away, but was slightly wounded. Our English general, Lee, had begun already to intrigue against Mr. Washington, writing, as Dr. Rush confided to my aunt, that he, Lee, ought to be made dictator. My aunt received the impression that the doctor, who loved his country well, was becoming discontented with our chief; but neither then nor later did she change her own opinion of the reserved and courteous Virginian.

He soon justified her views of his capacity. On December 1 he broke down the bridges in his rear over the Raritan, and marched through Jersey with a dwindling army. At Princeton he had but three thousand men; destroying every boat, he wisely put the broad Delaware between his army and the enemy.

Lord Cornwallis halted at the river, waiting for it to freeze that he might cross, and until this should happen went back with Howe to New York. About December 15 of '76, General Lee was captured, and, strange as it may now seem, no calamity yet come upon us created more consternation. Meanwhile our own alarmed citizens began to bury their silver plate. While the feeble were flying, and the doubtful were ready to renew their oath to the king, the wary and resolute commander-in-chief saw his chance.

To aid his courageous resolve came Sullivan and Gates from Lee's late command. «At sunset on Christmas day we crossed the Delaware,» writes Jack. «My general was in a small boat, with Knox, and two boatmen. We were ten hours in the ice, and marched nine miles, after crossing, in a blinding storm of sleet. By God's grace we took one thousand of those blackguard Hessians, and, but for Cadwalader's ill luck with the ice, would have got Donop also. I had a finger froze, but no worse accident.

«I dare say you know we fell back beyond Assunpink Creek, below Trenton. There we fought my Lord marquis again with good fortune. Meanwhile he weakened his force at Princeton, and, I fancy, thought we were in a trap; but our general left fires burning, passed round the enemy's left, and, as we came near Princeton at sunrise, fell upon Colonel Mawhood on his way to join Cornwallis. I was close to General Mercer when we saw them, and had as usual a fit of the shakes, hang them! Luckily there was small leisure to think.

«In the first onset, which was fierce, our brave general was mortally wounded; and then, his Excellency coming up, we routed them finely. So away went Cornwallis, with the trapped hot after the trappers. We have the Jerseys and two thousand prisoners. I do not think even Miss Wynne can imagine what courage it took for our general to turn as he did on an army like that of Cornwallis. Are you never coming?

«It is sad that the Southern officers look upon us and those of New England as tradesfolk, and this makes constant trouble, especially among the militia, who come and go much as they please. I have had no personal difficulty, but there have been several duels, of which little is said.

«It is to be hoped that Congress will now order all enlistments to be for the war, else we shall soon be in a mortal bad way. Hast heard of Miss Peniston?»

This letter came soon after the smart little winter campaign in Jersey had made us all so happy.

«It will last a good while yet,» said James Wilson. «And when are you going, Hugh?» Indeed, I began at last to see a way opened, as we of Friends say; for now, in the spring, our old clerk hobbled back to his desk, and I knew that my father would no longer be left without friendly and familiar help. But before he could assume his full duties August

was upon us—August of '77, a year for me most eventful. Darthea's letters to my aunt grew less and less frequent, and, as I thought, had an air of sadness unusual in this gladsome creature. Once she spoke of Captain Wynne as absent, and once that he, like Jack, had had a slight wound in the storm of Fort Washington. Of politics she could say nothing, as her letters had usually to pass our lines.

On July 31 Washington knew that Howe's fleet was off the Delaware capes. Meanwhile he had crossed that river into Pennsylvania, and hurried his army across country, finally encamping on a Saturday at Nicetown, some five miles from Philadelphia. I rode out that evening to meet Jack, whose troop camped even nearer to town, and close to the tents of the headquarters staff. The general lay for this night at Stenton, where our Quaker friends, the Logans, lived. He was shown, I was told, the secret stairway and the underground passage to the stable and beyond, and was disposed to think it curious.

Jack, now a captain, in a new suit of blue and buff, looked brown and hardy, and his figure had spread, but the locks were as yellow and the cheeks as rosy as ever I knew them.

Dear Aunt Gainor made much of him that evening, and we talked late into the night of battles and generals and what had gone with Lord Howe. As for me, I went to bed feeling myself to be a very inconsiderable person, and Jack rode away to camp. The next day being Sunday, the 24th of August, his Excellency marched into town by Front street at the head of the flower of his army, in all about eleven thousand. Fine men they were, but many half clad and ill shod; fairly drilled too, but not as they were later in the war. The town was wild with delight, and every one glad save the Tories and the Quakers, many of whom remained all day in their houses.

This march being made only to exhibit the army to friend and foe, the troops moved out High street and by the middle ferry across the Schuylkill, on their way toward the Delaware to meet Mr. Howe, who, having landed at the head of Elk River, was now on his way toward Philadelphia. His troops were slow, the roads bad and few, the ague in great force and severe—or so we heard. I rode sadly with our people as far as Darby, and then turned homeward a vexed and dispirited man. It was, I think, on the 4th of August that our general, who had ridden on in advance of his army, first met Marquis Lafayette.

My aunt, who spoke French with remarkable fluency and a calm disregard of accent and inflections, was well pleased to entertain the French gentleman, and at her house I had the happiness to make his acquaintance, greatly, as it proved, to my future advantage. He was glad to find any who spoke his own tongue well, and discussed our affairs with me, horrified at the lack of decent uniforms and discipline, but, like me, pleased with the tall, strong men he saw in our ranks. Later my acquaintance with French was of much use to me: so little can a man tell what value an accomplishment will have for him.

The marquis was very young, and somewhat free in stating his opinions. At this time he thought Mr. Howe intended Charleston, and, like others, was amazed at his folly in not going up the Delaware Bay to land his troops. His strange strategy left Burgoyne to the fate in store for him at Saratoga, where the latter general was to act a first part in a tragic drama much finer than those he wrote, which were so greatly praised by the fine ladies in London, and indeed by some better critics.

A letter of Jack's came to hand during this week. In it he said my aunt must leave, as he was sure we had not force enough to keep General Howe out of Philadelphia. But the old lady said, «Not I, indeed!» and I think no mortal power could have induced her to go away. She even declined to bury her silver, as many had done. Not so the rest of the Whigs. Every one fled who knew where to go, or who feared to be called to account; and none would hear of defending the town, as should have been attempted.

Jack's letter went on to say that in Delaware the general had had a narrow escape. «He rode out,» says Jack, «with Marquis Lafayette on a reconnaissance, attended by but two officers and an orderly. General Sullivan had an officer follow with a half-troop; but the general, fearing such numbers might attract attention, ordered them to wait behind a thicket. Looking thence, they saw the general ride direct toward a picket of the enemy, which from their vantage they could see, but he could not. An English officer, perceiving him, seemed to give an order to fire; but as the men raised their pieces he struck them up. As he was about to give the order to fire, the general, being satisfied, turned his back to ride away. It is a curious tale, is it not? and none can explain it.»

Long years after I myself met an English officer, a General Henderson, in Canada, and on my telling him the incident, he said at

once it was he who was concerned, and that when the general turned to ride away he could not make up his mind to shoot down a man who had turned his back. He was amazed and pleased to know who it was he thus spared.

On the 11th of September, at evening, came the disaster of Brandywine, and on the 26th Lord Cornwallis marched into our city, with two batteries and the Sixteenth Dragoons and Grenadiers. They were received quietly, and that evening my Cousin Arthur appeared at our house. My father, who had been very inert of late, seemed to arouse himself, and expressed quite forcibly his joy and relief at the coming of the troops. He recounted his griefs, too: how that, refusing the militia tax, the Committee of Safety had taken away his great tankard, and later two tables, which was true enough. Then, to my amazement, my father declared Arthur must stay with us, which he was nothing loath to do.

I was cool, as you may suppose, but it was difficult for man or woman to resist Arthur Wynne when he meant to be pleasant; and so, putting my dislike aside, I found myself chatting with him about the war and what not. In fact, he was a guest, and what else could I do?

My aunt kept herself indoors and would none of the Galloways and Allens, who had come back in swarms, nor even the neutrals, like Mr. Penn, whom she much liked. The day after the town was occupied, Captain Wynne appeared early in the morning, as we were discussing a matter of business. He took it for granted, I presume, that my aunt would see him, and went past the turbaned black boy despite his small remonstrances. My aunt rose to the full of her great height, her nose in the air, and letting fall a lapful of papers.

«To what,» she said, «have I the honour to owe a visit from Mr. Wynne? Is my house an inn, that any officer of the king may enter whether I will or not?»

Although he must have been surprised, he was perfectly at his ease. Indeed, I envied him his self-possession.

«Madam,» he said, «I am charged with a letter from Miss Peniston.»

«You may put it on the table,» says Mistress Wynne. «My brother may choose his society. I ask the same privilege. It will not consist of gentlemen of your profession.»

Mr. Wynne's face grew black under its dark skin.

«Madam,» he said, «I stay nowhere as an unwelcome guest. I thank you for past kindness, and I humbly take my leave. I could have done you a service as to this business of the quartering of officers, and you shall still have my good offices for the sake of the many pleasant hours I have passed in your house. As my Cousin Hugh says nothing, I am glad to think that he is of a different opinion from that which you have put in words so agreeably.» With this he went away, leaving my aunt red in the face, and speechless with wrath.

I thought he had the best of it; but I merely said, «My dear aunt, you should not have been so hard with him.» I did, indeed, think it both unwise and needless.

«Stuff and nonsense!» says Miss Wynne, walking about as my father used to do. «I do not trust him, and he has got that girl in his toils, poor child! I wonder what lies he has told her. How does he hold her? I did think that was past any man's power; and she is unhappy too. When a woman like Darthea begins to find a man out, she can't help showing it, and some are more frank on paper than in talk; that is her way. I am afraid I made mischief once, for I told him long ago that I meant her to marry you; and then I saw he did not like it, and I knew I had been a goose. Whatever is the reason he hates you, Hugh? Oh, yes, he does—he does. Is it the woman? I will have no redcoats in my house.»

I got a chance to say—what I was sorry to have to say—how little need there was for him to fear poor me, whom Darthea wished to have nothing to do with, I thought.

«Her loves are like her moods, my dear Hugh; who knows how long they will last? Until a woman is married she is not to be despaired of.»

I shook my head sadly and went out.

I returned late in the evening, to order my horse to be saddled and sent to me before breakfast next morning; for I kept it at no cost in my aunt's ample stable. To my horror, I found a sentinel at the door, and the hall full of army baggage. In the parlour was a tall Hessian, General von Knyphausen, and Count Donop and others, smoking, much at their ease. They were fairly civil, but did not concern themselves greatly if I liked it or not. I found my aunt in bed, in a fever of vain anger.

She had the bed-curtains drawn, and when I was bid to enter, put aside the chintz so as to make room for her head, which appeared in a tall nightcap. I am unfit, I fear, to describe this gear; but it brought out all her large features very strongly, and to have seen her would have terrified a Hessian regiment.

«My house is full of Dutch dogs,» she cried. «As soon as they came they ordered bones.» In fact, they had asked quite civilly if they might have supper.

«I saw them at their feed,» says my aunt, «and the big beast, General Knyphausen, spread my best butter on his bread with his thumb, sir—his thumb! Count Donop is better; but Von Heiser! and the pipes! heavens!» Here she retreated within her curtains, and I heard her say, «Bessy Ferguson saw them come in, and must sail across the street and tell Job [the page with the turban] to congratulate me for her, and to advise me to get a keg of sauerkraut.»

I assured my aunt that fortunately these were gentlemen, but she was inconsolable, declaring herself ill, and that Dr. Rush must come at once.

«But,» I said, «he is gone with all the Congress to York.»

«Then I shall die,» moaned my aunt.

At last, knowing her well, I said, «Is it not too sad?»

«What 's that? What?»

«Mr. Howe has taken Mrs. Pemberton's carriage and the pair of sorrels for his own use.»

At this my Aunt Gainor's large face reappeared, not as melancholic as before, and I added, «Friend Waln has six to care for, and Thomas Scattergood has the Hessian chaplain and a drunken major. The rest of Friends are no better off.»

«Thank the Lord for all his mercies!» said Miss Wynne.

«And Mr. Cadwalader's house on Little Dock street Sir William has.»

«A pity that, Hugh. The fine furniture will pay for it, I fear. I think, Hugh, I am better, or I shall be soon.»

«They talk of the Meeting over the way for a barrack, Aunt Gainor.» Now this was idly rumoured, but how could one resist to feed an occasion so comic?

«I think I should die contented,» said Miss Wynne. «Now go away, Hugh. I have had my medicine, and I like it.» She was quick at self-analysis, and was laughing low, really happier for the miseries of her Tory acquaintances.

After the bedroom comedy, which much amused me and out of which my aunt got great comfort, she was inclined to be on better terms with the officers so abruptly thrust upon her. For a while, however, she declined to eat her meals with them, and when told that they had had Colonel Montresor to dine, and had drunk the king's health, she sent all the glasses they had used down to the blacks in the kitchen, and bade them never to dare set them on her table again. This much delighted Count Donop, who loved George of Hanover no better than did she, and I learned that she declared the bread-and-butter business was the worst of Von Knyphausen, and was no doubt a court custom. As to Count Donop, she learned to like him. He spoke queer French, and did not smoke. «Je ne foom pas shamais, madame,» he said; «mais le Sheneral, il foom toushours, et Von Heiser le même,» which was true. The count knew her London friends, and grieved that he was sent on a service he did not relish, and in which later he was to lose his life.

My aunt fed them well, and won at piquet, and declared they were much to be pitied, although Von Heiser was a horror. When he had knocked down her red-and-gold Delft vase, the gods and the other china were put away, and then the rugs, because of the holes his pipe ashes burned, and still she vowed it was a comfort they were not redcoats. Them she would have poisoned.

Captain André alone was an exception. When, in 1776, he was made a prisoner by Montgomery in Canada, and after that was on parole at Lancaster, I met him; and as he much attracted me, my aunt sent him money, and I was able to ease his captivity by making him known to our friends, Mr. Justice Yeates and the good Cope people, who, being sound Tories, did him such good turns as he never forgot, and kindly credited to us. Indeed, he made for my aunt some pretty sketches of the fall woods, and, as I have said, was welcome where no other redcoat could enter.

My aunt was soon easier in mind, but my own condition was not to be envied. Here was Arthur Wynne at my father's, the Hessians at my aunt's, the Tories happy, seven or eight thousand folks gone away, every inn and house full, and on the street crowds of unmannerly officers. It was not easy to avoid quarrels. Already the Hessian soldiers began to steal all manner of eatables from the farms this side of Schuylkill. More to my own inconvenience, I found that Major von Heiser had taken the privilege of riding my mare Lucy so hard that she was unfit to use for two days. At last my aunt's chicken-coops suffered, and the voice of her pet rooster was no more heard in the land. I did hear that, as this raid of some privates interfered with the Dutch general's diet, one of the offenders got the strappado. But no one could stop

these fellows, and they were so bold as to enter houses and steal what they wanted, until severe measures were taken by Mr. Howe. They robbed my father boldly, before his eyes, of two fat Virginia peach-fed hams, and all his special tobacco. He stood by, and said they ought not to do it. This, as they knew no tongue but their own, and as he acted up to his honest belief in the righteousness of non-resistance, and uttered no complaint, only served to bring them again. But this time I was at home, and nearly killed a corporal with the Quaker staff Thomas Scattergood gave my father. The adventure seemed to compensate Miss Wynne for her own losses. The corporal made a lying complaint, and but for Mr. André I should have been put to serious annoyance. Our boys used to say that the Hessian drum-beat said, «Plunder, plunder, plun, plun, plunder.» And so for the sad remnant of Whig gentles the town was made in all ways unbearable.

There are times when the life sands seem to run slowly, and others when they flow swiftly, as during this bewildering week. All manner of things happened, mostly perplexing or sad, and none quite agreeable. On the 28th, coming in about nine at night, I saw that there were persons in the great front sitting-room, which overlooked Dock Creek. As I came into the light which fell through the open doorway, I stood unnoticed. The room was full of pipe smoke, and rum and Hollands were on the table, as was common in the days when Friends' Meeting made a minute that Friends be vigilant to see that those who work in the harvest-fields have portions of rum. My father and my cousin sat on one side, opposite a short, stout man almost as swarthy as Arthur, and with very small, piercing eyes, so dark as to seem black, which eyes never are.

I heard this gentleman say, «Wynne, I hear that your brother is worse. These elder brothers are unnatural animals, and vastly tenacious of life.» On this I noticed my cousin frown at him and slightly shake his head. The officer did not take the hint, if it were one, but added, smiling, «He will live to bury you; unfeeling brutes—these elder brothers. Damn 'em!»

I was shocked to notice how inertly my father listened to the oath, and I recalled, with a sudden sense of distress, what my aunt had said of my father's state of mind. The young are accustomed to take for granted the permanency of health in their elders, and to look upon them as unchanging institutions, until, in some sad way, reminded of the frailty of all living things.

As I went in, Arthur rose, looked sharply at me, and said, «Let me present my cousin, Mr. Hugh Wynne, Colonel Tarleton.»

I bowed to the officer, who lacked the politeness to rise, merely saying, «Pleased to see you, Mr. Wynne.»

«We were talking,» said Arthur, «when you came of the fight at the river with the queer name—Brandywine, is n't it?»

«No,» said my father; «thou art mistaken, and I wished to ask thee, Arthur, what was it thou wert saying. We had ceased to speak of the war. Yes; it was of thy brother.»

«What of thy brother?» said I, glad of this opening.

«Oh, nothing, except Colonel Tarleton had news he was not so well.» He was so shrewd as to think I must have overheard enough to make it useless to lie to me. A lie, he used to say, was a reserve not to be called into service except when all else failed.

«Oh, was that all?» I returned. «I did hear, Cousin Arthur, that the Wyncote estate was growing to be valuable again; some coal or iron had been found.»

«So my mother writes me,» said Tarleton. «We are old friends of your family.»

«You know,» I said, «we are the elder branch.» I was bent on discovering, if possible, the cause of my cousin's annoyance whenever Wyncote was mentioned.

«I wish it were true about our getting rich,» said Arthur, with the relaxed look about the jaw I had come to know so well; it came as he began to speak. «If it were anything but idle gossip, Tarleton, what would it profit a poor devil of a younger son? They did find coal, but it came to nothing; and indeed I learn they lost money in the end.»

«I have so heard,» said my father, in a dull way. «Who was it told me? I forget. They lost money.»

I looked at him amazed. Who could have told him but Arthur, and why? Until a year back his memory had been unfailing.

I saw a queer look, part surprise, part puzzle, go over Tarleton's face, a slight frown above, as slight a smile below. I fancy he meant to twit my cousin, for he said to me:

«And so you are of the elder branch, Mr. Hugh Wynne. How is that, Arthur? How did the elder branch chance to lose that noble old house?»

My cousin sat rapping with his fingers on the table what they used to call the «devil's tattoo,» regarding me with steady, half-shut

eyes—a too frequent and not well-mannered way he had, and one I much disliked. He said nothing, nor had he a chance, for I instantly answered the colonel: «My father can tell you.»

«About what, Hugh?»

«About how we lost our Welsh estate.»

My father at this lifted his great bulk upright in the old Penn chair, and seemed more alive.

«It is Colonel Tarleton who asks, not I.»

«It is an old story.» He spoke quite like himself. «Our cousin must know it well. My father suffered for conscience' sake, and, being a Friend, would pay no tithes. For this he was cast into jail in Shrewsbury Gate House, and lay there a year, suffering much in body, but at peace, it may surely be thought, as to his soul. At last he was set free on condition that he should leave the country.»

«And the estate?» asked Tarleton.

«He thought little of that. It was heavily charged with debt made by his father's wild ways. I believe, too, there was some agreement with the officers of the crown that he should make over the property to his next brother, who had none of his scruples. This was in 1670, or thereabouts. A legal transfer was made to my uncle, who, I think, loved my father, and understood that, being set in his ways, he would defy the king's authority to the end. And so—wisely, I think—the overruling providence of God brought us to a new land, where we have greatly prospered.»

«And that is all?» said the colonel. «What a strange story! And so you are Wynne of Wyncote, and lost it.»

«For a greater gain,» said my father. «My son has a silly fancy for the old place, but it is lost—lost—sold; and if we could have it at a word, it would grieve me to see him cast in his lot among a set of drunken, dicing, hard-riding squires—a godless set. It will never be if I can help it. My son has left the creed of his father and of mine, and I am glad that his worldly pride cannot be further tempted. Dost thou hear, Hugh?»

There was a moment of awkward silence. My father had spoken with violence, once or twice striking the table with his fist until the glasses rang. There was something of his old vehemence in his statement; but, as a rule, however abrupt when we were alone, before strangers he was as civil to me as to others. My cousin, I thought, looked relieved as my father went on; and, ceasing to drum on the table, he quietly filled himself a glass of Hollands.

I was puzzled. What interest had Arthur to lie about the value of Wyncote if it was irretrievably lost to us? As my father ended, he glanced at me with more or less of his old keenness of look, smiling a little as he regarded me. The pause which came after was brief, as I have said; for my reflections, such as they were, passed swiftly through my mind, and were as complete as was under the circumstances possible.

«I am sorry for you,» said Tarleton. «An old name is much, but one likes to have with it all the memories that go with its ancient home.»

«That is true,» said I; «and, if my father will pardon me, I like still to say that I would have Wyncote to-day if I could.»

«Thou canst not,» said my father. «And what we cannot have—what God has willed that we shall not have—it were wise and well to forget. It is my affair, and none of thine. Wilt thou taste some of my newly come Madeira, Friend Tarleton?»

The colonel said «No,» and shortly after left us, my cousin going with him.

My father sat for a while, and then said as I rose: «I trust to hear no more of this nonsense. Thy aunt and thy mother have put it in thy foolish head. I will have no more of it—no more. Dost thou hear?»

I said I would try to satisfy him, and so the thing came to an end.

The day after this singular talk, which so much puzzled me, Arthur said at breakfast that he should be pleased to go with me on the river for white perch. I hesitated; but, my father saying, «Certainly; he shall go with thee. I do not need him,» I returned that I would be ready at eleven.

We pulled over toward Petty's Island, and when half-way my cousin, who was steering, and had been very silent for him, said:

«Let her drift a bit; I want to talk to you.»

I sat still and listened.

«Why do not you join our army? A commission were easily had.»

I replied that he knew my sentiments well, and that his question was absurd.

«No,» he said; «I am your friend, although you do not think so. By George! were I you, I would be on one side or the other. I like my friends to do what is manly and decisive.»

«Holloa!» thinks I; «has Darthea been talking? And why does he, an officer of the king, want me to go?»

«I shall go some day,» I replied, «but when, I know not yet. It seems to me queer counsel to give a good rebel. When does Miss Peniston return?» I said.

«What the deuce has that got to do with it? Yes, she is coming back, of course, and soon; but why do not you join your army?»

«Let us drop that,» I said. «There are many reasons; I prefer not to discuss the matter.»

«Very good,» he said; «and, Hugh, you heard a heap of nonsense last night about Wyncote. Tarleton had too much of your father's rum-punch. Your people were lucky to lose the old place, and how these tales of our being rich arose I cannot imagine. Come and see us some day, and you will no longer envy the lot of beggared Welsh squires.»

All of this only helped the more to make me disbelieve him; but the key to his lies I had not, and so I merely said it would be many a day before that could happen.

«Perhaps,» he returned; «but who knows? The war will soon be over.»

«When will Miss Peniston be in town?» said I.

He was not sure; but said I put it in his mind to say something.

«Well?» said I, on my guard.

He went on: «I am a frank man, Cousin Hugh.»

At times he was, and strangely so; then the next minute he would be indirect or lie to you. The mixture made it hard to understand what he was after.

«I trust,» he went on, «that you will pardon me if I say that in England custom does not sanction certain freedoms which in the colonies seem to be regarded as of no moment. I am not of this opinion. Miss Peniston is, I hope, to be my wife. She is young, impulsive, and—well, no matter. Some men take these things coolly; I do not. I am sure you will have the good sense to agree with me. When a woman is pledged to a man, it is fit that she should be most guarded in her relations with other men. I—»

Here I broke in, «What on earth does all this mean?»

«I will tell you. Your aunt writes now and then to Miss Peniston.»

«Certainly,» said I.

«Yes; she says, too, things concerning you and that lady which are not to my taste.»

«Indeed?»

«I have been so honoured as to see some of these famous epistles. I think Darthea is pleased to torment me at times; it is her way, as you may happen to know. Also, and this is more serious, you have yourself written to Darthea.»

«I have, and several times. Why not?»

«These letters,» he went on, «she has refused to show to me. Now I want to say—and you will pardon me—that I permit no man to write to a woman whom I am to marry unless I do not object.»

«Well?» I said, beginning to smile, after my unmanageable habit.

«Here I do object.»

«What if I say that, so long as Miss Peniston does not seem displeased, I care not one farthing who objects?»

«By George!» cried he, leaping up in the boat.

«Take care; thou wilt upset the skiff.»

«I have half a mind to.»

«Nonsense! I can swim like a duck.»

«This is no trifle, sir,» he returned. «I will allow no man to take the liberty you insist on. It amazes me that you do not see this as I do. I am sorry, but I warn you once for all that I—»

«I am at your service, sir,» I broke in.

«Pshaw! nonsense! I am a guest in your father's house. I have thought it my duty, for your sake and my own, to say what I have said. When I know that you have again disobeyed my reasonable and most earnest wish, I shall consider how to deal with the matter. I have been forbearing so far, but I cannot answer for the future.»

«Cousin Arthur,» I replied, «this seems to me a silly business, in which we have both lost our tempers. I have no hope that Miss Peniston will ever change her mind, and I am free to say to you that I think it useless to persist; but nevertheless—»

«Persist!»

«I said ‹persist.› Until Miss Peniston is no longer Miss Peniston, I shall not cease to do all that is in my power to make her change her mind.»

«And you call that honourable—the conduct of a gentleman and a kinsman?»

«Yes; I too can be frank. I would rather see her marry any other man than yourself. You have sought to injure me, why I shall tell you at my own time. I think you have been deceiving all of us as to certain matters. Oh, wait! I must have my say. If you were—what I do not think you—a straightforward, truthful man, I should think it well, and leave Miss Peniston to what seems to be her choice. You have been frank, and so am I, and now we understand each other, and—no; I heard you to an end, and I must insist that I too be heard. I am not sorry to have had this talk. If I did not care for her who has promised you her hand, I should be careless as to what you are, or whether you have been an enemy in my home while pretending to be

a friend. As it is, I love her too well not to do all I can to make her see you as I see you; and this, although for me there is no least hope of ever having a place in her heart. I am her friend, and shall be, and, until she forbids, shall claim every privilege which, with our simpler manners, the name of friend carries with it. I trust I am plain.»

«Plain? By heavens! yes. I have borne much, but now I have only to add that I never yet forgave an insult. You would be wiser to have a care. A man who never yet forgave has warned you. What I want I get; and what I get I keep.»

«I think,» I said, «that we will go ashore.»

«With all my heart.» And in absolute silence I pulled back. At the slip he left me without a word, and I secured the boat and walked away, having found ample subject for reflection. Nor was I altogether discontented at my cousin's evident jealousy.

The afternoon of this memorable day I rode out on poor Lucy, whom I had put for safety in our home stables. I went out High to Seventh street, and up to Race street road, where there was better footing, as it had been kept in order for the sport which made us call it Race street, and not Sassafras, which is its real name. I was brought to a stand about Twelfth street, then only an ox-path, by the bayonet of a grenadier, the camps lying about this point. I turned to ride back, when I heard a voice I knew crying:

«Holloa, Mr. Wynne! Are you stopped, and why?»

I said I knew no reason, but would go south. I was out for a ride, and had no special errand.

«Come with me then,» he said pleasantly. «I am now the engineer in charge of the defences.» This was my Aunt Gainor's old beau, Captain Montresor, now a colonel.

«I am sorry your aunt will see none of us, Mr. Wynne. If agreeable to you, we will ride through the lines.»

I asked nothing better, and explaining, awkwardly I fear, that my aunt was a red-hot Whig, we rode south to Spruce street, past the Bettering-house at Spruce and Eleventh streets, where the troops which had entered with Lord Cornwallis were mostly stationed. The main army lay at Germantown, with detachments below the city, on the east and west banks of the Schuylkill, to watch our forts at Red Bank and the islands which commanded the Delaware River and kept the British commander from drawing supplies from the great fleet which lay helpless below.

As we went by, the Grenadiers were drilling on the open space before the poorhouse. I expressed my admiration of their pointed caps, red, with silver front plates, their spotless white leggings and blue-trimmed scarlet coats.

«Too much finery, Mr. Wynne. These are a king's puppets, dressed to please the whim of royalty. If all kings took the field, we should have less of this. Those miserable devils of Mr. Morgan's fought as well in their dirty skin shirts, and can kill a man at murderous distance with their long rifles and little bullets. It is like gambling with a beggar. He has all to get, and nothing to lose but a life too wretched to make it worth keeping.»

I made no serious reply, and we rode westward through the governor's woods to the river. As we turned into an open space to escape a deep mud-hole, Mr. Montresor said:

«It was here, I think, you and Mr. Warder made yourselves agreeable to two of our people.» I laughed, and said it was a silly business and quite needless.

«That, I believe,» he cried, laughing, «was their opinion somewhat late. They were the jest of every regimental mess for a month, and we were inclined to think Mr. Washington had better raise a few regiments of Quakers. Are you all as dangerous?»

«Oh, worse, worse,» I said. «Jack Warder and I are only half-fledged specimens. You should see the old fellows.» Thus jesting, we rode as we were able until we reached the banks of the Schuylkill, picketed on both shores, but on the west side not below the lower ferry, where already my companion was laying a floating bridge which greatly interested me.

«We have a post on the far hill,» he said, «I am afraid to Mr. Hamilton's annoyance. Let us follow the river.»

I was able to guide him along an ox-road, and past garden patches across High street, to the upper ferry at Callowhill street. Here he pointed out to me the advantage of a line of nine forts which he was already building. There was to be one on the hill we call Fairmount to command the upper ferry. Others were to be set along to the north of Callowhill street road at intervals to Cohocsink Creek and the Delaware.

The great trees I loved were falling fast under the axes of the pioneers, whom I thought very awkward at the business. Farm-houses were being torn down, and orchards and hedges levelled, while the unhappy owners looked on in mute despair, aid-

ing one another to remove their furniture. The object was to leave a broad space to north of the forts, that an attacking force might find no shelter. About a hundred feet from the blockhouses was to be an abatis of sharpened logs, and a mass of brush and trees, through which to move would be difficult.

I took it all in, and greedily. The colonel no doubt thought me an intelligent young fellow, and was kind enough to answer all my questions. He may later have repented his freedom of speech. And now I saw the reason for all this piteous ruin. Compensation was promised and given, I heard, but it seemed to me hard to be thus in a day thrust out of homes no doubt dear to these simple folk. We went past gardens and fields, over broken fences, all in the way of destruction. Tape-lines pegged to the earth guided the engineers, and hundreds of negroes were here at work. Near to Cohocsink Creek we met the second Miss Chew, riding with her father. He was handsome in dark velvet, his hair clubbed and powdered beneath a flat beaver with three rolls, and at his back a queue tied with a red ribbon. He had remained quietly inactive and prudent, and, being liked, had been let alone by our own party. It is to be feared that neither he nor the ribbon was quite as neutral as they had been. Miss Margaret looked her best. I much dislike «Peggy,» by which name she was known almost to the loss of that fine, full «Margaret,» which suited better her handsome, up-tilted head and well-bred look.

On the right side rode that other Margaret, Miss Shippen, of whom awhile back I spoke, but then only as in pretty bud, at the Woodlands. It was a fair young rose I now saw bowing in the saddle, a woman with both charm and beauty. Long after, in London, and in less merry days, she was described by Colonel Tarleton as past question the handsomest woman in all England. I fear, too, she was the saddest.

«And where have you kept yourself, Mr. Wynne?» she asked. «You are a favourite of my father's, you know. I had half a mind not to speak to you.»

I bowed, and made some gay answer. I could not well explain that the officers who filled their houses were not to my taste.

«Let me present you to Mr. André,» said Mr. Shippen, who brought up the rear.

«I have the honour to know Mr. Wynne,» said the officer. «We met at Lancaster when I was a prisoner in '76; in March, was it not? Mr. Wynne did me a most kind service, Montresor. I owe it to him that I came to know that loyal gentleman, Mr. Cope, and the Yeates people, who at least were loyal to me. I have not forgotten it, nor ever shall.»

I said it was a very small service, and he was kind to remember it.

«You may well afford to forget it, sir; I shall not,» he returned. He was in full uniform; not a tall man, but finely proportioned, with remarkably regular features and a clear complexion which was set off to advantage by powdered hair drawn back and tied in the usual ribboned queue.

We rode along in company, happy enough, and chatting as we went, Mr. André, as always, the life of the party. He had the gracious frankness of a well-mannered lad, and, as I recall him, seemed far younger than his years. He spoke very feelingly aside to me of young Macpherson, who fell at Quebec. He himself had had the ill luck not to be present when that gallant assault was made. He spoke of us always as colonials, and not as rebels; and why was I not in the service of the king, or perhaps that was a needless question?

I told him frankly that I hoped before long to be in quite other service. At this he cried: «So, so! I would not say it elsewhere. Is that so? 'T is a pity, Mr. Wynne; a hopeless cause,» adding, with a laugh, that I should not find it very easy to get out of the city, which was far too true. I said there were many ways to go, but how I meant to leave I did not yet know. After I got out I would tell him. We had fallen back a little as we talked, the road just here not allowing three to ride abreast.

«I shall ask the colonel for a pass to join our army,» I said merrily.

«I would,» said he, as gay as I; «but I fear you and Mistress Wynne will have no favours. Pray tell her to be careful. The Tories are talking.»

«Thanks,» said I, as we drew aside to let pass a splendid brigade of Hessians, fat and well fed, with shining helmets.

«We are drawing in a lot of men from Germantown,» said André, «but for what I do not know. Ah, here comes the artillery!»

I watched them as we sat in our saddles while regiment after regiment passed, the women admiring their precision and soldierly bearing. For my part, I kept thinking of the half-clad, ill-armed men I had seen go down these same streets a little while before. «I will go,» I said to myself; and in a moment I had made one of those decisive resolutions

which, once made, seem to control me, and to permit no future change of plan.

By this time we were come to the bridge over Cohocsink Creek, I having become self-absorbed and silent. The colonel called my attention to his having dammed the creek, and thus flooded the low meadows for more complete defence. I said, «Yes, yes,» being no longer interested.

Mr. Shippen said, «We will cross over to the ‹Rose of Bath,› and have a little milk-punch before we ride back.» This was an inn where, in the garden, was a mineral water much prescribed by Dr. Kearsley. I excused myself, however, and, pleading an engagement, rode slowly away.

I put up my mare in my aunt's stable, and went at once into her parlour, full of my purpose.

I sat down and told her both the talk of two days before with Tarleton and my cousin, and also that I had had in my boat.

She thought I had been foolishly frank, and said: «You have reason to be careful, Hugh. That man is dangerous. He would not fight you, because that would put an end to his relations with your father. Clerk Mason tells me he has already borrowed two hundred pounds of my brother. So far I can see,» she went on; «the rest is dark—that about Wyncote, I mean. Darthea, when once she is away, begins to criticise him. In a word, Hugh, I think he has reason to be jealous.»

«O Aunt Gainor!»

«Yes. She does not answer your letters, nor should she, but she answers them to me, the minx! a good sign, sir.»

«That is not all, aunt. I can stand it no longer. I must go; I am going.»

«The army, Hugh?»

«Yes; my mind is made up. My two homes are hardly mine any longer. Every day is a reproach. For my father I can do little. His affairs are almost entirely wound up. He does not need me. The old clerk is better.»

«Will it be hard to leave me, my son?»

«You know it will,» said I.

She had risen, tall and large, her eyes soft with tears.

«You must go,» she said, «and may God protect and keep you. I shall be very lonely, Hugh. But you must go. I have long seen it.»

Upon this, I begged she would see my father often, and give me news of him and of Darthea whenever occasion served. Then she told me Darthea was to return to the city in two days, and she herself would keep in mind all I had wished her to do. After this I told her of the difficulties I should meet with, and we talked them over. Presently she said, «Wait»; then left the room, and, coming back, gave me a sword the counterpart of Jack's.

«I have had it a year, sir. Let me see,» she cried, and would have me put it on, and the sash, and the buff-and-blue sword-knot. After this she put a great hand on each shoulder just as she had done with Jack, and, kissing me, said: «War is a sad thing, but there are worse things. Be true to the old name, my son.» Nor could she bide it a moment longer, but hurried out with her lace handkerchief to her eyes, saying as she went, «How shall I bear it! How shall I bear it!»

She also had for me a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and an enamelled locket with my mother's ever dear face within, done for her when my mother was in England by the famous painter of miniatures, Mr. Malbone.

And now I set about seeing how I was to get away. Our own forces lay at Pennypacker's Mills, or near by; but this I did not know until later, and neither the British nor I were very sure as to their precise situation. It was clear that I must go afoot. As I walked down Second street with this on my mind I met Colonel Montresor with a group of officers: He stopped me, and, after civilly presenting me, said:

«Harcourt and Johnston»—this latter was he who later married the saucy Miss Franks and her fortune—«want to know if you have duck-shooting here on the Schuylkill.»

Suddenly, as I stood, I saw my chance and how to leave the town. I said: «It is rather early, but there are a few ducks in the river. If I had a boat I would try it to-morrow, and then perhaps, if I find any sport, one of you would join me the day after.»

«Very good,» said they, as well pleased as I.

«And the boat?» I said.

The colonel had one, a rather light skiff, he told me. He used it to go up and down to look at the bridges he was now busily laying. When I asked for its use the next day, he said Yes, if I would send him some ducks; adding that I should need a pass. He would send it that evening by a sergeant, and an order for the skiff, which lay on this side at the lower ferry. I thanked him, and went away happy in the success of my scheme.

I came upon André just after. «Not gone yet?» he said.

I replied, «Not yet; but I shall get away.»

He rejoined that he would not like to bet on that, and then went on to say that if my aunt had any trouble as to the officers quartered on her, would she kindly say so? The Hessians were rough people, and an exchange might be arranged. Gentlemen of his own acquaintance could be substituted. He himself was in Dr. Franklin's house. It was full of books, and good ones too.

I thanked him, but said I fancied she was Whig enough to like the Hessians better.

On Second street I bought a smock shirt, rough shoes, and coarse knit stockings, as well as a good snapsack, and, rolling them up securely, left them at home in the hayloft. My sword and other finery I must needs leave behind me. I had no friends to say good-bye to, and quite late in the evening I merely ran in and kissed my aunt, and received eight hundred pounds in English notes, her offering to the cause, which I was to deliver to the general. Her gift to me was one hundred pounds in gold, just what she gave to my Jack. The larger sum she had put aside by degrees. It embarrassed me, but to refuse it would have hurt her.

I carefully packed my snapsack, putting the gold in bags at the bottom, and covering it with the flannel shirts and extra shoes which made up my outfit. I could not resist taking my pistols, as I knew that to provide myself as well in camp would not be possible. The bank-bills I concealed in my long stockings, and would gladly have been without them had I not seen how greatly this would disappoint my aunt. She counted, and wisely, on their insuring me a more than favourable reception. Lastly, I got me a small compass, and some tobacco for Jack.

It must be hard for you, in this happier day, when it is easy to get with speed anywhere on swift and well-horsed coaches, to imagine what even a small journey of a day or two meant for us. Men who rode carried horseshoes and nails. Those who drove had in the carriage ropes and a box of tools for repairs. I was perhaps better off than some who drove or rode in those days, for afoot one cannot be stalled, nor easily lose a shoe, although between Philadelphia and Darby I have known it to happen.

I knew the country I was to travel, and up to a point knew it well; beyond that I must trust to good fortune. Early in the evening came a sergeant with the promised order for the boat, and a pass signed by Sir William Howe's adjutant. At ten I bade my father good-night and went up-stairs, where I wrote to him, and inclosed the note in one for my aunt. This I gave to Tom, our coachman, with strict orders to deliver it late the next day. I had no wish that by any accident it should too early betray my true purpose. My gun I ostentatiously cleaned in the late afternoon, and set in the hall.

No one but my aunt had the least suspicion of what I was in act to do. At last I sat down and carefully considered my plan, and my best and most rapid way of reaching the army. To go through Germantown and Chestnut Hill would have been the direct route, for to a surety our army lay somewhere nigh to Worcester, which was in the county of Philadelphia, although of late years I believe in Montgomery. To go this plain road would have taken me through the pickets, and where lay on guard the chief of the British army. This would, of course, be full of needless risks. It remained to consider the longer road. This led me down the river to a point where I must leave it, shoulder my snapsack, and trudge down the Darby road, or between it and the river. Somewhere I must cross the highway and strike across country as I could to the Schuylkill below Conshohocken, and there find means to get over at one of the fords. Once well away from the main road to Darby and Wilmington, I should be, I believed, safe. After crossing the Schuylkill I hoped to get news which would guide me. I hardly thought it likely that the English who lay at Germantown and Mount Airy would picket beyond the banks of the Wissahickon. I might have to look out for foraging English west of the Schuylkill, but this I must chance.

I was about to leave home, perhaps forever, but I never in my life went to bed with a more satisfied heart than I bore that night.

XVI.

At break of day I woke, and, stealing downstairs, took gun, powder-horn, and shot, and in the stable loft put the ammunition in the top of my snapsack; then, quickly changing my clothes, concealed those I had put off under the hay, and so set out.

The town was all asleep, and I saw no one until I passed the Bettering-house, and the Grenadiers cleaning their guns and powdering their queues and hair, and thence pushed on to the river. The lower ferry, known also as Gray's, lay just a little south of where the Woodlands, Mr. James Hamilton's house, stood among trees high above the quiet river.

A few tents and a squad of sleepy men were at the ferry. I handed my order and

pass to the sergeant, who looked me over as if he thought it odd that a man of my class should be so equipped to shoot ducks. However, he read my pass and the order for the boat, pushed the skiff into the water, and proposed, as he lifted my snapsack, to let one of his men row me. I said No; I must drift or paddle on to the ducks, and would go alone. Thanking him, I pushed out into the stream. He wished me good luck, and pocketed my shilling.

It was now just sunrise. I paddled swiftly down-stream. Not a hundred yards from the ferry I saw ducks on the east shore, and, having loaded, paddled over to Rambo's Rock, and was lucky enough to get two ducks at a shot. Recrossing, I killed two more in succession, and then pushed on, keeping among the reeds of the west bank. As I passed Bartram's famous garden, I saw his son near the river, busy, as usual, with his innocent flowers.

A half-mile below I perceived, far back of the shore, a few redcoats. Annoyed no little,—for here I meant to land,—I turned the boat, still hidden by the tall reeds, and soon drew up the skiff at Bartram's, where, taking gun and snapsack, I went up the slope. I found Mr. William Bartram standing under a fine cypress his father had fetched as a slip from Florida in 1731. He was used to see me on the river, but looked at my odd costume with as much curiosity as the sergeant had done. He told me his father had died but ten days before, for which I felt sorry, since, except by Friends, who had disowned the good botanist, he was held in general esteem. I hastily but frankly told Mr. Bartram my errand. He said:

«Come to the house. A company or two has just now passed to relieve the lower fort.»

After I had a glass of milk, and good store of bread and butter, I asked him to accept my gun, and that he would do me the kindness to return the skiff, and with it to forward a note, for the writing of which Mrs. Bartram gave me quill and paper.

I wrote:

«Mr. Hugh Wynne presents his compliments to Mr. Montresor, and returns his skiff. He desires Mr. Montresor to accept two brace of ducks, and begs to express his sincere thanks for the pass, which enabled Mr. Wynne to make with comfort his way to the army. Mr. Wynne trusts at some time to be able to show his gratitude for this favour, and meanwhile he remains Mr. Montresor's obedient, humble servant.

«October 1, 1777.

«Mr. Wynne's most particular compliments to Mr. André. It proved easier to escape than Mr. André thought.»

I could not help smiling to think of the good colonel's face when he should read this letter. I glanced at the arms over the fireplace, thanked the good people warmly, and, as I went out, looked back at the familiar words old John Bartram set over the door in 1770:

'T is God alone, Almighty Lord,
The Holy One by me adored.

It seemed the last of home and its associations. I turned away, passed through the grounds, which extended up to the Darby road, and, after a careful look about me, moved rapidly southward. Here and there were farm-houses between spurs of the broken forest which, with its many farms, stretched far to westward. I met no one.

I knew there was a picket at the Blue Bell Inn, and so, before nearing it, I struck into a woodland, and, avoiding the farms, kept to the northwest until I came on to a road which I saw at once to be Gray's Lane. Unused to guiding myself by compass, I had again gotten dangerously near to the river. I pushed up the lane to the west, and after half an hour came upon a small hamlet, where I saw an open forge and a sturdy smith at work. In a moment I recognised my old master, Lowry, the farrier. I asked the way across country to Bryn Mawr. He stood a little, resting on his hammer, not in the least remembering me. He said it was difficult. I must take certain country lanes until I got into the Lancaster road, and so on.

I did not wish to get into the main highway, where foragers or outlying parties might see fit to be too curious. I said at last, «Dost not thou know thy old prentice, Hugh Wynne?»

I felt sure of my man, as he had been one of the Sons of Liberty, and had fallen out with Friends in consequence, so that I did not hesitate to relate my whole story. He was pleased to see me, and bade me enter and see his wife. As we stood consulting, a man cried out at the door:

«Here are more Hessians!» And as he spoke we heard the notes of a bugle.

«Put me somewhere,» I said, «and quick.»

«No,» he cried. «Here, set your snapsack back of this forge. Put on this leather apron. Smudge your face and hands.»

It took me but a minute, and here I was grimy and black, a smith again, with my

sack hid under a lot of old iron and a broken bellows.

As they rode up—some two dozen yagers—I let fall the bellows handle, at which my master had set me to work, and went out to the doorway. There, not at all to my satisfaction, I saw the small Hessian, Captain von Heiser, our third and least pleasant boarder, the aide of General Knyphausen. Worse still, he was on Lucy. It was long before I knew how this came to pass. They had two waggons, and, amidst the lamentations of the hamlet, took chickens, pigs, and grain, leaving orders on the paymaster, which, I am told, were scrupulously honoured.

Two horses needed shoeing at once, and then I was told Lucy had a loose shoe, and my master called me a lazy dog, and bid me quit staring or I would get a strapping, and to see to the gentleman's mare, and that in a hurry. It was clear the dear thing knew me, for she put her nose down to my side to get the apples I liked to keep for her in my side pockets. I really thought she would betray me, so clearly did she seem to me to understand that here was a friend she knew. A wild thought came over me to mount her and ride for my life. No horse there of the heavy Brandenburgers could have kept near her. It would have been madness, of course, and so I took my sixpence with a touch of my felt hat, and saw my dear Lucy disappear in a cloud of dust, riding toward the town.

«That was a big risk for thee,» said the smith, wiping the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve. «I will mount and ride with thee across country to Bryn Mawr. There thou wilt not be far from the river. It is a good ten-mile business.»

After a little, when I had had some milk and rum, the horses were saddled, and we crossed by an ox-road through the forest past the settlement of Cardington, and then forded Cobb's Creek. A cross-road carried us into the Haverford road, and so on by Ardmore to the old Welsh farms about Bryn Mawr.

We met no one on the way save a farmer or two, and here, being near to the Schuylkill, my old master farrier took leave of me at the farm of Edward Masters, which lay north of Bryn Mawr, and commended me to the care of this good Free Quaker.

There I was well fed, and told I need to look out on this side the river only for Tories. They were worse than Hessianers, he said, and robbed like highwaymen. In fact, already the Tories who came confidently back with the British army had become a terror to all peaceful folk between Norristown and our own city. Their bands acted under royal commissions, some as honest soldiers, but some as the enemies of any who owned a cow or a barrel of flour, or from whom, under torture, could be wrested a guinea. All who were thus organised came at length to be dreaded, and this whether they were bad or better. Friend Masters had suffered within the week, but, once over the Schuylkill, he assured me, there need be no fear, as our own partisans and foragers were so active to the north of the stream as to make it perilous for Tories.

With this caution, my Quaker friend went with me a mile, and set me on a wood path. I must be put over at Hagy's Ford, he feared, as the river was in flood and too high for a horse to wade; nor was it much better at Young's Ford above. Finally he said, «The ferryman is Peter Skinner, and as bad as the Jersey Tories of that name. If thou dost perceive him to talk Friends' language in reply to thy own talk, thou wilt do well to doubt what he may tell thee. He is not of our society. He cannot even so speak as that it will deceive. Hereabouts it is thought he is in league with Fitz.» I asked who was Fitz. He was one, I was told, who had received some lashes when a private in our army, and had deserted. The British, discovering his capacity, now used him as a forager; but he did not stop at hen-roosts.

With this added warning, I went on, keeping north until I came to the Rock road, by no means misnamed, and so through Merion Square to Hagy's Ford Lane and the descent to the river. I saw few people on the way. The stream was in a freshet, and not to be waded. My ferryman was caulking a dory. I said:

«Wilt thou set me across, friend, and at what charge?»

To this he replied, «Where is thee bound?»

I said, «To Conshohocken.»

«Thee is not of these parts.»

«No.»

He was speaking the vile tongue which now all but educated Friends speak, and even some of these; but at that time it was spoken only by the vulgar.

«It will cost thee two shillings.»

«Too much,» said I; «but thou hast me caught. I must over, and that soon.»

He was long about getting ready, and now and then looked steadily across the stream; but as to this I was not troubled, as I knew that, once beyond it, I was out of danger.

I paid my fare, and left him looking after

me up the deep cut which led to the more level uplands. Whistling gaily, and without suspicion, I won the hilltop by what I think they called Ship Lane.

Glad to be over Schuylkill and out of the way of risks, I sat down by the roadside at the top of the ascent. The forest was dense with underbrush on each side, and the hickories, and below them the sumachs, were already rich with the gold and red of autumn. Being rather tired, I remained at rest at least for a half-hour in much comfort of body and mind. I had been strongly urged by my love for Darthea to await her coming; but decisions are and were with me despotic, and, once I was of a mind to go, not even Darthea could keep me. Yet to leave her to my cousin and his wiles I hated. The more I discussed him in the council of my own thoughts, the more I was at a loss. His evident jealousy of one so much younger did seem to me, as it did to my aunt, singular. And why should he wish me to be away, as clearly he did? and why also malign me to my father? I smiled to think I was where his malice could do me no harm, and, rising, pulled my snapsack straps up on my shoulders, and set my face to the east.

Of a sudden I heard to left, «Halt, there!» I saw a long rifle covering me, and above the brush a man's face. Then stepped out to right, as I obeyed the order, a fellow in buckskin shirt and leggings, with a pistol. I cried out, «I surrender;» for what else could I do? Instantly a dozen men, all armed, were in the road, and an ill-looking lot they were. The leader, a coarse fellow, was short and red of face, and much pimpled. He had hair half a foot long, and a beard such as none wore in those days.

I had but time to say meekly, «Why dost thou stop me, friend?» when he jerked off my sack and, plunging a hand inside, pulled out a pistol.

«A pretty Quaker! Here,» and he put back the pistol, crying, as the men laughed, «sergeant, strap this on your back. Quick! fetch out the horses; we will look him over later. Up with him behind Joe! Quick—a girth! We have no time to waste. A darned rebel spy! No doubt Sir William may like to have him.»

In truth, no time was lost nor any ceremony used, and here was I strapped to the waist of a sturdy trooper, behind whom I was set on a big-boned roan horse, and on my way home again.

«Which way, Captain Fitz?» said the sergeant. «The ford is high.» In a moment we were away, in all, as I noted, about a sco of redcoats.

The famous Tory chief—he was no bett than a bold thief—made no reply, but ro northwest with his following for the fo below Conshohocken, as I fancied. He we at speed through the open pine forest, I, r hands being free, holding on to my man well as I could, and, as you may suppose, n very happy. A mile away we came out or broad road. Here the captain hesitated, a of a sudden turned to left toward the riv crying loudly, with an oath, «Follow me The cause was plain.

Some twenty troopers came out into t road not a hundred yards away, and instan rode down on us at a run. Before we co get as swift a pace, they were close upon and then it was a wild and perilous r downhill for the river, with yells, curses, a pistol-balls flying, I as helpless, meanwh as a child. The big roan kept well up the front near the captain. Looking ba through dust and smoke, I saw our pursu were better horsed and were gaining. A m near me dropped, and a horse went do With my left hand I caught hold of the st which fastened me to the rascal in the sa dle. He was riding for life, and too sca to take note of the act. I gave the buck quick jerk, and it came loose, and the st fell. I clutched the man by the throat w my right hand, and squeezed his gullet wi death-grip. He made with his right hand a holster pistol, losing his stirrups, and k ing as if in a fit. I only tightened my g and fetched him a crack under the left with my unengaged hand. He was reelin the saddle when, at this instant, I was aw of a horseman on my right. I saw a sa gleam in air above us, and, letting go scamp's throat, I ducked quickly below left shoulder as I swung him to left, m ing to chance a fall. He had, I fancy, s notion of his peril, for he put up his h and bent forward. I saw the flash of a bl and, my captor's head falling forwar great spout of blood shot back into my f as the pair of us tumbled together head from his horse. I was dimly aware of y oaths, a horse leaping over me, and for a seconds knew no more. Then I sat up, w the blood away, and saw what had happe

The trooper lay across me dead, his nearly severed from the trunk, and spou great jets of blood. A half-dozen dea wounded were scattered along the road. a rod away was the sergeant who had my pinned under his horse, and far ahead,

cloud of dust, that terrible swordsman riding hard after the bandit. Fitz, well mounted, got off, I may add, and, with three or four, swam the river, living to be hanged, as he well deserved.

By the time I was up and staggering forward, bent on recovering my sack, the leader, who had given up the chase, rode toward me. I must have been a queer and horrid figure. I was literally covered with blood and mud. The blood was everywhere,—in my hair, over my face, and down my neck,—but I wanted my precious sack.

«Halt!» he cried out. «Here, corporal, tie this fellow.»

«Pardon me,» said I, now quite myself. «I was the prisoner of these rascals.»

«Indeed? Your name?»

«Hugh Wynne.»

«Where from?»

«From the city.»

«Where to?»

«To join the army.»

«Your business? What are you?»

«Gentleman.»

«Good heavens! you are a queer one! We shall see. Are you hurt? No? Great Cæsar! you are an awful sight!»

«I was tied to that fellow you disposed of, and with your permission I will get my snapsack yonder.»

«Good; get it. Go with him, corporal, and keep an eye on him.»

In a half-hour the dead were stripped and pitched aside, the wounded cared for in haste, and the horses caught.

«Can you ride?» said my captor. «By George! you must!»

«Yes, I can ride.»

«Then up with you. Give him a leg.»

I wanted none, and was up in a moment on the bare back of a big farm mare; their errand had been, I learned, the purchase of horses. The captain bade me ride with him, and, turning north, we rode away, while the big brute under me jolted my sore bones.

«And now,» said the captain, «let me hear, Mr. Wynne, what you have to say. Take a pull at my flask.»

I did so, and went on to relate my adventures briefly—the duck-shooting, which much amused him, the escape at the forge, and what else seemed to be needed to set myself right. He looked me over again keenly.

«You had a close thing of it.»

«Yes,» said I; «you are a terrible swordsman, and a good one, if you will pardon me.»

«I meant to cut him on the head, but he put his neck where his head should have been. There is one rascal the less; but I missed the leader. Hang him!»

«He will take care of that,» said I.

Then my companion said I must join his troop, and would I excuse his rough dealing with me?

I declared myself well content, and explained as to his offer that I was much obliged, and would think it over; but that I desired first to see the army, and to find my friend, Captain Warder, of the Pennsylvania line.

«Yes; a stout man and dark?»

«No; slight, well built, a blond.»

«Good; I know him. I was testing your tale, Mr. Wynne. One has need to be careful in these times.» For a few moments he was silent, and then asked sharply, «Where did you cross?»

I told him.

«And are there any outlying pickets above the upper ferry on the west bank?»

I thought not, and went on to tell of the bridging of the river and of the lines of forts, and of the positions held in the city by the Grenadiers and the Highlanders. A large part of the army, I said, was being withdrawn from Germantown, I supposed with a view to attack the forts below the city.

«What you say is valuable, Mr. Wynne.» And he quickened the pace with an order, and pushed on at speed.

It seemed to me time to know into whose company I had fallen, and who was the hardy and decisive rider at my side.

«May I take the liberty to ask with what command I am?»

«Certainly. I am Allan McLane, at your service. I will talk to you later; now I want to think over what you have told me. I tried to get into the city last week, dressed as an old woman; they took my eggs,—Lord, they were aged!—but I got no farther than the middle ferry. Are you sure that troops are being withdrawn from Germantown?»

I said I was, and in large numbers. After this we rode on in silence through the twilight. I glanced now and then at my companion, the boldest of our partisan leaders, and already a sharp thorn in the side of General Howe's extended line. He was slight, well made, and dark, with some resemblance to Arthur Wynne, but with no weak lines about a mouth which, if less handsome than my cousin's, was far more resolute.

I was ready to drop from my rough steed when we began, about nine at night, to see the camp-fires of our army on each side of

Skippack Creek. A halt at the pickets, and we rode on around the right flank among rude huts, rare tents, rows of spancelled horses,—we call it «hobbled» nowadays,—and so at last to a group of tents, the headquarters of the small cavalry division.

«Halt!» I heard; and I literally almost tumbled off my horse, pleased to see the last of her.

«This way, sir,» said McLane. «Here is my tent. There is a flask under the pine-needles. I have no feather-bed to offer. Get an hour's rest; it is all you can have just now. When I find out the headquarters, you must ride again.» And he was gone.

I found a jug of water and a towel; but my attempts to get the blood and mud out of my hair and neck were quite vain. I gave it up at last. Then I nearly emptied the flask which McLane had left me, set my sack under my head, pulled up a blanket, and in a minute was out of the world of war, and sound asleep.

I do not know how long my slumber lasted on my fragrant bed of pine. I heard a voice say, «Are you dead, man?» And shaken roughly, I sat up, confused, and for a moment wondering where I was.

«Come,» said McLane. «Oh, leave your sack.»

«No,» I said, not caring to explain why.

In a moment I was in the saddle, as fresh as need be, the cool October night-wind in my face.

«Where are we bound?» I asked.

«Headquarters. I want you to tell your own news. Hang the man!» We had knocked down a lurching drunkard, but McLane stayed to ask no questions, and in half an hour we pulled up in the glare of a huge fire, around which lay aides, some asleep and others smoking. A few yards away was a row of tents.

McLane looked about him. «Holloa, Hamilton!» he cried to a slight young man lying at the fire. «Tell his Excellency I am here. I have news of importance.»

A moment after, the gentleman, who was to become so well known and to die so needlessly, came back, and we followed him to the larger of the tents. As he lifted the fly he said, «Captain McLane to see your Excellency.»

On a plain farm-house table were four candles, dimly lighting piles of neatly folded papers; there were besides a simple camp-bed, two or three wooden stools, and a camp-chest. The officer who sat bareheaded at the table pushed aside a map and looked up. I was once more in the presence of Washington. Both McLane and I stood waiting, I a little behind.

«Whom have you here, sir?»

«Mr. Wynne, a gentleman who has escaped in disguise to join the army. He has news which may interest your Excellency.» As he spoke I came forward.

«Are you wounded, sir?»

«No,» said I; «it is another man's blood, not mine.» He showed no further curiosity, nor any sign of the amazement I had seen in the faces of his aides-de-camp on my appearance at the camp-fire.

«Pray be seated, gentlemen. Do me the favour, Captain McLane, to ask Captain Hamilton to return. Mr. Wynne, you said?»

«Yes, your Excellency.»

Then, to set myself right, I told him that I had had the honour to meet him at the house of my aunt, Mistress Wynne. «With permission, sir,» I added, «I am charged to deliver to your Excellency eight hundred pounds which Mistress Wynne humbly trusts may be of use to the cause of liberty.» So saying, I pulled the English notes out of my long stockings, and laid them before him.

«I could desire many recruits like you,» he said. «Mr. Hamilton, I beg to present Mr. Wynne. Have the kindness to make memoranda of what he may tell us.» He spoke with deliberation, as one who had learned to weigh his words, not omitting any of the usual courteous forms, more common at that time than in our less formal day. General Knox came in as we sat down.

He was a sturdy man with a slight stoop, and had left his book-shop in Boston to become the trusted friend and artillery officer of the great Virginian, who chose his men with slight regard to the tongues of the Southern officers, for whom they were too often «shopkeepers» or «mere traders.»

«Report of court martial on Daniel Plympton, deserter,» said Knox. The general took the papers, and for ten minutes at least was intently concerned with what he read. Then he took a pen and wrote a line and his name, and, looking up, said, «Approved, of course. Parade his regiment at daybreak for execution. Your pardon, gentlemen.» And at once he began to put to me a series of questions rather slowly. The absence of hurry surprised me, young as I was, and not yet apt to take in all I might see. Every minute some one appeared. There were papers to sign, aides coming and going, impatient sounds without, a man's death decreed; but with no sign of haste he went on to finish.

At last he rose to his feet, we also stand-

ing, of course. «Are you sure that Sir William has recalled any large force from Germantown—any large force?»

I knew that the Grenadiers and many Hessians had come in, and a considerable part of the artillery, but to what extent or precisely in what numbers I could not be sure. He seemed to me to be intensely considering what I told him.

At last he said: «You must be tired. You have brought much needed help, and also good news.» Why good I did not then understand. «And now what do you desire? How can I serve you, Mr. Wynne?»

I said I wished to be in the ranks for a time, until I learned a little more of the duty.

He made no comment, but turning to McLane, said: «Captain McLane, you will care for this gentleman. I trust occasion may serve, Mr. Wynne, to enable me to offer Mistress Wynne my thanks. When you desire a commission, Mr. Hamilton will kindly remind me of the service you have done your country to-day. You have acted with your usual discretion, Captain McLane. Good-night, gentlemen.» We bowed and went out.

On our way back we rode a footpace, while the captain, now ready enough to talk, answered my many questions. Yes; the general was a reserved, tranquil man, with a chained-up devil inside of him; could lay a whip over a black fellow's back if a horse were ill groomed, or call a man, and he a general, a d—— drunkard; but that would be in the heat of a fight. An archbishop would learn to swear in the army, and the general had no more piety than was good for men who were here to commit murder.

The next day I set out afoot, as I preferred, to look for Jack, and a nice business I found it. The army was moving down the Skippack road to Worcester township, and the whole march seemed, to me at least, one great bewildering confusion of dust, artillery, or waggons stalled, profane aides going hither and thither, broken fences, women standing at farm-house doors, white and crying, as the long line of our foot passed; and over all rang sharp the clink and rattle of flanking cavalry as the horse streamed by, trampling the ruddy buckwheat-fields, and through ravaged orchards and broken gardens. Overhead, in a great cloud high in air, the fine dust was blown down the line by the east wind. It was thick and oppressive, choking man and horse with an exacting thirst, mocked by empty wells and defiled brooks. No one knew where any one else was, and in all my life, save on one memorable evening, I never heard as great a variety of abominable language.

I had done my best, by some change of underclothes and the industrious use of soap and water, to make my appearance less noticeable; but it was still bad enough, because I had no outer garments except those I was wearing. Had I been better dressed, I had fared better; for in those days clothes were considered, and you might easily tell by his costume if a man were a mechanic, a farmer, a small trader, or a gentleman.

I fell at last upon an officer who was endeavouring to get his horse a share of wayside ditch water. I said to him, seeing my chance, that his horse had picked up a stone; if he would wait a moment I would knock it out. On this, and upon his thanking me, I asked where I might find Wayne's brigade, for in it, as I knew, was my captain of the Third Pennsylvania Continental foot. He told me it was a mile ahead. Comforted by this news, I walked on, keeping chiefly in the fields, for there alone was it possible to get past the marching columns.

About eleven there was a halt. I passed a lot of loose women in carts, many canvas-covered commissary waggons, footsore men fallen out, and some asleep in the fields,—all the scum and refuse of an army,—with always dust, dust, so that man, beast, waggons, and every green thing were of one dull yellow. Then there was shouting on the road; the stragglers fled left and right, a waggon of swearing women turned over into a great ditch, and with laughter, curses, and crack of whip, two well-horsed cannon and caissons bounded over the field, crashing through a remnant of snake fence, and so down the road at speed. I ran behind them, glad of the gap they left. About a mile farther they pulled up, and going by I saw with joy the red and buff of the Pennsylvania line. Behind them there was an interval, and thus the last files were less dusty. But for this I should have gone past them. A soldier told me that this was the regiment I sought, and, searching the ranks eagerly as they stood at ease, I walked swiftly along.

«Holloa!» I shouted. I saw Jack look about him. «Jack!» I cried. He ran to me as I spoke. I think I should have kissed him but for the staring soldiers. In all my life I never was so glad. There was brief time allowed for greetings. «Fall in! fall in!» I heard. «March!»

«Come along,» he said. And walking beside him, I poured out news of home, of my Aunt Gainor, and of myself.

A mile beyond we halted close to the road near to Methacton Hill, where, I may add, we lay that night of October 2. Having no tents, Jack and I slept on the ground rolled up in Holland blankets, and sheltered in part by a wicky-up which the men contrived cleverly enough.

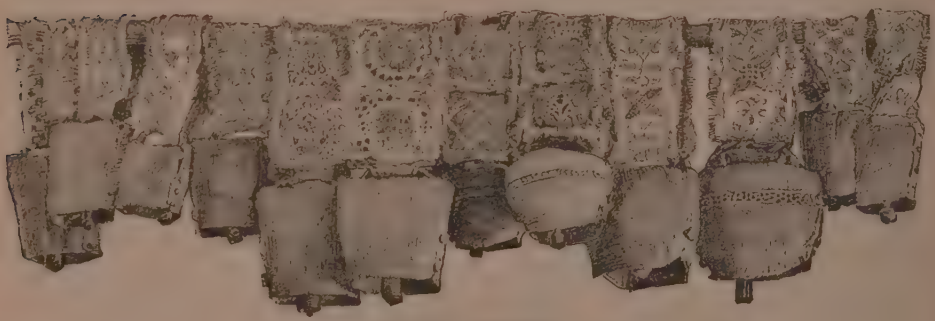
I saw on our arrival how—automatically, as it seemed to me—the regiments found camping-grounds, and how well the ragged men arranged for shelters of boughs, or made tents with two rails and a blanket. The confusion disappeared. Sentries and pickets were posted, fires were lighted, and food cooked. The order of it seemed to me as mysterious as the seeming disorder of the march.

After some talk with Jack, I concluded to serve as a volunteer, at least for a few weeks, and learn the business better before I should decide to accept the general's kindness. Accordingly I took my place in the ranks of Jack's company, and, confiding most of my gold to his care, kept in a belt under my clothes not more than six guineas, as I remember. A uniform was not to be had; but I was hardly worse off than half of the men who made up our company. A musket, and what else was wanted, I obtained without trouble; and as to the drill, I knew it well enough, thanks to the Irish sergeant who had trained us at home.

Our duties, of course, kept us much apart —that is, Jack and myself; but as he made use, or pretended to make use, of me as an orderly, I was able to see more of him than otherwise would have been possible. My pistols I asked him to use until I could reclaim them, and I made him happy with the tobacco I brought, and which I soon saw him dividing among other officers; for what was Jack's was always everybody's. And, indeed, because of this generosity he has been much imposed upon by the selfish.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



TYROLEAN COW-BELLS.

«AL' HEIL!»—WHEELING IN TYROLEAN VALLEYS.

THE social impulse prevails in Tyrol, and the casual intercourse of life is marked by its appropriate greetings. «Guten Morgen» and «Guten Tag» are universal on the country roads and paths, when they do not give place to the more characteristic «Grüss dich Gott,» abbreviated to «Gr's' Gott,» which suggests to the American ear our familiar vulgarism «Great Scott.»

The Tyrolese Wheelmen's Club [1] would not have been Tyrolese had it not set up a call of recognition for the road. It adopted for this the cry universal among German wheelmen, «Al' Heil!» with which not only club members, but all who wheel over the smooth *chaussées* of this beautiful land, and all others who wish to greet a passing bicyclist, give forth their call of cheer, with a clarion-like emphasis on the last word. Such a custom could hardly be transplanted to America, for our habits are much more reserved and inarticulate; but in Tyrol it seems to make all wheelmen kin, and to give real charm and cheer to the intercourse of the road. We

[1] Tyroler Radfahrer Verband.

soon fell into the friendly spirit of the sport as practised here, and before a week had passed felt ourselves part and parcel of the cycling band of the Tyrolese valleys.

Knowing this land of old, and knowing what roads run through these valleys, it was a matter of course to select it for a vacation exercise of the new faculty with which modern mechanics has blessed the human race. The selection was a wise one, and the retrospect over all our four weeks of easy wheeling is filled with invitation for a return to the same field and the same diversion. The field is, in a certain sense, rather a small one, and it is marked with considerably more «grade» than a mere wheelman would choose. Those who have an ambition to scorch off a huge daily mileage, and who ride with an eye rather to the cyclometer than to the environment, should go elsewhere. The fertile flats of Holland, the plains of Berlinese Prussia, the poplar-lined *allées* of the level parts of France and of the vast plain of northern Italy, will give them what they want. Tyrol would not suit them, for it has no part where they could go fifty miles and return without fifty miles of up-grade work that would pull down the record.

But for those to whom the wheel is a means rather than an end, who care for mountain scenery, and who appreciate association with a simple, cheerful, friendly, and honest people, Italy, France, Prussia, and Holland can offer nothing to compare with it. In the first place, the scenery is most beautiful and majestic. After having run down fifty miles of the Upper Innthal (the Engadine), I wrote to a wheeling friend at home: «Except in the villages, which are interesting, every foot of the way is more beautiful than anything you ever saw or can imagine.» This was perfectly true, though my friend lives near Orange Mountain, and has wheeled up the valleys of the Delaware and the Susquehanna. I was already familiar with Tyrol as seen from the railroad, from the thread of the higher valleys, and from the alps and lower mountains and from some of the higher ones; but my experience of more than twenty years had seldom taken me along the highroads and into the towns and villages of the larger valleys. To make their acquaintance at last, and to see the great mountains deliberately and from the very bottom of the valleys, was a new sensation. It was like repeating, over miles and miles of road, the experience one has outside of Innsbruck, where the combination of cultivated plain, inclosing mountains, and great peaks had seemed to fill the full measure of possible beauty. It gave, too, time for deliberate views up the gorgeous side valleys, of which the «quick shutter» of the railway passage had left only an instantaneous picture, and not clearly defined at that. It gave frequent halts under wayside trees and frequent draughts from wayside springs; and with the certainty that we should always find within easy reach a village with clean quarters and good cheer, it invited us to take our leisurely fill of all the beauty, comfort, and enjoyment our road had to offer.

THE COUNTRY.

It will not be amiss, for the benefit of those to whom the subject is only vaguely familiar, to give some account of the country itself. Its boundary is in the main determined by natural features. It is south of the Bavarian highlands; east of Switzerland and of the province of Vorarlberg; Italy bounds it on the south by a very irregular line which crosses Lake Garda some miles south of Riva; on the east it is bounded by Salzburg and Carinthia, which, like Vorarlberg and Tyrol itself, are Austrian. But Tyrol far more than these other Austrian provinces has always had the characteristics of an independent country. Its people are most loyal subjects of the empire, but they are first of all Tyrolese, and they hold to their territory as something better and greater than the adjoining country. The grandest and most beautiful field of the Eastern Alps lies between the Ortler and the Grossglockner (about 150 miles from southwest to northeast), and between Antelao, the most easterly peak of the Dolomites, and the Parseier Spitze beyond Landeck (about 90 miles from southeast to northwest). The chief cities are Innsbruck, Botzen, and Trent, but all the larger valleys are studded with large and minor towns, with innumerable villages, and with historic traces, often in ruins, of the successive races which have occupied the region from immemorial time. The entire population numbers about 900,000, of whom about two thirds are German and one third Italian.

Tyrol can be entered from any side only through its valleys, or over difficult and easily defensible mountain passes. Its broadest valleys—those of the lower Inn and of the Adige—are only about a mile wide. The great Alpine range runs through it from east to west, by no means in a straight line, beginning with the Ortler near the Swiss border, and including the peaks of the Oetzthal group, the Stubaithal group, the Zillerthal group, and its extension to the Grossglockner on

the borders of Carinthia. The Ortler is 12,852 feet high, and the Grossglockner 12,560 feet. Many of the intermediate peaks are above the 10,000-foot line. Monte Adamello, south of this range, and many peaks between it and Bavaria, are more than 11,000 feet high. These highest points are connected by ranges which rarely go below 8000 feet. In the garden of the Pädagogium (normal school) at Innsbruck there is a large model of the whole country, which is a mass of heaped-up rock divided by very narrow valleys, mere foot-paths on the scale of the work. This shows that the entire area of Tyrol is mountainous, with only the lower parts of it valleys, many of which are steep, and its lower hills and mountain-sides susceptible of cultivation. More than one third of the whole area is above the line of vegetation, and much of it is buried under perpetual snow. By far the greater part of the remainder is covered with forests of fir and with patches of grass («alps»), which are difficult of access, and to which cattle are driven in the early summer, to be brought down in the autumn.

One evening, while waiting near Hall for the «tram» to Innsbruck, and watching a game of bowls, I fell into conversation with a sturdy workingman about the condition of the laboring population and the little emigration from the country. I enumerated some conditions which seemed to me to make it desirable for them to stay at home. He assented to these, and added that there was no other country in which the drinking-water was so good. I should have been less surprised if he had referred to the beer, which in northern Tyrol is a more conspicuous beverage, and is generally very good and cheap. As a wheelman whose thirst often came on far from sources of beer, I thought of this comment as I halted at the water-troughs which were overflowing along all the roads. Better cold water surely flows nowhere else in the world.

It was in this land of fine roads, fine scenery, and fine *Trinkwasser* that we took our vacation a-wheel. Our route lay through the entire length of the Engadine. This is not an integral part of the Tyrol of the present day, but it is so topographically, and the Lower Engadine would have been so politically had not Prince Ferdinand Carl, a spendthrift, sold it to Switzerland, about 1650, for the pittance of 123,000 gulden (about $60,000), giving up for all time forty miles of the valley of the Inn, with all its important towns and its fertile hillsides. The Engadine was then connected with Tyrol only by the deep and inhospitable gorge of Finstermüntz, but the beautiful highroad now goes zigzag over the hill, and there is nothing to mark the boundary save the custom-house at Martinsbruck.

THE JOURNEY.

My plans had been laid well in advance, and I had engaged a lusty young athlete with a record as a wheelman, an enthusiastic member of the Radfahrer Verband, and a prize turner, to report at Maloja two days after our ship was to arrive at Genoa. We had chosen that route of the North German Lloyd because it brought us so very near to our field of operations. We left New York by the *Fulda* on July 4. Our voyage was varied by a sail through the Azores and by two hours at Gibraltar. After a beautiful run along the coast of Spain, past the Baleric Islands and in full sight of the very hot-looking Riviera, we came to Genoa, «La Superba.» Here our bicycle experiences began. We must pay a duty of forty francs on each of our two wheels, must see them furnished with lead seals, and be ourselves furnished with official documents to identify them at the frontier, where, at any time within thirty days, we could have them unleaded and receive back our money, less a trifling fee.

We hurried on through Milan to Lecco, checking the wheels to the end of our rail route at Chiavenna. Leaving Genoa in the morning, we took boat at Lecco, and in the afternoon we were at Villa Serbelloni at Bellagio in time for an hour in its charming garden before sunset, refreshed for such a night as can hardly be passed more agreeably than there, and under the nearly full moon that rose over Lake Como.

The drive of twenty miles with our crated wheels looming up above the carriage-top through the beautiful Val Bregalia from Chiavenna to Maloja, with an ascent of 5000 feet, used up an afternoon that would have seemed long in other surroundings. At nightfall we arrived at «Maloja Palace,» a costly and expensive hotel, as far above the sea as the top of Mount Washington; but a very good hotel for all that, and large enough to house all the travelers we met in the whole Engadine.

PERSONAL.

In the morning we ripped the crates from about our wheels, put them into working condition, and «coupled» them. A word of

personal explanation is requisite here. «We» are not two young men ready for a long, hard tour of wheeling after the manner of young men, but an elderly and somewhat ponderous gentleman—and as to wheeling a cautious one—and his wife, who is much younger than her years, but to whom the independent bicycle, with its tendency to «le zigzag et la chute,» has terrors that can hardly be overcome in the years that are left to her. So this trip was made possible only by the ingenuity of a man of Ohio, who devised a method of making a four-wheeler by cross-bracing two bicycles together, side by side and three feet apart. In this way the zigzag tendency is eliminated and the chute rendered impossible. If there comes an occasion to halt, whether to fill a pipe, to enjoy the view, or to adjust differences of opinion, we simply stop and have it out without leaving our seats, and then go on again, at will and serenely. The steering-gear is so connected that the two handle-bars work in unison. In short, it is a capital arrangement for those to whom the single machine is unsuited; and it has the great advantage that more attention may be given to the environment, as less is needed for the road. It was no slight satisfaction to be able to show an entirely new thing in wheels to the curious public. The guests at Maloja and the more numerous servants of the hotel clustered about us, and, their curiosity gratified, cheered us on our way. Thenceforward throughout our wanderings our wheels held a levee at every *Gasthaus* at which we stopped, and flashed a new idea into the minds of the people through whose villages our road lay.

Our young man proved a great success from the first, and much of the satisfaction of the expedition was due to him. He was ubiquitous. When he was needed he was at hand, but most of the time he was disporting himself much after the manner of an attendant setter dog, flying up and down impossible hills, jumping from his wheel to vault fences in quest of *Kornblumen* (which the partner greatly affected), and amusing himself by riding over piles of stones and across narrow gullies in pure boyish glee. He was of a race whose legs had been trained for generations to the scaling of long, steep mountain paths, and so simple a thing as «kicking a bike» was child's play to him. He evidently had a secret joy in his superiority to those who had had a very different muscular inheritance. One day he advised us to dismount to walk down one steep hill and up another. I suggested his doing the same. He said, «Macht mir nichts» («It does n't matter to me»), and with contemptuous ease he went down the hill like the wind and up the other side of the valley to the top. Was it to wait for us there? Not a bit of it. He came back like a shot, jumped from his saddle at full speed, and took the partner's place at guiding the four-wheeler. He was not a race-rider, only a tough-and-ready all-day wheelman. For example, it is 142 miles from Innsbruck to Maloja. The difference of elevation is 4230 feet. The grade is by no means uniform, and there are many minor hills between the towns, of which no account can be made; but the elevations at these towns are recorded, and these show descents in the road amounting to 1220 feet. Adding these, we have a total elevation to be overcome of 5450 feet. Herr L—— left Innsbruck at five o'clock on the morning of July 16, and reached Maloja at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th, and it rained steadily and hard all of the second day. The rise in grade is often continuous for miles and miles, and it averages thirty-eight feet to the mile. The average speed made was not great, but the strain on wind and sinew would sorely try a softer-bred man.

«MAWK-NIX.»

Our attendant's spirit was equal to his endurance; he was a Tyrolese Mark Tapley, and we soon came to speak of him as «Mawk-nix»; for «Es macht nichts» takes this sound in the speech of these people. His «Mawk-nix» was ready for every misadventure. If he was to turn out at an unusual hour for some special service, it was «Mawk-nix»; if he was badly bitten in the leg by a vicious hound, it was «Mawk-nix, but if I had had my revolver I should have shot him»; and he rolled on for a couple of days with an ugly red spot on his calf, saying that a healthy young fellow like him must get well anyhow. He had his people's love for beer and their hatred for Jews. His «Al' Heil!» had always been ready to greet passing wheelmen. One day a very good-looking fellow came in sight, and was passed in silence. I asked him if he greeted only members of the Verband. «Oh, no; but we don't recognize Jews.» His great complaint against them was the time-honored one that they are getting all the property and all the business. It did n't seem worth while to remind him that while he was sitting with his cronies through long hours, sipping beer or wine and bewailing Judaism, they were earning money by hard work and saving it by

frugality and moderation. He confessed to twenty-seven glasses of beer at one sitting while he was with us, and he met a suggestion that he was going to the devil with his usual «Mawk-nix.» He has been in good positions and is an officer of the *Landwehr*, but the remaining end of his Tyrolese tether must be very short, for he contemplates service with the Dutch army in Borneo, with a possible decision in favor of the Belgian service in Congo. He asked my opinion. I told him that in either service he would probably die of fever. «Mawk-nix.» I said he would surely die very soon if he kept on drinking. He said he knew that, and should not drink at all. «D'rum trink ich jetzt so viel» («That 's why I drink so much now»). It was not worth while to take a more serious view of his case than he took himself, and our mission was the opposite of altruistic, so that we had no disposition to be unhappy about a fellow who was himself so entirely happy.

THE PEOPLE.

If I could have my way, I could improve a good many things about the denizens of this mountain land; but I should probably make a mess of it and destroy their charm for their visiting friends, without adding to their own satisfaction with their lives.

From our point of view they are a delightful people, and from their own they are a happy and contented people. They are very industrious, and most of their work is in the open air. The field-work is shared by men and women alike, and a «delicate»-looking person of either sex is a rarity. Even those whose work is indoors are so good on their feet, and they are so given to walking and hill-climbing, that they seem to get their share of the ruddy health of their race. Those who do not have to work at all are so few anywhere in the world that they constitute a negligible factor of the problem. This is a land of good digestion, of sufficient food, and of the indomitable cheer that comes of good health. For my part, I should not be disposed to meddle with their ways if I could. As to the working of women in the fields, I am wholly in favor of it. I have seen much of it for many years and in many places. It is not in itself degrading or injurious; and however objectionable it may be where the people are ill fed and where women are made to do the hardest work, it is far better for them and for their progeny than the grinding, ill-paid work of the ill-fed women in the sweating-shop. The Tyrolese women are not to be compared with these, but rather with the best class of female operatives in our best factory towns. If I were a woman, I would much rather do a woman's work in the house and in the fields on a high-lying valley farm of Tyrol, and eat the coarse but wholesome food on which they thrive, than lead the unventilated life of a cotton-mill damsel of Fall River. This view may easily be taken even by those who object to the female drudgery of other parts of Europe, where all the conditions of life are much harder; for in Tyrol the conditions are not hard, and girls and women seem to be on an absolute equality with their male fellow-workers. Indeed, though the whole family of useful age goes to the field early and works late, the heavier work is done by the men and the lighter by the women. The men plow, dig, and mow; the women rake, hoe, and bind the sheaves. The men pitch the hay on to the wagons, and the women trim the load. They work long and they work hard, but they go about their tasks cheerfully, and there is much more of laughter and singing than of dullness and grumbling.

DRINKING-HABITS.

I cannot pretend to much familiarity with the drinking-habits of these people, but they are certainly great consumers of beer and wine—more largely beer in the North and wine in the South. They drink beer almost like Germans, and they drink wine almost like water. There is virtually no obvious drunkenness. Late at night the sound of hilarity is not unfamiliar, and at other times, but rarely, one sees a party of young men who are more musical and more affectionate than is their wont. Drunken bouts are not unknown, but they are very rare indeed. One afternoon we saw an ancient hand-cart man in a fuddled sleep under his wheel. He was the only drunken man we met, and he was notorious in his village. He had a small ox to draw his cart once upon a time, but he concluded that the ox ate more than he did, and that it would be better for him to have the whole supply of provision to himself; so he sold the beast, ate all he could and drank all he would, until the ox's forage and the ox's price were all consumed. He still manages to earn enough drink before nightfall to lay him under his cart until he gets sober.

«Temperance» as we know it not only does not exist, but the people listen with wonder when we tell them of it. Temperance as we desire it is well-nigh universal, as is shown

by the rarity even of tipsiness. Their outdoor life and exercise enable these people to drink with comparative impunity more than would be possible with us, and their cubical capacity is far greater than ours. Their immunity from drunkenness is due to their immunity from «treating,» and to the fact that strong drink is not a beverage with them. They cannot easily get intoxicated on the amount of beer and light wine they are capable of drinking or of paying for. Each orders and pays for what he wants. «Let 's have another» is never heard. I used sometimes to go with «Mawk-nix» into a wayside Gasthaus, and at first I paid for what he took. I soon found that this was unusual, and that he did not understand it; he had a look as though wondering if I thought he could not pay for his drink. I suppose he would have had the same feeling had I offered to pay for his bed. We generally went into the peasants' room, and this gave me a chance to watch their ways. Perhaps three or four would come in together, women and men indiscriminately. Some would order beer or wine, and some schnapps, which is as strong as whisky. This is served in a very small liqueur-glass, hardly more than a couple of thimblefuls, and costs only two or three cents. It is tossed off at a gulp, and followed with a glass of water, a pipe of tobacco, and a long talk. Those who took wine or beer were much more apt to repeat it, but they always drank very slowly, and eked out their rest with conversation.

The wine of the country, red or white, is good, sound, thin wine of very fair quality. The Emperor Augustus preferred the red wine of Tyrol to any other that he could get. The people are all connoisseurs, and a house that serves poor wine is sure to be neglected. It is brought in white glass decanters of standard size, liter, half liter, quarter liter, or eighth liter. A party might club together for a liter, but they would divide the cost. The usual order is, «Ein viertel Roth» or «Ein viertel Weiss.» It is served with a tumbler and a carafe of cold water, which is often mixed with the wine. The charge is eight kreutzers, and the change out of a ten-kreutzer piece (four cents) is given to the *Kellnerinn*, who carries at her belt a well-filled money-bag, and is the familiar but very well-behaved gossip of the establishment, and in social position a little below the Kellnerinn in the *Herrschaft's* room.

I have never seen a bar-room in Tyrol, and I have never seen a man, except at a railway-station, drink standing or drink in haste. All sit at tables and sip their glasses slowly, always reading or talking. If all the «saloons» in New York could be suppressed, and if the customs and the drinking-habits of the Tyrolese towns could be made universal, we should accomplish all that is possible of the reform at which prohibition aims so uselessly, and we should substitute temperance for the present intemperance. There would be no drinking-place which women would not frequent with their men, and without degeneration.

Were it practicable, it would be a blessing to the human race if all strong drink were abolished. It causes infinite injury with no compensating benefit. But its use cannot be prevented; it can only be modified. It can be modified by a controlling public opinion; it cannot be modified, it can only be aggravated, by legal restriction. Dr. Rainsford's bold suggestion that the church should attempt to guide what the law cannot curb, was wise and of good promise. True reform lies in that direction, and the customs of Tyrol justify his counsel.

WHEELING IN TYROL.

As a country for wheeling, Tyrol has the advantage of such roads as can hardly be found elsewhere, so far as their surface goes. They are so narrow that the lateral flow of water does not make the cross gullies near their sides which are so annoying on our wider roads, such as the main drives in Central Park; they are kept in constant repair, and those which are most traveled are as smooth as a floor. The less frequented ones have a decided wheel-track, which our double machine had to straddle; but a single wheel would meet with no inconvenience from this condition. The grades, except in the higher valleys, are rarely too steep to ride; but in going up-stream they are apt to continue so long as to be fatiguing to a novice. Some of the higher hills are surmounted by serpentine roads, the turns of which are so short as to require caution in going down. Often the bicyclist will find that «the longest way round is the shortest way home»; that is to say, the direct road may have grades or obstacles which it is worth while to avoid by taking a route with more mileage.

The tourist finds every facility ready to his hand for making the most of his opportunity. The railroads carry wheels safely and cheaply, and this is a great help. For instance, in going over the Brenner road from Innsbruck to Botzen, or the reverse, the road up to the pass from either side can be ridden only by an expert, while nothing is finer than

the road down in either direction. Our double machine was taken to the summit, two hours by rail, for twenty-eight cents.

For reasons already suggested, we were disposed as far as possible to eschew uphill work, and there were uphill roads where no railway could help us. In preparation for this I had brought from home a towing-line, with which we could call in the aid of an *Einspänner*, getting enough help in this way to make the pedaling easy on any hill up which the Einspänner could go. The two ends of a loose bridle were buckled to the posts of the two wheels, and at the bight there was fastened a very strong india-rubber «health-pull.» From the other end of this a long rope ran to the carriage. This elastic attachment took up any sudden change of tension and worked well in every way. The chief caution needed was to have the change from a walk to a trot made gradually. A sudden start would stretch the rubber to a length of five or six feet, and the recover made back-pedaling necessary for a moment. The trick of it once learned, it was, ignominy apart, very satisfactory, and it enabled us to make many a mile together where otherwise the partner must have been driven while «Mawk-nix» and I worked the machine. This we often did with great satisfaction. His original contempt for it gradually changed, and we had some long rides together, which gave him a very high regard for it. He even came to enjoy a run up-grade in the tow of a team.

It will be understood, of course, as I did not do very much single-wheeling, that my observation must be worth more than my experience, and younger riders will be glad to know just what they will be able to do on the varied roads of this country. Mr. Yandell Henderson of the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, a young American who had passed the summer in Germany, was a passenger with us returning on the *Ems*, and he rode all the way from Göttingen to Genoa. He left Murnau, in the edge of the Bavarian highlands south of the Starnberger See, on the morning of September 9. Late on the evening of the 11th he reached Bellano on Lake Como, which is at the Italian foot of the mountains. His road lay through Partenkirchen, Leermos, Nassereit, Imst, Landeck, Nauders, Mals, Traffoi, the Stelvio pass, Bormio, Sondrio, and Colico. The recorded elevations run as follows: 2250, 2152, 3243, 2345, 4900, 3430, 9039, 4018, and 720 feet. But there are many high elevations and considerable depressions between these points. It would have been shorter and much easier to go through the Engadine and over the Maloja pass; the route was selected because it crosses the highest wagon-road in Europe. The whole distance was 211 miles, and the daily runs were 61, 57, and 93 miles. The last day began at Traffoi at an elevation of 4979 feet, with a push of fully two hours to the pass (9039 feet), and a run of eleven hours down to Bellano. There is hardly a three days' route anywhere through these mountains that would be harder than this. The three days from Bellano to Genoa, over the Apennines, were much easier.

TOURING IN TYROL.

I CANNOT refrain from saying again that Tyrol seems to me to be the most satisfactory country, all things considered, in which one can make a vacation tour with the wheel or otherwise. Switzerland is very different. Its mountains are higher, its scenery is even grander, and it is much better known; but the trail of the traveler is over it all. Its hotels are much more costly, and its exactions as to wardrobe are greater. One's intercourse is more with the sight-seeing and self-showing stranger, and with a native population of less genial character, trained to the financial exploitation of the traveler. Tyrol, out of sight of its few fine caravansaries, is still unspoiled. Its wonderful beauty need not be enlarged upon. The illustrations scattered through this and the final article were selected not because they were exceptional, but because they were well suited to reproduction. Thousands of equal beauty and interest could be taken, and there is hardly a view that would not be worth perpetuating. Castles and churches, in use and in ruins, abound everywhere in the larger valleys; the life and occupations of the people are a constant source of interest, and one soon gets into such touch with it as to forget the occupations of home, which it is so useful to lay aside during a period of recuperation.

The cost and conditions of living are interesting to all travelers, and important to most of them, so that some account of our experiences in these matters may be useful. We did not go to the hotels in Innsbruck save for casual meals. Some of them are said to be very good and not extravagantly costly, but the larger ones are devoid of «local color.» They are substantially the same as the finer houses all over Europe. We did stop for one night at the Victoria in Botzen, and another at the Erzherzog Johann in Meran. Their luxury was not unwelcome for a

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

GOING UP THE HILL. THE COUPLED BICYCLES.

change. At the latter we had a beautiful large room, an excellent table-d'hôte dinner, a bottle of Munich beer, and fruit with our *café complet* in the morning. The bill for two persons was $4.07. This is surely moderate for a famous and most excellent house. At the Victoria we were equally well cared for at the following rate:

Room	2.50
Light	.60
Roast beef	.60
Tête de veau en tortue	.80
Potatoes	.30
Spinach	.30
Kraut	.20
Pfannenkuchen	.60
Wine	.95
Demi-tasse	.20
Cafés complets	1.20
Fruit	.60
Sandwiches for the road	1.60
Service	.60

Gulden, 11.05 = $4.24

I made an excursion to a high point of outlook across the river, where I had an *Achtel* of very good red wine, a plate of bread, and a carafe of wonderfully good water, all for 12 kreutzers (5½ cents). At an ordinary village Gasthaus our bill, with the usual fees, would be about $2.40; for a single person it would be about $1.60. Good quarters and good food may be had for materially less, and it would not be easy to spend $2.50 per person without extravagance.

At Hochfinstermüntz there is a charming but rather costly little house facing an amazingly fine view, where we arrived for the evening dinner, leaving after breakfast. This was our bill:

2 Soups	.30
1 Roast capon	2.30
2 Salads	.24
2 Potato	.24
2 Cheese	.24
2 Bread and butter	.26
1 Coffee	.15
½ Bottle of wine	.36
1 Bottle of aërated water	.45
1 Foot-bath	.10
Room	3.40
Light and service	.30
2 Cafés complets	1.00

Gulden, 9.34 = $3.87

Our lunch that day at Ried—a very good one, with an abundance of wild strawberries, wine, and aërated water—cost 2.70 gulden, or $1.12.

At Zernetz, a beautiful village in the Engadine, we committed the extravagance of having for luncheon a big dish of brook trout, which, though abundant, are dear. I

saw them taken with a net from the dark-flowing tank in which they were stored. The whole luncheon, with wine, cost 3.40 gulden, or $1.41.

At the Aquila Nera in Cortina, a great resort of English and American visitors to the Dolomites, our bill for two averaged about $3.75 per day.

SCHLOSS WEIHERBURG.

At Innsbruck I am an old frequenter of Schloss Weiherburg—a *pension*, it is true, but a pension of a unique sort. From 1490 to 1505 it was the favorite hunting-castle of the Emperor Maximilian I. He had taken it in exchange for Schloss Tratzberg, twenty miles farther from the town, but intrinsically more valuable. The main part of the building is as he left it, and all additions have been made in appropriate style. The chapel with the ancient hole in the wall through which the emperor performed his devotions is still unchanged, and there are stories of one or two rather attractive ghosts who still frequent the venerable shades. The main hall, occupying the entire floor of the body of the house, and now used as a dining-room, still sports the canopy that distinguished the imperial dais, and under it hangs a good portrait of the emperor himself. His *Trinkglas*—he must have been a large drinker—still stands on the sideboard. The balcony of this room looks out over the beautiful city and the mountains which border the flat valley on the south. Through the gap of these we look up the valley of the Sill, bringing the floods of the north slope of the Brenner to join the Inn. This view is closed by the Serles Spitze, which is one of the most perfect mountain forms in Tyrol—a vast bare peak of limestone rising beyond the fields and forests of the nearer range. We occupied Maximilian's room under the imperial hall. It reaches across the whole front, and has windows on three sides. The beds are better than they knew how to make four hundred years ago, but the furniture, the curious old colored prints, and the porcelain stove, have not a discordant note. The tone of the room and of the whole house is the tone of the middle ages. It is open to those who seek it, but it is sought only by those who can appreciate it. The same persons come to it year after year, and these seem to count a summer visit to the Weiherburg as an essential part of their lives. Deep down in its foundations there is a summer place of casual entertainment, and its inclosed plateau («schöne Aussicht») is a favorite resort for afternoon strollers from the town. At times service is held in the chapel, and crowds are drawn to it at certain seasons, because a pilgrimage there buys «full absolution» for all one's sins. What with this attraction, the view from the grounds, and the beer in the cellar, crowds of people came to it in St. Ann's week, while we were there. It is twenty minutes' walk or drive from the town, and it stands two hundred feet higher on the side of a mountain that is rich in beautiful walks. The fare is all one could ask, and is much better than is usually to be had in a pension, and the charges are low. Maximilian's room costs, and is worth, a gulden more; but for two persons in other good rooms the rate is 5 gulden a day, and a gulden is 41½ cents. All meals not taken are deducted.

I have hesitated long about making this disclosure, for I do not want to help spoil the Weiherburg for my future use; but I have concluded that those who would appreciate this somewhat remote resort have a right to be told about it. Its approach is *unfahrbar:* it cannot be reached by wheel. In fact, the best way to get a wheel to it would be to carry it over the shoulder. There are good old Tyrolese Gasthäuser in the town, where moderate wheelmen may gladly go, notably the Hotel Post in the broad Maria Theresien strasse, and the Grauen Bär in Universitäts strasse. Into neither does the air of modern Europe penetrate very deeply.

I am not writing a guide-book, and I must refer the reader elsewhere for an account of Innsbruck; but there is something about it which no book can convey, which grows on one with increasing familiarity, and which makes it, for one who knows it as I do, the most charming town in Europe. Cortina and Meran and many other places have their own great attractions; but it seems to me that, taken all in all, Innsbruck is the best center for the Tyrolese tourist.

I have wandered over many parts of this country for many years, and I have never gone to a Gasthaus in Austrian Tyrol where I have not found a clean and good bed, good coffee, good bread, and good wine. In the remote valleys beer is not always to be found, nor very good when found. Sometimes there is no meat, and the chicken is often too young; but eggs and milk are generally to be had. The *Ofenschlupfhuhnchen* is solid food when other things fail, and such bread and coffee as one finds here make a more substantial meal than those may think who have not had to depend on it. It is only the

STUDY FOR "A FINE PASTURE"

mountaineer who is often out of sight of a village, and it is a rare village that has no Gasthaus. This is usually kept by one of the larger farmers of the place, and he is a person of importance. As a rule, he has little contact with his guests. The Kellnerinn represents him below, and the chambermaid rules on the upper floors.

Outside of the principal towns, and generally within them, English is an unknown tongue, so that a little knowledge of German is requisite, but very little will suffice. The people can all read, and a phrase-book will be a good interpreter. Familiarity with the German of Berlin is not enough to enable a stranger to converse with these people. They will understand him, but their rasping, guttural dialect does not immediately find its way to his untrained comprehension. The talk of a group of peasants among themselves is not easily followed by a born German who has not passed some time among them. It is well, in spite of one's inability to talk with them, to consort with the peasants in their own haunts rather than with the rarer visitors in the better quarters. They are seldom so rough as to be unpleasant, and they respond with a very good nature to any advance that does not savor of patronage. The visitor's more interesting memories will run back to these people and their ways rather than to those of the commercial travelers and summer visitors at the house. This is said with special reference to the short stops of a wheelman, who rests for a few hours at a wayside inn, and is off again on his journey. There is a very short limit to the social range of the peasant man or woman. They have not much to say, nor have they much capacity to receive ideas not connected with their daily lives; but they have a great capacity for good feeling and hospitality, and to a tired man this is better. As a rule, they are exceedingly bigoted. Many of the younger men are «getting ideas in their heads»; but the older men, and most of the women of all ages, are of very limited education, and they are intensely devoted to the church and its teachings.

The exhibition of relics, and the presentation of the horrors of the hereafter, which are so much used as

> . . . a hangman's whip
> To haud the wretch in order—

these do not, after all, make the real intercourse between the priesthood and the people. They are perfunctory in performance and superficial in effect. The priest is generally the friend and companion of his people, especially in the country, and he often enters freely into their festivities and lighter pastimes.

Some years ago I was sitting over my coffee in the inn garden at Absam when a wedding-party from Schwatz marched in and occupied a long table in front of me. There were the bride, in a French bonnet, and the bridegroom and the family and friends, including the notary and other dignitaries from their town. Among them was the Franciscan monk who had performed the marriage ceremony. After the usual formal health-drinkings and congratulations they turned to song and mirth. The priest was as gay as the best-man, and more natural in his gaiety. As I left he was taking a vigorous part in the well-known «Musikant aus Wien,» and his

> Ting-a-ling, dass ist Triangel;
> Boum, Boum, Boum, dass ist mein Trommel,

was full of boyish glee. Everything was perfectly decorous, perhaps the more so because he was there; but evidently because of him the whole party had a much better time. The influence of a good priest on the people of a small village is often seen to have its fraternal as well as its pastoral side.

Geo. E. Waring, Jr.

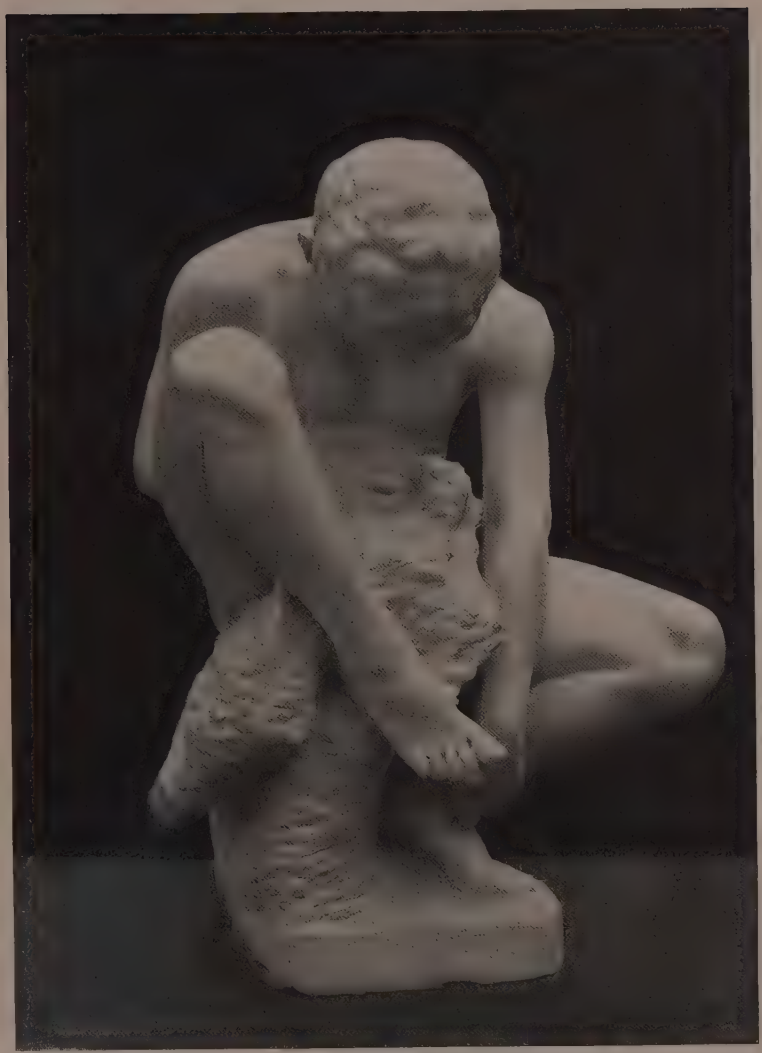
BY CONTRARIES.

THAT day my hurrying heart proclaimed thee near,
Fate mocked my hope, and thou cam'st not to me.
Now, when my heart is but one siege of fear,
Let Fate still mock me—then thy face I 'll see!

Edith M. Thomas.

A NEW AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

GEORGE GREY BARNARD.

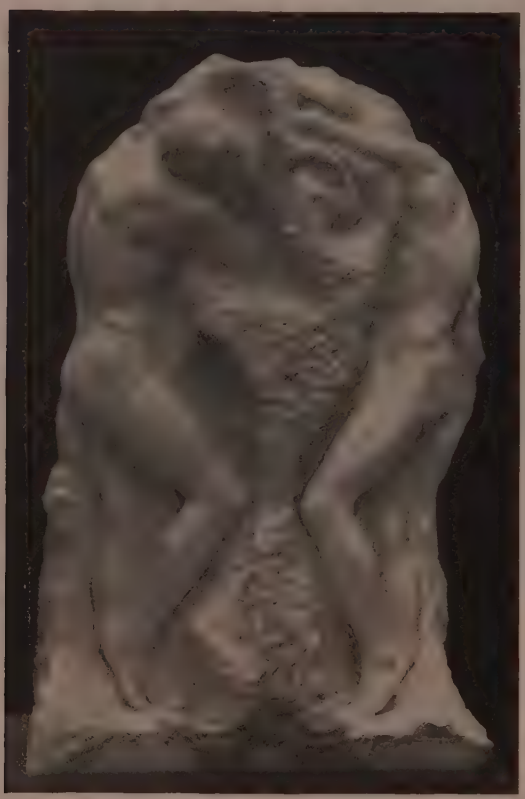


«BOY.»

AT the Salon of the Champ de Mars in 1894 a very prominent place was given to a group of works by a sculptor whose name was new to the Paris public. The chief work was a colossal group bearing the title «*Je sens deux hommes en moi*,» taken from one of Victor Hugo's poems, and generally given in English as «I feel two natures struggling within me.» The other sculptures were a single figure, «Boy»; two fragments of a Norwegian stove showing in decorative relief the struggle between man and the elements as described in the Scandinavian sagas; a group called «Brotherly Love»; a portrait

bust of an elderly lady modeled from memory; and a portrait bust of a man. The «Two Natures,» «Brotherly Love,» and the bust of a lady were sculptured in marble; the bust of a man was cast in bronze. These works were acclaimed by the jury of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and the sculptor was elected an associate member. His success was instantaneous with the artists, the critics, who wrote of the work with enthusiasm, and that portion of the public which gives the word for or against a newcomer in the Paris world of art. It was soon learned that the sculptor, George Grey Barnard, was a young American, a pupil of M. Cavelier, and that he had come to Paris a few years before, a novice in the art in which he then showed such masterly ability. He was totally unknown in America, for, although he had been a pupil in the Chicago Art School, he had not gone far enough in his studies to feel like exhibiting, and he had no acquaintance in the art coteries of the Eastern cities. In the autumn of 1896 Mr. Barnard showed this same group of works, with some additional pieces, in New York, at the Logerot in Eighteenth street; and during the three or four weeks that it was open the exhibition was visited by a large number of people. His sculpture was widely discussed in art circles, but did not receive much appreciative comment from the press. The artists, I think, pretty generally admitted his power, and some of them spoke in superlative terms. The young sculptor now stands at the threshold of a career in his own country, and it is to be hoped that his remarkable talent will receive full recognition and encouragement.

It is plain to be seen that Mr. Barnard's ideas and those formulas and principles generally accepted as essential parts of beauty of form and composition do not agree. Like Rodin, he seems to delight in the natural and the accidental, and to be more susceptible to impressions of force than of grace. The «Two Natures» has an uncouth, rugged aspect as a whole. It is soon seen, when the group is looked at in detail, that it is amazingly good in technical treatment, and that characterization in the heads of the two figures has been thoughtfully conceived and truthfully rendered. The great lines of the group cannot be said to build up well, and the effect is not unified. The standing figure presents a long perpendicular line on one side that is not balanced by any other. The under figure in the struggle, half raised up and supported by one arm, is full of movement, as in life. The group gives an impression of unrest that entirely befits the motive of the title, it is true; but we are accustomed, and rightly accustomed, to expect repose or dignity, or some quality that is not disturbing, in sculpture. But this conception or choice of subject may be excused, because the sculptor has made of it a means of showing such masterly treatment of marble with the chisel as few men have shown us. It is pure modeling without tricks, and it is varied, firm, vigorous, and skilful all at once. I should say, in looking at this group and the other pieces in the exhibition, that the sculptor has a hundred ways of expressing texture, color, and effect, and that



«BROTHERLY LOVE.»

«I FEEL TWO NATURES STRUGGLING WITHIN ME.»

he must have made a special study of his art in this respect. He has painted a good deal, and has evidently brought the knowledge gained in that way to bear on his modeling without permitting it to lead him into elaboration of detail.

The «Boy» is in every way admirable; it is complete and it is beautiful. The «Brotherly Love» violates some of our traditions, but it is beautiful, too, and possesses a weird, indescribable charm. It is a group intended for a tomb, and shows the nude figures of two young men whose heads are partly buried in the roughly hewn marble which forms the bulk of the monument, and whose hands seem to have forced their way through it and to be searching each other's grasp. I suppose that the marble mass may typify rock or darkness or eternity, or something else tangible or intangible, and that the brothers are groping through it to join each other after death. I did not think to ask the sculptor

A FIGURE FROM «TWO NATURES.»

the meaning, or if it had any. The meaning is unimportant, and it would add nothing to my delight in looking at the work to know what it is beyond what I conjecture. I should like it still better if the hands were a little more manly in character, and I should mention the fact that certain small indentations which appear in several places are not eccentricities of modeling, but are due to errors in «pointing»; for the «Brotherly Love» exhibited in New York is a reduction of the original, which has been put in place in Norway. The fragments of the sculptured decoration of a Norwegian stove show much originality of conception, and the illustrative quality of the work is interesting. Man is shown struggling in the waters with the elements, typified by a great serpent, the Hidhoegur of the sagas. The uncanny types that the artist has represented, and the fine decorative way in which the work is treated, produce a fascinating effect. The handling is very broad; but in parts, as in the heads of man, the modeling is of the subtlest and most sensitive sort. The great figure of Pan, designed when cast in bronze to surmount a fountain, possesses many of the virile qualities of the «Two Natures,» but is even more simply treated. The head of Pan, with one ear raised and the other flopping down, the eyes aslant, and the great mustaches turned up, revealing the grin which distorts the lines of the mouth and the base of the nose, is unlike any other Pan, and extremely individual. The characterization as shown in this head, in the noble type of the good nature, and in the evil, lethargic head of the bad nature, is one of Mr. Barnard's strongest merits outside of his masterly treatment of surfaces with the chisel. The possession of this faculty, joined to his able equipment in technical expression, constitutes a good omen for his future work, in that it will enable him to go far in the realm of subjective creation. Among the works shown in New York by this young sculptor, none was more complete in itself or more enjoyable than the small bust of a Norwegian lady. If it has any defect, it is a lack of precise construction; but it was modeled from memory, and no doubt is more tentative than it would have been if it had been done from life. It is a marvel of treatment of facial texture and color with the chisel. The cheeks are absolutely flesh-like, the forehead suggests the thinly covered skull, and the hair is unmistakably white; yet the modeling is superlatively simple.

It is interesting to hear of the boyhood and early training of this young artist, and we find some traits of character and some facts in his occupations that have had their influence on his present development. Barnard is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and was born at Bellefonte; Pennsylvania, May 24, 1863. While a small boy he went to school in Bellefonte; but his father accepted a call to Chicago later on, and young Barnard met there an old sea-captain who had a fine collection of stuffed birds, shells, specimens of stone and mineral, and other natural objects. He used to offer the boy prizes of shells if he would learn and remember the Latin names of the specimens, and led him to study conchology in a systematic way. He promised his pupil a copy of Dana's «Manual of Geology» as a grand prize; and when the lad had obtained this he spent two years reading it and hunting specimens in the suburbs of Chicago. He was devoted to geology until he was ten years of age, but then began to feel that the science was too cold and unsympathetic for his taste, and, the family removing to Iowa, he experimented in taxidermy. He went to school in Iowa for three years, studying birds and nature generally meanwhile, and formed a collection of stuffed specimens, twelve hundred in number, all mounted by himself, and including all kinds of birds and animals, from a hummingbird to big deer. At thirteen he began to engrave, and made two books of plates. Then he took to modeling birds and beasts in clay. At sixteen he made a bust of his little sister, which excited the praise of the neighbors; and leaving school, he went to work to learn engraving, for it was thought that he should have a regular trade to enable him to earn his livelihood. His first master was a man who had been engraving thirty-five years, but his pupil soon surpassed him in his work. Afterward he had some lessons from the best engraver in Chicago, and did decorative designs. In 1881, when he was eighteen, he entered the Chicago Art School, where he drew from casts, but did not model. Later on he received orders for two busts, and started for Paris on the proceeds in November, 1883. He worked three years and a half in Cavelier's atelier, and then set up a studio at Vaugirard, near the Porte de Versailles. Here he worked unremittingly, and modeled his «Boy» in clay. It was seen by some of his artist friends, who praised it highly, and he received an order to execute it in marble. After his success at the Champ de Mars in 1894, with the recollection of the cheers of the jury and of the honor of several receptions given for him by great people in Paris,

he came back to America, and settled himself in a studio in the upper part of the city of New York.

There is a sufficiently wide range of subject and treatment in the group of works shown by Mr. Barnard to admit of a summing up of his qualities as a sculptor. Strength and breadth are evidently his. In interpreting his perception of what is before him in nature his hand is wonderfully skilled. He is an analyst in thought and a synthesist in execution. His work shows a decided psychological bent. He apparently cares more for force and virility than for so-called beauty. This preference has led him, in the «Two Natures,» to disregard certain things that seem to me essential in the making of a great work of art, or has prevented him from feeling the necessity of their presence. It might have been possible to give all the force and power that he has obtained in the «Two Natures,» and at the same time to bring the group within lines of composition that would have produced an effect more unified and beautiful. I mean beautiful in its best sense, as relating to the ensemble, not that I could wish to see the figures themselves modified by softening or refining them in any way whatever. Delicacy and refinement are attributes much more commonly met with in the works of artists of Anglo-Saxon origin than true virility. Mr. Barnard's sculpture is full of the healthful, living force of nature, and the desire to see it include other things may be repressed for the moment, for the splendid vigor and pure artistic power of his work entitle it to be received with enthusiasm.

William A. Coffin.

EVEN AS THE WAVE.

A STORM at sea; though here, undimmed, the sun
In silver dazzles from bright-burnished dunes,
While, through the wooded uplands faintly spun,
Low winds bring even to the salt lagoons
Memories of goldenrod and yellowed leaves.
Yet, white with wrath, the heavy-handed surf
Lashes the beach, not heeding how it grieves
The tender autumn day. Torn kelp and scurf
Of thick-churned spume strew all the curving marge
Where, blind with strife, the sand and breaker close.

Strong from mid-ocean, rolling to the charge
A billow gathers. Darker, greener grows
Its steepening slope, while fast the rearing crest
Flickers to froth and foam. By sudden wind
Whirled high in air, a misty woven vest,
Smit with the sun's seven colors, streams behind.
Broad-based beneath, on comes the ponderous sheet,
Shoaling from green to emerald; arching o'er—
Crash! The great cataract falls. A burst of sleet
Leaps with a boom, and, seething toward the shore,
Shimmers the wide white field of hissing foam.
Broadening and spending, crossed with marbly bands
Of fading surge, its whispers softer come,
Till but a lapping ripple lips the sands
Before my feet.

Then through my heart there stirred
A dream of brave resolve, of strenuous deeds
And heart-sick failure. Turning thence, I heard
A sad-tongued sea-bird mourn among the reeds.

George De Clyver Curtis.

THE DAYS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,
Author of «The Romance of Dollard,» «The White Islander,» etc.

I.

ALL France was lighted by an early rising moon, and the village of Bury-la-Côte, seated on a high ridge, seemed to glitter just beneath the sky. There was frost on the square, low church tower, on tight-shut windows, and on the manure-heaps carefully raked into place beside the doors, and held by stone barriers to mellow for the spring fields.

It was a cold night even for January. Durand Laxart decided, as he unchained his horse, to let the cart stand outside the archway, and lead the poor beast directly into its snug stable in the end of the house.

He came out again into the moonlight and walked around the muck-barrier to his own door. He was proud of his new house. It had an ogival portal, and above the little window was an ornament in stone shaped like a cloverleaf. But no light shone through this window, for a long, dark passage led to the inner room, where his wife and new-born child lay asleep in their cupboard bed. Durand took off his wooden shoes, and carrying them in his hand, tiptoed over the hard, white earthen floor. The woman's brown peasant face, strangely bleached and refined by motherhood, awed him by its contrast with the coarse wool of her bed. The bed doors stood wide open, their clean panels shining in the firelight. A whole bundle of fagots blazed in the chimney. The white stone mantel, shaped somewhat like a penthouse, and the scoured hearth flags, brightened the dark room, for there was only one window, looking toward the valley of the Meuse.

He scented his supper in an iron pot on a tripod before the fire. The table stood near the hearth, holding a large knife with which to cut his bread, a wooden drinking-cup, and a flask of red wine; for in this valley of the Meuse contending armies had not trampled down the vines.

The woman and the baby continued to sleep. Durand slipped on his wooden shoes again, and opened a back door into his garden. There was a steep flight of stone steps, down which he thumped toward a tile-roofed oven. The garden sloped downward, and though it had the desolation of winter upon it, his eye selected the very spot where he would soon begin to dig and plant. Pausing, with his wooden shoes wide apart on the slippery descent, he gazed down the south-stretching valley, the loveliest valley of the Vosges, streaked with ribbons of stubble left by the scanty crops. Plowing and sowing had been irregular work since the English began to trouble France. The soil had a whiteness not given to it by winter rime; but in the next villages, hid from him by a shoulder of the hill,—Goussaincourt and Greux and Domremy,—there were black gaps made by raiding Burgundians. The Meuse, in summer almost hid among its marshy islands, now spread from bank to bank, showing a line of ice along its edges. The course of the Meuse was called the march of Lorraine and Champagne, and had long been a place of contention between kings of France and dukes of Burgundy, lying as it did between the two portions of Burgundy. The people of this march had no feudal lord between them and the king; they were vassals to the King of France alone. This bred a serious and stubborn loyalty, which kept them bound to their sovereign, though isolated from him. For in that year of grace 1429 the kingdom of France had receded before the invading English until its northern line lay far below the ancient capital of Paris, and included only the provinces of Dauphiné, Languedoc, Bourbonnais, l'Auvergne, Berri, Poitou, Saintange, Touraine, and Orléans. And some of these were crumbling before the incoming tide. All the richest provinces and nearly all the seaports were held by the English. To go into France from the march of Lorraine at that day meant to traverse a wide country overrun by aliens.

The far ridge beyond the Meuse seemed to draw near in moonlight. All at once there was a sweet clamor of bells drifting from Greux and Domremy, and the church of Bury-la-Côte joined in, chiming the angelus. The man pulled at his cap with a gesture of

reverence, and slouched into an attitude of devotion. He felt constrained to pray, for at the sound of the bells his wife's cousin, Jeanne d'Arc, came out of the oven-shed with a huge ring of bread in her hands. She slipped the ring upon her arm and joined her palms, bending her forehead to them. While the angelus rang no man could speak a word to little Jehannette. Though she was full of life, Durand sometimes thought her unnaturally religious for so young a creature. But it made her very handy when one had sickness in the house. He was better pleased to have her take care of his wife than to have his own loud-voiced mother continually about.

As the bells ceased, a faint wailing in the house called them. Jeanne put her ring of bread on the table, and took up the baby, while the mother, roused from sleep, answered her husband with yawning responses:

«It is nothing but drowsiness that keeps me abed. I shall be up at my spinning by to-morrow.»

«Not to-morrow, Aveline. Isabel Romée says we may keep Jehannette two weeks more. Let her spin for thee. She can spin and sew as well as any maid of her age in the Meuse valley.»

«But if I am able to spin, why should n't I? A man never thinks any woman can get tired of waiting on him. Jehannette may like to stir from the house while she stays.» Aveline drew her hand down his winter-reddened cheek.

«Lie still yet to-night,» he insisted; so she dozed again, while he cut his black bread and emptied the pot into his platter. Then he sat down comfortably to his supper. The earthen floor, as hard as rock, had been brushed speckless with a broom of soft river-grasses. Small joists, crossed by large beams overhead, so low that they almost touched his hair when he stood up, were rich brown in the firelight. There was no candle lighted. Threads of flame wove themselves among the fagot sticks and rushed up the chimney-back. Jeanne sat with the child's swaddled feet toward the blaze, and after blinking at the joists it sunk into the stupid content of its kind. Her face was so young that this maternal care was like the attitude of a child nursing its painted doll.

Durand poured out his wine, and plunged his fingers into his dish. He glanced at the girl, but her eyes were on the fire, and suddenly he noticed under them the hollows made by weeping. Her face was oval in shape, and the outline of the cheek never changed, but firelight showed the pallor of dejection. The laced bodice of her red peasant dress did not cover the top of her neck; it was white and childlike compared with the neck of her cousin in the bed. Her hair was twisted into a long knot, but it flew out in halos. The hollow between lower lip and chin was deeply indented, and her chin was pointed rather than round.

«What ails thee, Jehannette?» inquired Durand, with quick sympathy and some dread that she had grown tired of waiting on him.

Jeanne visibly repressed herself. Instead of answering she inquired of him:

«Did you see my father in Domremy to-day?»

«I saw him; he is well.»

«And my mother?»

«Yes; she is well.»

«And Pierrelo?»

«Yes; he sent a kiss for each cheek.»

«Mengette and Jacquemine, you also saw them?»

«I saw them all, and they all asked when you were coming home; but Isabel hath promised you to us a little longer. It is not so far from Domremy to Bury-la-Côte,» argued Durand; «not two leagues, though they be slow leagues through stiff clay across the prairie. Your footpath along the hills is quicker.»

«But it is farther to Vaucouleurs,» said Jeanne; «I must go to Vaucouleurs to-morrow.»

«And what would you do at Vaucouleurs?» Durand's eye twinkled. «Would you go to take back what you said at Toul?»

Jeanne's hazel eyes reflected his image with simple candor.

«No; I will never take back what I said at Toul.»

«But Bertrand de Poulengy is a fine young fellow. I have heard if we knew more about him it would turn out he was born in a château.»

«He should have learned to speak the truth there. He did a wicked thing to take a public oath I had given him my word. I had to go to Toul to deny it before the magistrate. It was very cruel of Bertrand de Poulengy.»

«He wanted thee,» chuckled Durand. Nothing amuses a man so much as another man's discomfiture in courtship. «And thy father and mother they were willing.»

«But I cannot cumber myself with marriage,» said Jeanne. Her repressed weeping broke out. «Compère[1] Durand, I must go into France.»

The man paused in his eating, holding the meat between his jaws. He had heard of this matter before; but it had not pierced his

[1] Godfather, friend, or crony.

marrow with that sweetness of voice and that cry of necessity. «I must go into France!» Jeanne's voice was spoken about in the valley. When she called to one at a distance, the bell notes expanded, filling the air; but in talk she spoke low. The woman in the cupboard bed was aware only of the man's hoarser note.

«Jehannette, thy father has told me he would drown thee with his own hands rather than have thee go away with men-at-arms.»

Jeanne put out one palm to stop him. The firelight showed her long fingers and compact wrist. Tears rushed down her face.

«My father—my dear father! I would rather be in the fields with him, or by my mother's side spinning, than anywhere in France. But I can no longer help it. For three years I have been commanded, and now I must go.»

«Who commanded thee?» asked her relative, holding a black bit of liver in his fingers.

«Attend,» said Jeanne, in the manner of the peasants of Domremy. Her childish face stiffened with awe. «I was about thirteen when I had a voice from God to help me rule myself. The first time I heard it I was very much afraid. It was in my father's garden at noon in the summer. I had fasted the day before. The voice came from the right hand of the church, and there was a great light with it. Afterward, if I was in a wood I heard the voice coming to me. When I had heard it three times I knew it was the voice of an angel. It has always kept me well, and I understand perfectly what it says.»

«What does it say?» whispered the man. He obeyed habit, and put the bite into his mouth, but held it there with the other meat. Old Choux in Domremy, Jeanne's nearest neighbor, who was so old that people had forgotten his age, was claiming to have a voice also.

«It says,»—she lifted both hands and threw them out before her,—«‹Daughter of God, go, go! I will be thine aid.›»

The baby slept in its bands on her lap. The fagots showed that her face was white. Durand ground his food and swallowed it with a gulp; he leaned his elbows on the table.

«Pucelle,[1] did you see anything in the light?»

Jeanne's voice became a thread of sound, one chord, on which she vibrated to him:

«I saw St. Michael; I saw St. Catherine and St. Margaret.»

«But how did you know it was St. Michael, or St. Catherine and St. Margaret?»

«At first I did not know, but St. Michael told me; he said: ‹Go into France; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will aid thee.› I said on my knees: ‹How can I go? I know nothing of arms.› He answered: ‹Daughter of God, go, go! I will be thine aid.›»

Though Durand Laxart had never seen visions, and his wife Aveline had never seen visions or heard voices, he felt a surging of the blood which seemed to clear his brain for new impressions. Jeanne saw that he believed in her. The strained whiteness of her face became a softer pallor, and she wiped her eyes.

«Compère, have you not always heard that a woman would ruin France, and a maid from the march of Lorraine would rise up and save it?»

Durand nodded his head. He had heard this prophecy all his life, and it had already become a common saying that Isabel of Bavaria, the queen, was that woman.

«The Queen of France is that woman,» said Jeanne; «she has denied her own son, and sold us all to the English. Compère, myself—I am that maid from the march of Lorraine. I was born for this purpose. You must take me to Vaucouleurs, to Robert de Baudricourt, and ask him to send me into France. I have to raise the siege of Orléans and take the Dauphin Charles to be crowned at Rheims.»

Durand sat staring at her without speaking. He poured out a cupful of the thin, sour wine, and drank it down.

She had to raise the siege of Orléans, and take the Dauphin Charles to be crowned at Rheims!

It was high time the dauphin was crowned at Rheims, that ancient city of coronation, where nearly every king of France since Clovis had been consecrated. No subject accepted a king until he had been crowned at Rheims. The loyal people of Poitiers had put a crown upon Charles's head, but his enemies laughed at him, and called him the little King of Bourges. And it was high time some power raised the siege of Orléans—Orléans, the heart of France, the key to the southern provinces, the last stronghold of the loyal party.

News traveled slowly, but in those days political facts were stamped on a peasant's mind by the horse-hoofs of raiders. The Duke of Orléans was a prisoner in England. His people, in their extremity, had appealed to his enemy and kinsman, the Duke of Burgundy, to stand betwixt them and the English, and make their territory neutral. The Duke of Burgundy attempted to do this, but his distrustful allies permitted him to protect no French territory except his own. It was

[1] Maid.

hard to be the greatest peer of France, the one whose right it was to place the king's crown on his head and do him first homage, and yet to be constrained by personal revenge to join hands with hereditary foes and invaders. The Duke of Burgundy was now sulking in his own domains, and the English intrenchments were closing around Orléans.

«Compère,» continued Jeanne, «when I found my family would never consent, I started by myself one day to go into France; but when I had gone some leagues I knew it was no use. I must be sent by the Captain of Vaucouleurs; St. Catherine and St. Margaret have told me what to do.»

«Do you ever see their faces?» inquired Durand, sinking his voice.

«I see their faces,» spoke Jeanne; «I see them always in the same form. I do not know if there is anything in the shape of arms or other members figured. They are crowned with beautiful crowns, very rich and very precious. Of their raiment I cannot speak. I know them by the sound of their voices. They are sweet and humble. They speak very well and in beautiful language, and I understand them perfectly.»

It was an age in which supernatural things were heard of on every side: but Durand had a well-compacted body, and lived near the soil; he had never troubled himself about spiritual mysteries. This new attitude of his mind, when he noticed it, astonished him. He did not know why he believed in Jeanne; he felt as if he were in church, and obliged to do what he was told to do. The baby slept on her lap, with the rapid breathing of infancy. He looked at his little child with an emotional puckering of his face, and at the larger child holding it. His wife had played with Jeanne d'Arc about the spring behind Bermont chapel. His wife was now a young matron; but this other girl, of unusual physical growth, had yet an innocence like that of a babe. St. Michael, the terrible archangel of battles; St. Catherine, the martyr of Egypt; and St. Margaret, the Greek virgin, might have shown themselves to such a being.

«But if I take thee to Messire de Baudricourt, Jehannette,» Durand objected, «what will Jacques d'Arc and Isabel Romée say to me?»

«They will forgive you.»

«They will say I have made them a poor return for the nursing of my wife and child,» he continued.

«If you cannot take me, compère, I must set out by myself on foot to-morrow,» she responded.

«No; that will never do. I must go along.»

Durand sat frowning over his folded arms while he deliberated. He glanced toward the cupboard bed, and leaned forward to speak between nearly closed lips.

«Attend, Jehannette. When my mother comes in to-morrow to help Aveline with the child, we will say nothing about Vaucouleurs. They might send word to Jacques and Isabel. I will say I go again to Domremy. When you get into the cart they will think you are going home.»

Jeanne heard this proposed deceit without any answering smile of caution.

«I must go, no matter who tries to prevent me. They will forgive you, compère, and they will forgive me when they understand that I was obliged to go.»

«The horse and the cart and I, we will have to stay in Vaucouleurs overnight. Attend, Jehannette,» continued Durand, twitching the lid of one of his pleasant eyes. «I will say that I may have to go even as far as Neufchâteau to-morrow. It is a bad time of the year to travel, and I cannot get back the same night.»

As he laid plans to hoodwink his family, Durand's big finger traced a map on the table, with the villages in their actual position, leaving out the intermediate ones which had nothing to do with the matter: Vaucouleurs first, in the north; then Bury-la-Côte; Domremy farther down the valley of the Meuse; and farthest south of all, Neufchâteau. The cunning expression on the honest man's face made Jeanne laugh. The tears were scarcely dry on her cheeks, but her whole figure was elastic with relief.

«We must tell the truth, compère; I think Aveline and your mother ought to know that we go to Vaucouleurs.»

Durand regarded her attentively, and nodded his head. «Eh, well; if you think it best, I will tell Aveline and my mother. But the next thing to be considered is, where will you stay at night in Vaucouleurs?»

«I have thought about the wife of Henri Royer the wheelwright,» answered Jeanne. «She was my mother's friend when they were both pucelles in Vauthon.»

«Her house will be the place for you. Have you ever seen her?»

«Only once, when she came to Domremy in a new cart, before men-at-arms overran the country. It was before our Catherine died. Aveline and I were not old enough to tend the sheep. She gave us all a good welcome to her house.»

«It will do,» said Durand, with satisfaction;

«and now go to bed, Jehannette, for we must get up early to make this journey.»

Drawing the child's clumsy cradle to its place beside the cupboard bed, Jeanne tucked the little bundle in, and put away the remains of Durand's supper on the shelves of a closet beside the chimney. She then washed the ware which he had used, and set the cup back on the clean table beside the unfinished bottle.

To reach her bed she was obliged to go out of the back door into the garden and enter another room. She went without any light except the abundant splendor of the moon. It was to a fireless best chamber, as chill as the walls of a tomb; but her face laughed in the closing doorway as she bade her kinsman and helper good night.

«Good night, Jehannette,» answered Durand, and he poured out another cup of the thin wine, and leaned over the dying fagots. «Oh, yes; I will tell Aveline and my mother,» he said to himself, rubbing his knee, and grinning; «but I will tell them what I please, and it will not be that I go in the direction of Vaucouleurs. A man ought to have at least one lie on his conscience when he goes to confession. I have recently been too good myself.»

It was not the lie which troubled him most all next day.

VAUCOULEURS,—valley of colors,—built on a hillside above the Meuse, was a walled town, one of the faithful little citadels holding out for the Dauphin Charles. The river-meadows below are wide, and clouds seem always to be leaning on those Vosges hills, which roll in undulating uplands against the sky. The early blue twilight of winter had already begun to blur leafless thickets on the islands and those ribbons and squares of stubble which showed where the valley crops had been and the plowman had not, when Durand Laxart drove his horse between the southern gate-towers. Flakes of stiffened mud fell from the cart-wheels on the small paving-stones of the principal street; dirty water stood chilled in the stone gutters. Vaucouleurs, like other towns, threw its worst out of the front door, and saved its best for the garden at the back. Crooked and winding streets, so narrow that a cart filled them from wall to wall, ascended and descended in every direction. The château of the Captain of Vaucouleurs was up the height, and its battlements and square towers could be seen far down the valley. Jeanne had watched it while horse and cart plodded over stretches of the white mire into which those stony hills dissolve their dust. She still looked upward, half muffling her face in her woolen wrappings, as Durand stopped in an open square and searched for Royer's house.

«They told us at the gate that it faced north—a high, narrow house with a yellow door. There it is,» said he, indicating a door with his whip. He turned the horse's head.

«But I must go first to Messire Robert de Baudricourt,» said Jeanne.

«Not without a bite to eat or a fagot to warm by?»

«I am too warm, compère; I am full of blood. And I cannot eat until Messire de Baudricourt has heard what I have to tell him.»

«Eh, well,» grumbled Durand; «but consider the horse. I say nothing; fasting is good for my soul: but the poor beast has no soul to be benefited, and he needs stable and provender.»

«Then, compère, let me stand here while you stable the horse and take a message to Henri Royer's wife. I cannot speak to any one before I have spoken to Messire de Baudricourt.»

Durand would have descended from the cart, but Jeanne let herself lightly down by the iron step. Then he rattled across the square, and she stood waiting.

Some children in wooden shoes made a great noise in the street as they ran past with a dog. They looked at her, but felt too abashed to say good day to a stranger who did not appear to see them. Few women looked out of the closed windows. Candles began to show.

ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, the Captain of Vaucouleurs, was sitting at his supper when a soldier came in and made salutation. Enjoyment of his fire and cheerful table never relaxed this portly captain of an isolated and dangerous post. The Burgundians were more to be dreaded than the English in his part of the kingdom, but matters were growing so bad that everything was to be dreaded.

«News, my man?» he inquired, with an alert turn of the head.

«There are two peasants at the gate, messire the captain. The woman says she has an urgent message for you.»

«Troopers are probably out over the valley again. Bring her in and let us hear what she has to say.»

He went on hastily with his supper, for arming and saddling might be the very next business. At the sound of wooden shoes he looked up, and saw a bareheaded peasant, abashed

and reluctant, leading into the room a young maid in a bodice and petticoat of the coarse cloth spun and woven in the valley. Her bodice was laced up toward her neck. Baudricourt noticed that her face was white even to the lips. He expected to hear of a house sacked and a family slaughtered.

«Good evening to both,» said the captain; «I hope you bring no evil news.»

«No, messire the captain,» spoke Jeanne; «I bring you good news. St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret have sent me to you.»

Baudricourt wheeled around in his chair. In all his military experience he had never had any dealings with saints. It was his opinion that the beneficent powers, if any existed, had washed their hands of France. There was not a more distressed kingdom on the face of the earth. The very princes of the blood had trampled it in their quarrels. For years a lunatic king and a dissolute queen had represented its government. And now that Charles VI was dead, his heir the dauphin was disinherited by the treaty of Troyes, which bound the queen and the Duke of Burgundy to the party of young Henry of England. Paris was the capital of invaders. The whole realm was desolated by long-continued war. And now Orléans was about to fall into the hands of the enemy.

«Who are you?» inquired Baudricourt, bending his eyebrows at Jeanne. Robert de Baudricourt never seemed a clean-shaven man; he bristled fresh from his toilet.

«I am the maid sent from God.»

«What 's your name?»

«Jeanne d'Arc; but in my country they called me Jehannette.»

«What do you want?»

«I want you, messire, to send me to the Dauphin Charles. I have to raise the siege of Orléans, and take him to be crowned at Rheims.»

«Stuff and nonsense!» roared Baudricourt. «Why do you come to me with such a tale as this? You fellow with her, who are you?»

«I am her cousin, messire the captain.»

«Her relative, are you? Has she no father and mother?»

«Yes, messire the captain.»

«Then take her home to them, and tell them to give her a good whipping. St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret!» repeated Baudricourt, cutting his bread with a blow. «Go home and spin and mind your sheep, and don't come to me with your archangels and saints and coronations! Tell her father and mother to give her a good whipping!»

II.

THE winter air of the courtyard did not cool Durand's burning chagrin at having taken a step which brought a young pucelle to such treatment. The peasants of the Meuse valley had never learned to cringe to a feudal lord, but Robert de Baudricourt represented the king among them. Durand took Jeanne by the elbow to lead her away. Her father's resentment, which had followed him all day, now approached and hung over him. Domremy and Vaucouleurs were almost the extreme boundaries of his world. He was angry; yet nothing kills faith in the unseen like ridicule.

Durand could see the quaking of Jeanne's figure, and hear the indrawing of her breath, as she wept in her wrappings. Twilight lingered here when darkness lay in the lap of the valley. The soldier who had led them into the château could also see her going with bowed head from Baudricourt's abuse. He looked after her with a puzzled smile, but Durand's compassion was like a woman's.

«Come home to Royer's house, pucelle; they are ready to give thee good treatment there. I blame myself for this. Such a thing shall never happen to thee again.»

While he talked at her side, Jeanne turned to the chapel which stood facing Baudricourt's quarters. Durand followed her, his shoes clumping on the flags. He was afraid Baudricourt would send some curt envoy after the maid and hale her out, and was glad that the open door showed little except a dusky interior. But when Jeanne saw there was no light, she turned and followed some steps which led down into a crypt. Durand felt along the wall as he clumsily kept on her track, and descended to a corridor which ended beside an arched door. The crypt chapel had floor and vaulted ceiling of white stone, and he could distinguish small carved faces set like rosettes around the supporting pillars. Walls swam in dimness, but there was a cup of crimson light on the altar between the statues. Jeanne was kneeling before it. That was always her way. Aveline had told him that Jeanne used to leave her playmates dancing by Bermont spring, or listening to some delicious tale like «The Red Children,»—as red as melted iron,—and slip up to Bermont chapel to pray. «And what was there in Bermont chapel?» said Aveline. «Nothing but a painted wooden image of the Virgin and Child, the Child holding a bird in his hand.»

Durand stood by the door and waited until

his charge was ready to rise up and come away. As for himself, he felt more like swearing than praying.

They were both silent as they went down hill; but when they reached the square before Royer's house he suggested:

«We must get up early in the morning to start to Bury-la-Côte.»

«Yes, you go back, compère; Aveline expects you; but I have to stay here until Robert de Baudricourt sends me into France.»

«He will never do it, Jehannette.»

«Yes, he will do it; I must go to him until he does do it.»

«You shall not stay here among strangers, to be railed at by the Captain of Vaucouleurs; that I will not myself allow.»

«Compère, I have to go into France. Robert de Baudricourt will be obliged to send me. St. Catherine and St. Margaret have told me that.»

«Jehannette, come home; I do not know how to face Jacques and Isabel.»

«You must let me be, compère; I cannot turn back.»

Merely walking in her company seemed to infect him again with her visions; every step took him farther from Baudricourt's contempt.

«Royer's wife has a good welcome ready for you; but Jacques d'Arc shall never say I brought his maid here, and left her to shift for herself. I am obliged to go home, but I will come back again in a week.

«Tell my father,» said Jeanne, quickly, «it will be no use to follow me.»

«I shall keep myself out of the way of Jacques d'Arc till this business is settled.»

«But if Aveline sends him word he will surely follow me.»

«I do not think she will send him word, Jehannette. My opinion is,» added Durand, under his breath, «she has no word to send.»

In a week Durand Laxart came back to Vaucouleurs, and found Jeanne spinning by the side of Royer's wife. The shadows were heavier under her eyes, and the oval of her face had grown more wan.

«She is the best pucelle I ever saw,» declared her guardian to Durand, after taking him into another room and setting food before him. «All day she is either spinning with me or on her knees in the chapel.»

«Has she been to messire the captain again?»

«My faith, yes! And I never thought to stand by and hear such railing as he put upon her. But to-day he came down here with the priest and a censer, and they exorcised her for an evil spirit. *Par exemp'!*» cried Royer's wife; «did you ever hear of such a thing as exorcising a child like that for an evil spirit!»

«She is no more under possession than is my baptized infant,» said Durand, with strong disapproval.

«And that messire the curé saw when he bade her approach. She fell on her knees, and went so across the stone floor, and she laughed in their faces, the dear child, at their foolishness.»

«Have you heard whether messire the captain will send her into France?»

«He says he will not, and he will have her punished if she comes up to the château to trouble him again. But my husband has told me a messenger went out several days ago to the dauphin at Chinon, giving information about her, and asking what shall be done with her.»

Durand felt his heart sink, for in every Christian realm the fate of accused sorcerers was the stake.

He did not talk much with Jeanne, but sat and looked at her silently. The week had changed her. She noticed her surroundings less. She was waiting with all her body and spirit. Durand felt hurt that she did not inquire about the baby; all the children in Domremy and Bury-la-Côte used to hang about her petticoat, she took such pleasure in them.

Next morning he walked the streets of Vaucouleurs instead of going to chat in Royer's shop. Vaucouleurs was his great capital. He never expected to see anything finer. The gray-tiled roofs were more venerable to him here than the same kind of roofs in Bury-la-Côte. There was a white glare from the white soil which smote on the eyes even when the sun did not shine out. Beyond the western wall he could see the Meuse in its meadows, and then the long ridge beyond, bearing up sear vineyards which in a month would begin to quicken with vines.

On the terrace of street where Durand clumped aimlessly along some public theme fermented. The air had a mild and springlike touch, and people came out of their houses. He saw through an open window half a dozen or more maids sitting close together with their little wheels, and caught the names St. Catherine and St. Margaret.

He saw two women with children in their arms meet on a corner, and nod white caps, as one of them pointed toward Royer's house.

The street was choked with huge wagons woven of unpeeled boughs into the shape of enormous baskets, oblong and rounded,

heaped with charred sticks. Three horses with bells on their high yokes were hitched in a line before each load. The charcoal-burners were bringing in the product of their labor, thankful to be within closed gates, safe from wanton despoiling. They marched bare-headed beside their horses, cracking their whips, each with a black smock over his woolens descending almost to his wooden shoes. The first man encountered a group in mid-street that the touch of a horse's nose did not scatter. He shouted warning, but the foremost horse was willing to halt, and yoke after yoke ceased swaying and filling the narrow track with melody. The drivers all came up open-mouthed when they had rested a few minutes; for the talk was about raising the siege of Orléans, and taking the dauphin to be crowned at Rheims, and a maid who wanted to be sent into France.

«She says she must go,» declared a mercer, who had his shears hanging to his neck by a cord. He also was smocked for his labor behind the counter. «I never heard anything so strange as a young pucelle wanting to leave her family to go where there is so much bloodshed.»

«There will be more bloodshed, and one will not have to go far to see it,» said a man who carried a quill behind his ear, and wore instead of the blouse or smock a short, close garment called a hardy-coat, buttoned its entire length in front. «If the dauphin could get soldiers from Scotland, what port is there open to land them in?» He moved his large, light eyes from face to face.

«What pucelle wants to leave her family and go into France?» inquired one of the charcoal-burners.

«It is a young pucelle from Domremy,» answered a baker, pushing his white cap awry with the back of his hand. «The women in Vaucouleurs say there is nothing to be spoken against her. She pays no attention to anything but her prayers and her spinning. She wants Messire de Baudricourt to send her to the dauphin.»

«Is there not an old saying,» asked the charcoal-burner, «that a maid from the march of Lorraine is to save France?»

The men all turned as if surprised by an echo. The old saying had been many times repeated that week in Vaucouleurs. The man in the hardy-coat took the quill from behind his ear, and poised it as if about to write his words on the faces of the others. He was a distinguished person: he could both read and write. Writing legal papers was his business; and though among nobles his calling was despised, it gave him some authority in a remote place like Vaucouleurs. «I believe she is the maid. It will be as little as the town of Vaucouleurs can do to fit her out for the journey.»

«*En nom Dé!*» exclaimed a smith, «if the saints send her into France, let her go! Here is the fist that will shoe her horse free of charge.»

«It is Messire de Baudricourt who will decide that,» said the mercer; «but I have good gray Flemish cloth on my shelves.»

«There she goes to the chapel crypt again to pray,» said the baker. Dough stuck to the nail of his pointing finger. «They let her in at the fortress gate for that. She goes three times every day.»

They all stood silent, watching Jeanne ascend a flight of stone stairs to the winding track by which the château was reached. Her shrinking, muffled figure had already taken on for them a kind of religious sanctity.

As she turned the wall she came face to face with a middle-aged knight. He wore no armor except a heart-shaped cuirass or breast-plate buckled with leather straps over the front of his close-fitting habit; a sword hung from his belt. Jeanne held her woolen covering by one hand under her chin; not a bit of her hair showed. The face, with its clear eyebrows and delicate, round-lipped mouth, was so sweet and determined that if he had not taken up its cause before he must have been moved to do so now.

«Pardon, pucelle,» said the knight. He put his hand on his cap. «I am Jean de Metz, seignior of Novelopont, one of Captain de Baudricourt's officers. I know why you are here, and I would willingly help you.»

«Messire, everybody in Vaucouleurs knows why I am here. I am waiting for Robert de Baudricourt to send me into France. I must reach the dauphin before Easter, if I wear off my legs to my knees.»

Her low voice stirred De Metz like a call to arms. He stood looking at her with his cap off. His hair, betwixt black and gray in color, was cut straight around below his ears, and being of a strong growth, flared outward. The dazzling light of the uplands printed benevolent wrinkles about his eyes. His chin stood forward even when he lowered it toward his breast, and it gave force to his smile and words.

«Pucelle, I will, on my own venture, take you to the dauphin. Messire the captain will not forbid that.»

«Messire de Metz, I thank you for your good will; but I must be sent from the gov-

ernor of my own country. Bitterly have I learned that. My counsel have bid me to wait.»

«And who are your counsel?»

«St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret.»

«Do you hear their actual voices, pucelle?»

«Yes, many, many times. But it is when the church bells ring that they speak to me clearest.»

«But how can you hear voices through a clamor of bells?»

The reticence of one whose dearest secret is touched appeared in Jeanne's face. Her eyes pitied him for not understanding.

«The voices are clearest then,» she repeated. «They often come among Christians who do not hear or see them.»

De Metz had never served in the dissolute rabble of Southern soldiers and mercenaries. He thought it was his own softness which melted before her. Yet he realized all the enormous force carried by a person with one idea.

«When you go to the dauphin,» he offered, «I will be your knight, and commander of your party.»

«Messire knight, you have given me comfort; but I have no comfort to send to Robert de Baudricourt. Tell him that my counsel has told me this day the French have suffered a defeat near Orléans, and it might have been prevented. And worse will come unless I am allowed to do what I am sent to do.»

She made him a peasant's reverence, and went on up the hill; and he went down, resting his left hand on his sword-hilt, and staring at the stony soil. The walls made a sheltered reservoir in which air settled warm from the sun.

De Metz passed the staircase which Jeanne had ascended, and winding on, he came to a narrow turn between houses. A young man whom the knight did not know stepped before him there. The young man pulled off his cap. If he had not been well dressed in a close hardy-coat belted around his hips, and the same kind of long cloth trunk-hose and leather shoes as De Metz himself wore, the knight might have taken him for a bold footpad. Yet at second glance he had a handsome young face. He was well made and he was blue-eyed, an unusual thing in rugged Lorraine.

«Messire, I want to speak a word with you,» said the young man.

«Speak,» responded De Metz. He was at first not inclined to stop, but he did stop.

«Messire, I know you to be the knight of Novelopont. I am a free-born man. My father has a holding of land in Neufchâteau. Before my time we were better than innkeepers. My name is Bertrand de Poulengy. You were talking yonder with a young pucelle.»

De Metz glanced backward as if the shadows of Jeanne and himself were still standing by the wall.

«Do you know her?» he inquired. «I thought she was from Domremy village, not Neufchâteau.»

«She is from Domremy village, messire. I am going to tell you the truth. I was a fool. When the raiders came two years ago, and the people were driven from Domremy to Neufchâteau, her family lodged with us. You may not know it, messire the knight, but there is no one like her in the world. She helped my mother when we were thronged, and she was so humble and so kind that even before they went home again I began to think I should die if I could not get her. But we were both young, and my father obliged me to wait awhile before he made the proposals. Messire, her family were willing, but she would not marry at all.» He hung down his head.

«Never mind, my lad; never mind. There are plenty of maids for wives in the world. This one has set her heart on other things.»

«That is not it, messire. I was like a crazy man. Some said she was so timid and modest that if I took oath she had given me her promise she would not dare deny it, and everything would go well after we were once married. I thought about it day and night. Then I went to her mother, and her mother was so terrified by the pucelle's talk about going into France that we both thought such a sin might be forgiven. So I went to Toul and took oath before a magistrate.»

«My faith, you were a persistent man,» said De Metz, with contempt.

«Yes, you will find me that,» answered Bertrand, lifting his head. «Messire, she went to Toul herself, and on her oath denied it. It was a hard thing for a young pucelle to do. I put that mortification upon her. There is no excuse for me. I was a fool to think I could get her. Messire, I want to be her squire or servant if she is sent to Chinon to the dauphin.»

«Do you think a man who has perjured himself is a fit man to be squire and servant to a good maid?»

The boy's appealing eyes took all the sternness out of De Metz's question.

«Messire, if you had ever been—that way, you would not judge me at my worst.»

«But if you were in her party you

might grow worse—that way,» suggested the knight.

«I can never think again, messire, that if she would take a husband she would ever look at me. But even my father and mother understand I have to go to the wars. You are older than I am, messire, and perhaps you have wife and children?»

«No, I have none,» said Jean de Metz.

«I have taken another oath,» said Bertrand, «and this oath is a true one. I will follow her if she goes to the wars, and take all the care of her that a man may. She is more than wife and children and friends and home to me. Messire, she is religion to me now.»

Though De Metz's experience extended little further than Bertrand's, he dimly recognized the cry of that age in the boy's declaration. It was the exalting of a virgin, chivalry and religion strangely met. Political divisions had resulted from it. Dominican friars, who opposed the dogma of the immaculate conception, had been expelled from the court of the late king; while Franciscans, who zealously upheld the dogma, became identified with the loyal party. The Duke of Burgundy protected the Dominicans, and they turned with him to the English cause.

«I will do this much, my lad,» said De Metz; «I will recommend you to messire the captain. But a man makes his own reputation in arms. Have you a horse?»

«Yes; I came here on a horse of my own. My father gave me enough to fit me out. There is no other child at home.»

«That is hard for your father and mother.»

«But they were willing to let me go.»

«Did you hear of the maid so far down the valley?»

«No; I did not know she was here until I came to Vaucouleurs. But her family have been afraid for two years that she would go into France.»

THE news was spreading, however, as far down the valley as Domremy. Durand Laxart's wife got down from a cart, and took her child from the hands of the neighbor who had given her the lift. Her uncle, Jacques d'Arc, came from the fagot-stack to meet her. He had gentle, dark eyes and a face of lovable keenness. The winter day was so mild that he had been at work bareheaded, and his yellow-ivory skin showed hundreds of little cross-lines enmeshing his small mouth, which was like his daughter's, with a sweet and wistful expression. This look changed to apprehension as he carried Aveline's baby in.

The house was a shed-shaped stone cottage with the roof sloping from a height on one side half-way to the ground on the other. At one corner of the low side Jeanne's little window looked directly at the church. Aveline noticed the church while she followed her uncle. The door was partly charred, and there were patches in the roof. A new low tower replaced the high square tower which had been there before the Burgundians swept the valley.

Aveline's small forehead was drawn with puzzled anxiety, and it tightened as Jacques d'Arc inquired:

«But where is Jehannette?»

She hurried before him into the house, and looked about as if she must find the answer there. The earthen floor and the stone mantel were white. There was a wrought-iron plate to keep the back of the fireplace from crumbling with heat, and it glowed rosy behind the fagots. Isabel Romée's andirons, which were her pride and inheritance,—three feet high, with cups at the top for brewing posset, and hooks in front for bars,—held the fagots in place and some meat suspended from a bar roasting for dinner. The father had watched Jeanne's head rise year by year and overtop these andirons. He remembered more than one night when she had slept on the floor before the great guardians of the hearth, giving up the daughter's chamber to refugees made houseless by raiders. With the self-control of habit, he stooped and turned the meat before laying Aveline's precious bundle in her arms.

«Here is your child; now where is mine?»

«My uncle Jacques, is Jehannette not here at all?» persisted Aveline, turning her head like a hen.

«How could she be here and also in Bury-la-Côte? We lent her to you,» accused Jacques.

«Did not my husband bring her home more than a week ago?»

«She has not been seen in this house since she went to nurse you.»

Aveline began to cry.

«Then it is true that Durand Laxart went to Vaucouleurs the first time as well as the second time. I heard them talking about Vaucouleurs while I was asleep, but he told me he was going to Neufchâteau and would bring Jehannette home. She herself told me nothing. I thought she wanted to see her mother.»

Jacques set his hands in his thin hair. His face bleached while she spoke, nostrils and jaw-lines showing for a moment as in a death's-head.

«My child has gone into France! Durand Laxart has taken my child to Vaucouleurs, and let her go into France!»

He flung the door open, and ran toward the Meuse, his wisp-like legs threatening to snap with the weight of his wooden shoes. Aveline, rolling in her short petticoat, ran after him, holding the baby, and making audible noises as her tears increased and her breath shortened.

The ice was gone from the edges of the Meuse, and a practised eye might note reviving life in the flat islands. Near the bridge was a deep pool, and two women had set their box-shaped washing-tables, open at one side, in the water's edge, and were kneeling at their labor. The sound of their paddles could be heard along the valley, as they beat and turned and dipped and beat again the coarse, dark woolens of their families. One was a large-framed woman; she wore a white cap on her auburn-and-gray head. The other was a girl, and though the winter sun shone directly in her face, she kneeled bareheaded. She had a countenance which seemed to shine with rapturous contentment, and impressed the beholder as purely blonde. It was afterward a surprise to see that her hair was black and her skin really dark, and that it was only a whiteness of expression.

«How do you get along, Mengette?» inquired the woman.

«It is nearly clean now. I wish I could put Choux in the river and wash him.»

«He grows fouler as he grows older,» remarked the woman. «This water, is it not cold for thee?»

«No colder for me than for you, godmother Romée,» answered the girl. A woman kept her own name in marriage, and the wife of Jacques d'Arc was always called Isabel Romée of Vauthon.

«But I am hardy. I can cleanse woolens at the river when most other women keep the house. I would rather spread garments on the bushes when snow flies than have them lying foul.»

They heard a cart rolling over the bridge, and looked up. It was a stranger's head passing along the parapet. Cart-wheels were not so startling as the sudden clatter of horsemen. Every villager lived ready to seize his goods and drive his flocks for safety up in the hills.

«That was Jehannette's way also,» said Mengette; «we have had many a good time bleaching clothes together at the river. Her cousin keeps her too long, godmother. Why don't you command her home again?»

«We foolishly promised Durand; but I am going to-morrow to see her myself.»

«Are you going in the cart?»

«No; the lads must get more fagots in while this weather holds good. I am going by the hill path.»

«Then let me go with you, godmother. I can set Choux's dinner for him on the table, and we can reach home by twilight.»

«It will be very good to have you,» said Isabel, and their paddles brought echoes from the hills opposite.

«I will tell Aveline that when her little maid grows up she will find how hard it is to lend her and doubly lend her out of the house. Jehannette must come home with us; it will not do any longer.»

She heard a noise in the alluvial hollow, and turned, to face Aveline and Jacques and the calamity.

Isabel struggled to her feet.

«Where is Jehannette?» she demanded.

«I am going to Vaucouleurs,» answered Jacques.

Isabel flew at her husband, and caught his wrists, falling on her knees. She begged him not to tell her that her child was gone. Her bare red arms and hands, and her face burned by many a day in the fields, lost their strength in a moment, and hung on the slighter man. Jacques held her against him as she kneeled, hushing her cries, and straightening her cap, while he formed his lips piteously for an ungiven kiss.

«I am going to Vaucouleurs,» he repeated; «I am going to saddle the horse. Pierre and Jacquemine will stay here with thee.»

«Oh, Aveline, it is not true that my child has gone into France! You have not let her poison our old age and kill us! We lent her to you in a time of need. Give me back my Jehannette!»

Aveline, suffering for her husband's act, hid her face from Isabel, and mourned aloud. Mengette helped Isabel to stand up, and supported her on one side. That serene look which had made Mengette Jeanne's favorite did not pass from her face with the dripping of tears. The quick and helpful little creature put her nervous strength to the mother's sagging body, and when the wretched procession was in the house Mengette returned to finish the clothes and carry them away to spread. The blow was heavy upon her. Mengette had not much in the world which she could afford to lose. She was a step-child of fortune, but she had always cheated the sour dame by her own temperament, and got the best out of everything.

Jeanne had slept with her in her own bed, and she looked back now at their simple talks about life and religion and angels. Neither girl knew that maids usually talked more about men than about angels. It made Mengette very comfortable to be with Jeanne. But lately she knew her friend had gone beyond her. She could not understand herself how any maid could feel impelled toward war; and as to being spoken to by saints, Mengette prayed that such a thing might never happen to her. She could take care of the house and her geese, and sew and spin, and tend Choux as long as it pleased Heaven to let him last; but if a saint had spoken to her out of the clouds she must have died of fright.

Jacques d'Arc was on his horse galloping to Vaucouleurs, and Isabel lay prostrate in the cupboard bed, with Aveline to wait on her. The lonely little worker kept to her double task at the river. At noon it was growing colder, and her heart was heavy. The pleasure of washing in the villages was in the meeting of many women, and chattering and laughter and news-telling between the thump, thump of the clothes-beater.

When everything was wrung out she piled the large pannier up until it towered over her head, then she lifted it to her back, thrusting her arms into the plaited handles. Mengette was obliged to steady herself carefully to keep from tipping backward. As she turned her face to the ascent she saw Jeanne's two brothers coming over the bridge with a cart-load of fagots. Oxen drew the cart, moving almost silently between parapets where it was impossible to run aside or rebel against the head-yoke. The labors which belonged to other seasons were done then as men had opportunity to do them. Sowing and reaping, tying up vines, burning charcoal, and bringing in fuel, had not the old regularity. Though the valley of the Meuse was remote from the track of the invaders, it was the direct route between the two portions of Burgundy. And there were armed bands gathering in all parts of the kingdom, mercenaries who had shaken off military service and really taken to the trade of robbers. Some of them yet wore the badge of the Armagnacs, as the dauphin's party was called, and others wore the badge of the English. These wolves of war penetrated everywhere. What Domremy had suffered from the Burgundians was never forgotten.

Pierre walked ahead of Jacquemine, cracking the whip. It was always Pierre and Jacquemine, never Jacquemine and Pierre, though Jacquemine was the eldest of the family. Jean, the second brother, was already married and settled in his mother's house at Vauthon. He seemed no longer to be of the family, for his wife's people had absorbed him; Pierre and Jacquemine were the sons at home. Pierre was a large fellow with rich, dark, rosy color, and gray eyes that laughed inside their black lashes. He held his head back, and his cap usually slipped to one side upon it. The girls in Domremy liked him, but he was fonder of his sister than of any of them. He was two years older than Jeanne, and Jacquemine was four years older than he was. Yet he could lift Jacquemine up by the girdle and smock; and though Mengette had little to complain of in the world, it disturbed her to have Pierre do this. The helpless, wrathful look on Jacquemine's face as he struck and kicked against the indignity aroused her. Jacquemine had always come to her to talk about his troubles, which consisted of slights put upon him. There seemed to be too little of his darkly freckled, sandy, and wizened person. He wept as easily as a girl, and this wrung Mengette's heart and first attracted her protection. A betrothal had been arranged between them by the two families before her father and mother died, but it was understood that they were not to marry while Choux lived. They would not have enough to support a family with Choux also to provide for, though by themselves they might be fairly prosperous. Jacquemine's father was to give him a field and some cattle. Mengette had a house and garden and a flock of geese. She herded the geese herself, and exchanged their feathers for wool; and being a thrifty maid, gathered her own fagots,—for Choux would not work,—and weeded and tied vines in vineyards whenever the chance offered. Besides, Mengette had the caps and petticoats her mother wore, waiting in a chest until she should need them. She had carried them with her when the villagers fled to Neufchâteau from the Burgundians.

Jacquemine sulked across the bridge without seeing her until Pierre called down a good day. She made a sign for them to halt, and ascended with her load, dreading to speak her news, yet obliged to spare Isabel. The oxen swayed to one side, the foremost one running obstinately down the bank. Pierre had some trouble to bring them to a stand beside a wall without upsetting the load. Jacquemine waited at the end of the bridge until Mengette struggled up to him. He did not reach down his hand to her as

Pierre would have done: for Pierre was always quick to notice when a pannier was heavy, and to help a maid, especially his sister and Mengette; but Jacquemine seldom noticed anything except his own feelings. He was the kind of man that women wait on; masculine strength was not expected in him.

Jacquemine was stung because she rested the bottom of the pannier on the parapet and waited until Pierre came back. If Mengette had anything to say, he was the person to say it to. This individual resentment entered his grief when he heard the news.

«I always knew Jehannette would disgrace the family,» he exclaimed, coloring darkly; «if you do not want to marry me after this, Mengette, I shall say nothing.»

«She has not disgraced the family,» retorted Mengette, with heat. «She is better than I am. You ought to be ashamed of saying she has disgraced the family.»

Jacquemine's eyes filled with tears. «You can take her part against me if you want to.» And he turned his back and sobbed. Mengette herself wept again, understanding and pardoning his misery. But Pierre stood without a sound. He did not hear them, or Mengette knew he would have shaken Jacquemine over the parapet. Rings of dark hair had been formed about his forehead by the heat of walking. He held the whip across his shoulder, and stood stunned, taking the news into his mind. The long stretch of road and meadow and hill rising toward Neufchâteau was behind him. The January sky was soft and gray with gathering clouds. One could hear the wind begin to sing up in the leafless oak woods where Jeanne used to run about with him.

He spoke out huskily:

«Does anybody know that she has yet gone into France?»

«No; but it is certain she has gone as far as Vaucouleurs. Aveline says Durand Laxart is in Vaucouleurs now; and she heard them talking about it. Your father is already on the road,» repeated Mengette.

«I am going with my sister,» determined Pierre.

The habit of his life was first to assert itself. From the time Jeanne was old enough to run in the fields, Pierre had run after her and let her dictate the course.

«Your father told your mother that Jacquemine and you would stay with her.»

«Jacquemine can stay, but I am going with my sister.»

«Go, go!» said Jacquemine, showing an indignant face over his shoulder in the act of wiping it with his sleeve. «By the time all the family have run off but me, my father and mother will find who is really a child to them.»

«But, Pierre,» pleaded Mengette, «godmother Romée is struck down in her bed. If you go now it may be the death of her. She said to Aveline, ‹You have let my child poison our old age and kill us.›»

«Go, Pierre!» repeated Jacquemine, fiercely; «I can do all the heavy labor, and take care of the family and the cattle in case the Burgundians come again. Run after the Armagnacs, you and Jehannette.»

«We will,» responded Pierre.

«But wait, Pierrelo, until your father comes back,» still pleaded Mengette; «he may find her and bring her home.»

«He will not find her; he should have sent me.»

«Yes; he should have sent big Pierre,» venomously hissed Jacquemine.

He snatched the whip, and ran clattering on to start the oxen. They were not used to his guidance, and swayed in a zigzag course from wall to wall, while he cracked the whip and let his trouble out in noisy abuse of them. Mengette lifted her pannier and trudged directly after him. She was a pucelle of spirit, but Jacquemine's rages always woke her motherly compassion, like the helpless suffering of a child. She felt it necessary to quiet him before he went into the house and increased the disapproval which he had long resented there.

Pierre sat down on the parapet of the bridge and stared at the washing-place, where open-sided box-tables and paddles yet remained. The Meuse curled about its islands and rippled among the naked bushes. He was not sure that it was a calamity which had fallen on the family, but it was certainly a grief. To be entirely separated from his sister was out of nature and not to be endured. He had a vague and careless knowledge of Jeanne's visions and of what she intended to do if she went into France. Pierre was not spiritual-minded. He had almost to be flogged to his prayers when he was younger. He enjoyed the world; but more than everything else he enjoyed loving. Jeanne would draw him after her as certainly as the bell-sheep drew the flock. But when he had thought awhile he decided not to set out on foot along the hills to Vaucouleurs without seeing his mother, as he would be obliged to do if he went at once. He would not forsake his mother while she lay prostrated by the loss

of Jeanne. But he had a conviction that his father would never bring Jeanne back.

And when Jacques d'Arc reached Vaucouleurs he did not find his daughter. He was the last man to enter the gates that night, haggard and splashed with hard riding; but a strange experience met him there. He had scarcely mentioned the maid he was seeking when a lantern was lifted by a passer-by, and men came together in a bunch like bees to hum about her. She was as well known in Vaucouleurs as the captain there. They escorted him like a guard of honor to Royer's house.

«Here is the father of the maid,» they said to Royer's wife, when they had struck on the door and she opened it. «We have told him that she has gone to Nancy with her cousin and the knight of Novelopont, being sent for by the sick Duke of Lorraine.»

Jacques leaned his head on his hands and listened to Royer's wife when he was in the house. It was plain that the people in this part of the country believed Jeanne ought to go into France.

«But she shall come home,» said Jacques, feeling the tightness at his heart relax, since she was gone in the opposite direction, and he might yet intercept her. «She is my little maid. As to raising sieges and crowning the dauphin, we have a hearth for her in Domremy, and she was always contented there until these troubles grew so bad. Her mother is struck down in bed on account of her. If the saints send her into France, I will say the saints have little regard for family ties. We have no other maid: our Catherine is dead. From the time Jehannette could clip her little hand around one of my fingers, she would toddle at one of my legs and Pierrelo at the other. I say she shall not go; and she was always obedient. What! would I let my innocent child go among men-at-arms, and be spoken to by any vile follower of the camp? I would kill her before she should suffer such things.»

He waited several days in Vaucouleurs, wrenched from his accustomed places, and divided between Jeanne and Isabel. The journey was an education to a peasant who had never stirred before, except from his native village to Domremy, and afterward to Neufchâteau. He felt the pulse of the world, and realized the growth of his child. But he was more than ever determined not to give her up; and when the strain of his absence grew unendurable, he saddled his horse in haste, and said to Royer's wife:

«I am going back to Isabel, and Pierre will come in my place. Tell Jehannette I command her home with her brother. Tell her that I forbid her to go into France. The curse of the disobedient will fall on her if she goes. My maid is a good maid, and I blame the people of Vaucouleurs for encouraging her in this strange desire. Her innocent dreams about angels and saints, what would they avail her among bloody men-at-arms? Her place is at home with her mother and me.»

But before Pierre reached Vaucouleurs the dauphin's messenger from Chinon had galloped in, and Jeanne had gone.

Jacques's horse fell lame. He led it and walked, stumping among the stones in his sabots, and reaching Bury-la-Côte late in the night. There he slept in the house of Aveline's mother, and borrowed another horse. But the delay made Pierre too late.

It was a poor, powerless maid who threw herself across a bench and cried aloud on her knees when she returned from Nancy, and was told that her father had been seeking her, and the messenger from Chinon was already there.

«Oh, my father, my dear father! How can I endure not to see my father and mother and Pierrelo again! But I must go—I must go!»

Jeanne ran from the house up the stone stairs leading to the chapel crypt. It was her last heartbreak before the altar, weeping to be sent, and weeping because she must be sent.

There was excitement both in the château and the town. Nobody in Vaucouleurs except Baudricourt had doubted that the dauphin would send for the maid. Candles burned all night in the shop where her outfit was finished, and the people of Vaucouleurs, who bore the expense of it, looked in crowds at the busy workmen as a public spectacle.

«The maid is to ride forth in man's apparel,» said women to one another, in consternation. «She says she has been counseled so to do. Is that decent?»

«I call it decent myself,» decided a dame in authority. «What would she do with petticoats astride of a horse, riding a hundred and fifty leagues, and having no woman of her party? Even messire the captain had nothing to say against it when she begged for the habit of a man.»

«Messire de Baudricourt has changed his opinion of her since the dauphin's messenger came in with news of the defeat near Orléans.»

«Yes; they say the maid knew it, and sent him word the very day the battle was fought.»

In Vaucouleurs Jeanne was the maid who out of the march of Lorraine was to deliver

France. She was to have a knight and a squire, two common soldiers as their servants, an archer, and the dauphin's messenger, as her escort. Durand Laxart himself pledged payment for a horse. It would be a hard ride to Chinon—from this northeast corner of the ancient realm a hundred and fifty leagues diagonally southwestward across France. The party would have to avoid cities held by the English, and slip between marauding bands. They had five large rivers to cross. Wherever they dared use the old Roman roads good speed could be made; but much of the journey lay across trackless spaces full of the dangers of war.

It was the first Sunday in Lent, and people flocked to the château early in the morning to see her start. The maid had been brought there by Royer's wife and other women, to be dressed for her undertaking.

Every citizen of Vaucouleurs raised his cap in the air and cheered as she came out into the court, a supple, easily moving creature with a radiant face, in the suit of a man-at-arms, the jacket and tunic of gray cloth, the cuirass of leather thongs. Her long hose, cut and shaped from the cloth, were laced over her body-garment, and strong leather shoes were on her feet. The women had cut her hair off about her ears, and put the cap of a man-at-arms on her head.

The horses were standing ready. The men of her party waited her mounting. There was nothing male about her. Though she looked smaller than in her maid's dress, no person said to another, «She is like a boy.» She was simply the maid dressed to ride like a man.

«What have you there, pucelle?» inquired Baudricourt, meeting her, and taking her packet to fasten behind the saddle.

«My red peasant dress, messire the captain.»

«What would you do with your peasant dress on a journey to court?»

«Unfold it and look at it sometimes, messire. I love what I wore in my home.»

«Let come what may come of this,» said Baudricourt, «Heaven knows I don't understand these things, or how you should be able to tell me there was a battle over some herrings and camp supplies near Orléans the very day it was fought. But go your ways, pucelle, my friend; it is no longer my affair.»

«Good-by, messire the captain; have no fear for me. I shall be taken care of.»

«If you be not, God he knoweth it will be through no fault of mine; for every man in this party hath sworn an oath to me to deliver you safely to the dauphin.»

Jeanne laughed as she put her hand on the bridle. Her squire knelt to take her foot and lift her into the saddle.

«I am a peasant,» she said; «I do not know anything about mounting as grand dames mount. Let me find a block of stone.» Then she looked at the squire with sudden scrutiny.

«Not this man, messire the captain. Has this man also taken oath?»

«I have,» the young man answered, on his knees; «and this oath is a true one, maid of France.»

Jeanne believed him. She had no grudge against Bertrand de Poulengy. Her open, bright look accepted at once his atonement and their new relations. She mounted the horse from the château steps. Her eyes moved gratefully from face to face in the crowd. She lifted her cap; her forehead was white in the sun, a girl's smooth forehead, with the hair blowing back from it. Men and women felt their hearts swell. This tender young being was going out to fight for them. It was the strangest thing that had ever happened. For a hundred years France had given her sons to war, but now a daughter was demanded—a maid was necessary for sacrifice. Jeanne leaned down and grasped hand after hand. Women kissed her fingers, which had not yet touched anything more deadly than needle or spindle. She was their dear child, whom they were themselves giving up.

«Good-by,» said Jeanne, looking into her cousin Durand's faithful face; «I am glad you christened the baby Catherine. Give my love to them all—my father, my mother, my Pierrelo—»

She touched the spurs to her horse, and the party rode out through the gate, which is called to this day the Gate of France.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAITS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

PORTRAIT OF JEANNE D'ARC WITH HALO, IN MANUSCRIPT OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY. BRAUN PHOTOGRAPH.

Notes of "plein chant" on the reverse of the above.

TWO interesting miniature portraits of Jeanne d'Arc have recently come to light in Alsace. They are in the collection of M. Georges Spetz of Isenheim, to whom THE CENTURY is indebted for permission to reproduce them in black and white. M. Spetz informs us that the two portraits have been cut out of manuscripts which are said to have been found in Italy, but which are certainly French. He at first thought that the artist was of Lorraine, but his researches since have led him to relinquish this attribution, while he holds to the theory that the type of face is that of Lorraine.

The first of these miniatures is painted upon parchment, and ornaments an initial letter of an antiphon of the fifteenth century. The head of the maid is surrounded by a saint's halo. On this point M. Spetz says in a letter to the Editor: «The artist certainly

[1] This is the only periodical publication of them permitted by M. Spetz, except in the «Notes d'Art et d'Archéologie» issued by the Société de Saint Jean in Paris.

painted this picture after the trial of rehabilitation; and there exist contemporaneous pictures which similarly represent her, proving that already in the fifteenth century she was considered a saint.» The long hair is not peculiar to this portrait. The heroine's locks were cut short during her martial career, but

PORTRAIT OF JEANNE D'ARC IN HELMET, IN MANUSCRIPT OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY. BRAUN PHOTOGRAPH.

this and some other early representations dignify her with the long hair belonging to the woman, to the virgin.

On the back of this initial letter and portrait appear some notes of sacred music («plein chant»), which are reproduced here at the beginning of the article.

The second portrait is from a fifteenth-century manuscript recounting the history of Jeanne d'Arc. Upon the back the parchment has been mutilated, but the following words in Gothic characters are legible:

ins de hardiment . . .
gloire de France . . .
dez hardiz côbatant . . .

Here the hair is short and the head is inclosed in a helmet.

With regard to the coloring of these paintings, M. Spetz informs us as follows: «According to tradition, Jeanne d'Arc was a brunette; the hair is a dark blond (‹blond foncé›) in the miniatures. The blue eyes in the portrait which has the halo are those of one who sees visions.» He says that the miniatures are evidently not portraits from life, but that they have the great value of being contemporaneous or of belonging to a time when the memory of her was still fresh. M. Spetz adds: «The Baron de Braun, of the collateral line of descent of Jeanne d'Arc, who knows all the iconographic documents which have appeared, writes to me that these miniatures recall none of the types of the maid, and that he knows no picture of the great heroine having so much character and approaching so near his own idea of Jeanne d'Arc.»

The Editor.

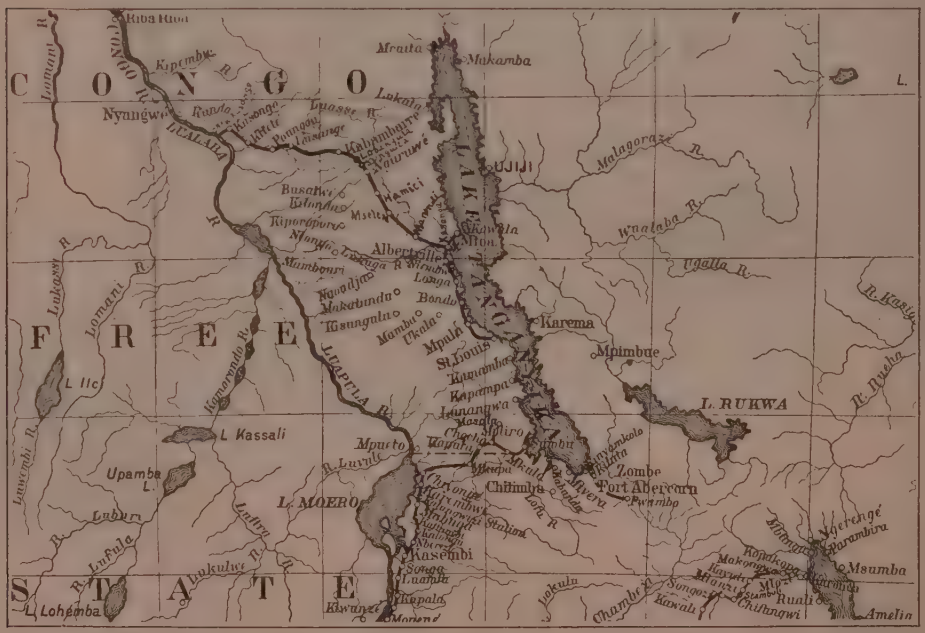
NEW CONDITIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION BETWEEN LAKE TANGANYIKA AND THE CONGO.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

LAKE TANGANYIKA, September 19, 1894. Reached Kinyamkolo, the London Missionary Society's station, a splendidly situated place. The natives are not coddled by the missionaries, but are taught to work and are kept busy. At present the staff is the Rev. Mr. Thomas, in charge, and Mr. A. Purvis and wife; besides, there are Mr. Hemans and wife, colored missionaries from Jamaica, he being a school-teacher. The educated blacks have not been found to be so successful as white men. Instinctively the natives acknowledge a white's authority, but they have not the same respect for a black, unless his unusual intelligence and learning are backed up by physical force. What a difference the presence of a white woman makes to a household in Africa! Her presence checks a white man's tendency to become brutal. With barbarous surroundings even the mildest character often becomes brutal. This is pardonable, as, living among the African natives, there is never anything to suggest the finer feelings, gratitude, pity, mercy, charity being unknown to them. You may aid a native even to the extent of saving his life; he takes it as a matter of course, even though you are put to expense and trouble. He expects the winds to be favorable, rain to fall at the proper season to refresh the crops, game to be abundant and not dangerous, and in war to suffer no losses. When the smooth run of his life is checked by accident or misfortune, the blame is placed on evil spirits.

About one thousand people are settled within the stockade. During the last few years the general health has much improved; a few years ago there was so much sickness and so many deaths that the home society thought of abandoning the station. There seems to be a good deal of jealousy in the mission; in fact, throughout this land one



MAP OF GLAVE'S JOURNEY IN THE TANGANYIKA REGION.

VIEW IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF FWAMBO, A SECTION OF THE VILLAGE STOCKADE IN THE REAR.

hears one missionary speak of another in anything but brotherly terms. The one feeling of Christian fellowship, of disregarding one another's small faults, is very noticeable among the Catholic missionaries, who in times gone by have purchased hundreds of homeless little slave boys and girls; these have been brought up in the Catholic faith, knowing no other, and knowing no friends save their masters, the white fathers.

September 21. I left Kituta early this morning, and after four hours' marching reached Fort Abercorn, a sturdy stockaded little place with houses built of white clay from the ant-hills. Locusts are hovering about in tremendous swarms, and during the coming season they are expected to play havoc with the new crops. Leaving Abercorn, I marched for three hours to Fwambo. When Stanley visited the south end of Tanganyika the rocky mountains came down to the water's edge; but now the waters in the lake have diminished, and large flats stretch out half a mile from the foot of the mountains. I am assured by careful observers that, although the lake is gradually receding generally, there are places where the waters are gaining on the land, suggesting a local sinking.

About fourteen thousand people are gathered within the palisades of the Fwambo mission. All of the boys and girls must go to school, and many make rapid progress. I saw one youngster, not more than seven, who wrote a splendid hand, and another, ten or eleven, did some difficult sums. Mr. Alexander Carson, in charge of the mission, believes thoroughly in the industrial cultivation of the African, and in sufficient Christianity to come within the grip of their understanding. There is a good carpenter-shop, well stocked with tools, where boys make chairs, tables, etc. There are native iron-foundries in the immediate neighborhood; iron is smelted in native furnaces, and the mission employees shape out very cleverly large nails, bolts, screws, hinges, catches, and latches. Brick-making also is successfully carried on.

Some time ago Rumaliza showed Mr. Swann a piece of quartz bearing free gold, and said he knew where there was plenty on the east shores of Tanganyika. I have seen none, although I have seen plenty of good quartz. There is any amount of iron, which is easily worked by the natives. Coffee is the best means of developing the land. Good peat is said to have been found at Kinyamkolo, also an excellent fiber for rope. Cattle thrive on the Tanganyika plateau. The land must be developed by whites and blacks in company.

The natives want cloth; they are ashamed to wear bark cloth. Once natives have been in the employ of whites and have earned cloth, they always return and continue to work. Women without beads are looked down on. The natives possess a certain honest jealousy among themselves; they like to have good cloth and

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AT FWAMBO.

other possessions like their neighbors, and are ambitious even to possess more than others. At present more merchandise means the ability to marry more wives to enhance their importance. Those who have joined the church, of course, may not have more than one wife, but others have several. Few natives are really converted; most are found after a while to be breaking the laws which they have solemnly sworn to respect. The argument which I have often heard advanced, that after a time there will be so much cloth in the land that the natives will no longer take any interest in obtaining more, does not hold good. Where a labor-market has been established the number of workers increases year by year.

KINYAMKOLO, October 9. A miserable fever tucked me into the blankets to-day.

October 10–12. The wretched fever returns every day. I cannot eat anything. I have taken any amount of quinine, which has the effect of giving me grotesque visions as soon as I close my eyes. Mr. and Mrs. Purvis and Mr. Thomas have done everything for me.

October 14. I am truly grateful for the kindness of the missionaries. At about ten at night we left Kinyamkolo in the *Morning Star*, en route for Sumbu, and hoisted the sail with a favorable breeze.

October 16. Early this morning we had a strange experience. Several large fish, over four feet long and very thick like salmon, came about our slow-moving boat and grappled vigorously at the paddles, showing no fear. I shot two with my Martini, but unfortunately they sank before we could pick them up. Whether we were considered an enemy in their waters, or whether we were looked upon as food, I don't know, but this lasted for an hour at intervals. We could have shot several, but desisted from useless slaughter, as we could not regain the creatures before they sank—very much to the disgust of the boatmen. If we had had a boat-hook or gaff we might have obtained a few. At ten this morning we reached Sumbu.

October 17. Went down to see Teleka today, and took his photograph. After returning I was attacked by fever and had to turn into blankets. Purvis is in the same condition.

October 19. Left Sumbu at five this morning. I still have fever, and turned into the cabin. We journeyed by paddle and oar close along the coast, steep and rocky, sparsely wooded, with scrubby, gnarled bush dropping to the water's edge, and here and there good, sandy landing-places. We reached Moliro at nine in the evening. M. Demol came off in his canoe and offered me a room, which I accepted for that night. I covered myself up in blankets. In the morning the fever was gone, but I was still without appetite. Demol speaks very little English, Purvis no French; my slight knowledge of French comes in very handy. The station here (Poste de Moliro) of the Belgian Antislavery Society is built on a slope rising gradually from the lake. There are groups of low, rocky, sparsely wooded hills to the southwest, fine, rich, undulating land extending toward the north, with hills in the distance. The lake at this point curves into an immense, picturesque bay.

October 21. Purvis left in the *Morning Star* this afternoon. Only a good, seaworthy boat

CONSPICUOUS TREE AT MPALA PRESERVED BY THE NATIVES BECAUSE DR. LIVINGSTONE CAMPED UNDER IT DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO LAKE TANGANYIKA.

M. DEMOL, IN CHARGE OF POSTE DE MOLIRO, FEEDING A BUSHBUCK AND A DOG.

can stand the wind at present blowing. M. Demol is making extensive gardens of manioc, sweet potatoes, peanuts, *mtama*, *kaffu* corn, and maize, and hopes to have enough to feed all his men next year, in spite of locusts, which are bound to appear. In the morning men and women fall in for work. The women go to the gardens under the superintendence of women; they leave off at ten, so as to have time to cook for their husbands. The men drill till eight, and afterward work in the gardens till twelve; then rest till three, and work till six. They are very orderly. Two long lines of huts, well built, with a street between, lead to the lake. Two other parallel lines of huts extend from the back gate. All except ten Zanzibari are liberated slaves. Slaves have to serve seven years, being well cared for, fed, and clothed, during that time; afterward they are at liberty to go where they will. The soldiers are clad in a blue drill shirt, knickerbockers, and red fez; they carry chassepot rifles. Many have recently deserted. The Belgians are rather free at flogging; even women are not exempt. It was my original idea to wait here at Moliro for Descamps; but I cannot afford the time it must of necessity take before he returns from Lake Mweru. The Belgians are conceited about what they have done, and about their capabilities generally. Of course they compare most favorably with the British authorities south of Tanganyika, but they have not a better officer than Captain Edwards, and if the British Central Africa Company had an efficient staff in the district, things would be very different.

October 27. Demol is very kind-hearted and hospitable, but I don't think the released natives are very happy with the Belgians; there is too much stick for the slightest offense. Attacked by another fever to-day, the third in three weeks. Have arranged to leave here by canoe for Mtoa next Tuesday. Demol is having the canoe renovated, a mast put in, a sail made, and a small part roofed.

October 28. Demol finds great difficulty in getting me sufficient paddlers; when his men go out with the request, the natives leave their villages and run to the mountains.

November 2. Obtained a scratch crew, and left this morning; ran a few hours with sail, when a north wind sprang up, compelling us to seek shelter.

November 9. Made about six hours to-day, owing to adverse wind and rough water. Under such conditions I put in to the beach and wait till there is no danger; and when it

GATEWAY OF THE STOCKADE, POSTE DE MOLIRO.

rains I put in and without delay get everything under cover. Why lose everything for the sake of a few hours? Not I. Our boatmen will run a canoe till she swamps and rolls bottom up; they will then clamber on top, and paddle ashore with their hands if paddles are lost; they have nothing to lose but a few roots of manioc, and in a quarter of an hour their scrap of clothing is all the better for the washing and drying. Take no black man's advice, unless he has property to lose or has your confidence by past experience.

November 11. At eight reached Captain Joubert's at St. Louis. He is living in a large, airy, comfortable clay house, with his black wife Yanese, an Itawa girl, to whom he was married by the missionaries at Mpala. He has been married about five years; his first child, a girl, died at the age of two; he has another pretty little girl, Louise, now two and a half years old, strong and healthy, to whom he is devotedly attached. He is a citizen of the Congo Free State, fifty-three years old, and well preserved. He was first in the service of the mission for three years. He is very religious, and has done great good, rendering the land secure.

November 16. This morning Père Roehlens sent me down a donkey to ascend the hills to his station, called Baudoinville. The trail was, generally speaking, fairly good; but there were one or two steep climbs where I had to dismount. The mission has a fine situation on the plateau, about one and a half hours from the lake. Many rough clay buildings serve every purpose till the government buildings are finished. A very fine dwelling-house is in course of construction, also a hospital built of fire-burnt bricks and stone, of very artistic design. There are magnificent plantations of rice, sweet and European potatoes, onions, haricots, and ground-nuts, and good vegetable gardens, besides fruit-trees, including the mango, fig, papaw, and pineapple. The coffee-plantation is worked by mission boys and redeemed slaves, three or four hundred of both sexes; and the school is attended by many youngsters. The village is flourishing; three *pères* and three *frères* superintend the work, and a company of sisters are expected next year. The men are living on good terms, and are altogether of a jolly disposition, intelligent, hospitable, and charitable. They teach the youngsters to work, as well as give religious teaching. They are much liked by the people.

November 7. Spent the morning with Père Roehlens, and took photographs of the mission. Of these Catholic missionaries one has been in Africa eighteen years without returning home; Roehlens, eleven; Père Guillemet, nine; Herrboert, six. The frères work for the cause of religion merely for their clothes and food. Nearly everybody about Tanganyika is subject to hematuric fevers, Jacques and one or two pères alone escaping; but of late, owing to successful treatment, they are not regarded as very dangerous. In the afternoon I returned to Captain Joubert at St. Louis. He is very hospitable, but a very indifferent cook, and is content without any service. Without trouble he could surround himself with a few comforts to make life more pleasurable. He has decided to stay here, and leave his bones. Why not do so gracefully? He does not care for European things, except coffee, tea, sugar, and sardines.

November 8. Père Herrboert arrived this morning, and at eleven we embarked in his boat, the *Bwana Edward*, with all my loads aboard, and my canoe following. It is a splendid dugout, with a good sail and sixteen paddlers, and will stand any sea; it was made by the missionaries; a cabin could be fitted aft. We reached Mpala past midnight, and had a slight lunch of omelet and fruit at 2:30 A. M., the missionaries good-naturedly insisting on making something, and I must say I was very hungry and made no violent resistance. Mpala has a fine brick boma, and a building

roofed with tiles. A great many natives are settled in the neighborhood, under the protection of the missionaries. In 1885 the Pères Blancs settled on Tanganyika. If their methods, so faithfully applied, do not have good results, then I shall think the case of the Africans hopeless. The pères are light-hearted, jolly fellows, devoted to their own religion, and not frantically opposed to others differing from them in views; they are on good terms with the English Protestant missionaries.

In combination with the expedition of Dhanis from the west,

NEW BUILDINGS OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSION AT MPALA.

GATEWAY AND ROOFED WALL OF THE MPALA MISSION.

the whole country from the Congo to Lake Tanganyika has been swept clear of Wangwana and Arab slavers, all, including the greatest of all slavers, Rumaliza, so magnificently beaten that they will never recover power in this part of the world. These men, especially the Wangwana, who were the slaves of the Arabs and were doing their dirty work, are now allies of the whites, and have been successfully employed against their old masters.

November 9. Had but little favorable wind; arrived at Mpala at 2:30 A. M., and unmercifully woke up Père de Beerot. Père Guillemet, the chief, is absent. The mission has a splendid station, surrounded by a high stone-and-brick wall, which with another wall forms a superior tembé construction. The house covers three sides of a square, with open court in the center and wide verandas all around. It is built of brick, with tiles for the roof; the carpenter work is good—all, of course, done by the mission. Their church was decorated by Frère François, an ingenious man, and has an altar made of odd scraps of wood and empty cans.

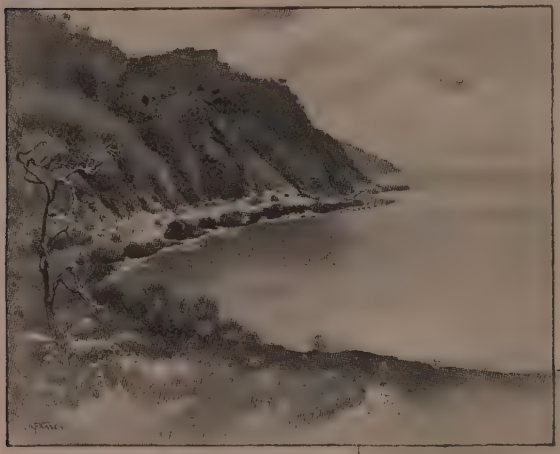
I find that fevers, dysentery, etc., have lately seriously affected my nerves. After firing one shot from my rifle I tremble abominably, and cannot hold the gun steady even with a rest. I hope this is not going to last any length of time.

November 11. Went to mass to-day to please the missionaries, who thought the natives would think it strange if all whites did not attend the same religious rites. There was a lot of formality which I did not attend to. Nearly the whole service was in Latin. There was very good singing, and the natives were attentive. Dozens of candles were burning about the altar.

A CORNER TOWER OF THE WALL OF THE MPALA MISSION.

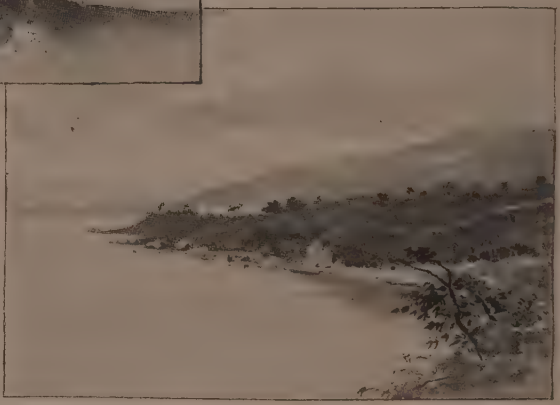
About eleven o'clock Père Guillemet arrived from his journey. He was interested to know all about my journey, especially the finding of the Livingstone tree. He paid a great compliment to the Antislavery Society for their

work in ridding the land of slavers. Spent the day with the pères, and late at night bade them good-by, reluctant to leave. They loaded me up with fresh vegetables and fruit. If I make any money I shall certainly do something for this mission.



WEST SHORE OF TANGANYIKA NEAR MOLIRO, LOOKING NORTH.

November 15. Arrived at Mtoa, the station which was completely destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. I found Miot very much disheartened at the loss of the station. Altogether he has had little luck. Before the expedition of Dhanis and the operations of the Anti-slavery Society, slaves in chains and forks were constantly tramping through Manyema to Mtoa, and then by canoe across to Ujiji. While out hunting here the other day for a few hours in the vicinity of this station, I passed ten skeletons in the course of my tramp. These I saw by walking haphazard through plain and forest. But thousands have died here: many, too ill to be worth the passage-money across the lake, were knocked on the head; many ran away or died of starvation. Dhanis, only thirty-two years old, who has had supreme control of the war against Arabs on the Upper Congo, pluckily drove the slave-raiders from point to point, whipping them at every turn, driving them from their depots, occupying their tembés, his own force embracing as allies the native tribes, till Rumaliza, thinking his influence and name enough to give fresh courage to the lawless, arrived from Ujiji—but all to no avail: the force against him was too thoroughly managed, too determinedly conducted, to admit of his armed slaves offering any resistance. If coöperation had been carried out, the Germans would have kept Rumaliza east of the lake, powder-caravans and other ammunition would not have been permitted to leave the east coast, and Teleka would not have been permitted to supply the slaves of Abdallah with supplies to carry on the war against Captain Descamps. If Portugal and the British would do their part, slavery would at once become a thing of the past. The Belgians have driven out the slavers from their domains, and have done it well. To-day from Tanganyika to the Congo it is as safe as in the streets of Brussels.



WEST SHORE OF TANGANYIKA NEAR MPALA, LOOKING SOUTH.

November 21. Not feeling well. When I feel better I shall get men together and make a start for Kasongo *via* Kabambarré, and with as little halting as possible shall get down to the Atlantic and home.

November 30. I am fortunate in obtaining from Miot thirty Wanyamwezi porters to accompany me to Kabambarré. These men have been in the service of the Antislavery Society, and are full of good spirits and fun, careless of everything so long as they have wife, food, and drink, but loyal; something can be made of them.

December 1. Left Kasanga [near Mtoa] at 6:30. Got men to help carry the loads across the Lufumba River, where the water was up to the armpits. My men were afraid of the water; could not carry their loads across. The

CAPTAIN JOUBERT, IN COMMAND OF STATION ST. LOUIS, HIS NATIVE WIFE, AND HIS CHILD LOUISE.

natives had to arrange this, and then take the big Wanyamwezi by the hand and lead them over.

December 4. A good trail; thick clumps of matted tropical forest; immense trees festooned with creeper; plenty of rubber of two kinds—one vine with yellow fruit like the orange, one tree with small red-cheeked fruit like little apples. At first a gradual ascent, then a gradual descent, the trail winding about over the hills; no open spaces, all wooded more or less, on the tops of hills sparsely; small timber generally in the hollows, and a mass of tropical foliage roofing the trail, supported on massive columns; a great many butterflies of the ordinary sorts. It is a fine soil, and the immense country is now almost uninhabited.

December 6. Left Mselem's at six, and reached Hamici's at eleven. Splendid trail, but not having been used much, the foliage has grown very thick, and carriers with loads have difficulty in breaking a passage through. The natives tell me that before the Wangwana came into the country there were flourishing villages and any amount of food from Mtoa to Kasongo; but now they have all been driven away by the Wangwana slavers, and no permanent villages are met, only a few new villages springing up since the whites took decisive measures against the slavers. But I do not think the Belgians are going the right way to work. When the whites asserted their power the slaves belonging to the elephant-hunters ran away and joined the native villages. The white men were appealed to, and the chiefs to whom the slaves had fled were bound and retained until they had delivered back all the slaves to the Wangwana. This they did to regain their liberty; but when they were told that they must leave their mountain retreats and come and build their villages near the caravan road, they naturally failed to carry out their promises.

The British are more successful than the Belgian officials in gathering natives about them. A native told me to-day that formerly a Mgwana caravan, seeing a man, would catch him, give him a load to carry, cloth to wear, and shave his head, and immediately ship him across Tanganyika, sometimes in chains or fork. West of the lake he was called *rafiki* (friend), but once aboard a dhow he was *mtumwa* (slave).

The road from Mtoa is infested with wretched dark-brown and black ants, which bite most unmercifully; they are found in swarms, covering the trail for fifteen yards, and even with the most hasty dash some of the insects manage to get on you, and if you

do not attend to their removal with despatch you will have their angry little nippers buried in your flesh. This whole land appears to be a low, undulating plateau with no open plains of any size.

December 7. It is said, but I must have it corroborated, that the white officer at Kabambarré has commissioned several Mgwana chiefs to make raids in the country of the Warua, and bring him the slaves. They are supposed to be taken out of slavery and freed, but I fail to see how this can be argued out. They are taken from these villages and shipped south, to be soldiers, workers, etc., on the State stations; and what were peaceful families have been broken up and the different members spread about the place. They have to be made fast and guarded for transportation, or they would all run away. This does not look as though the freedom promised has any seductive prospects. The young children thus «liberated» are handed over to the French mission stations, where they receive the kindest care; but nothing justifies this form of serfdom. I can understand the State compelling natives to do a certain amount of work for a certain time; but to take people forcibly from their homes, and despatch them here and there, breaking up families, is not right. I shall learn more about this on the way and at Kabambarré. If these conditions are to exist, I fail to see how the antislavery movement is to benefit the native.

December 8. Six hours' marching from Nguruwé's to Mpianmsekwa's, the easterly limit of the Arab zone under the Kabambarré authorities. Saw gray parrots for the first time day before yesterday.

The Belgians are employing the Wangwana and their followers to fight the natives; and if captives are taken they are handed over to the authorities at Kabambarré. State soldiers are also employed without white officers; this should not be allowed, for the black soldiers do not understand the reason of the fighting, and instead of submission being sought, often the natives are massacred or driven away into the hills.

To-day I met in Sungula's village thirty-five Baluba soldiers bound on a fighting expedition against the natives to the south of here,

LES PÈRES BLANCS (THE WHITE FATHERS) OF THE FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSION AT BAUDOINVILLE NEAR STATION ST. LOUIS.

FREED SLAVE GIRLS AT THE BAUDOINVILLE MISSION POUNDING CORN.

because these people do not consent to send tribute ivory to the whites at Kabambarré. Sungula is a tall, wiry coast man who has killed eighty elephants and owned three hundred slaves; two hundred have run away and joined the natives. He says some of his slaves he bought; others had trouble in the villages, and, fearful of punishment, gave themselves up; some were caught in fights against the natives. Sungula tells me that previous to the last fight of Rumaliza and the Belgians he was invited to join the campaign by Sefu, son of Tippu Tib, who came to Sungula's village, and wrote letters to Rumaliza, who was at Ujiji. When Rumaliza fled he called at the village of Sungula, and advised the latter to remain in the country and accept the Belgian flag. Sungula gave me enough corn to feed my men, also fowl and eggs for myself. I gave him a return present.

At Mpianmsekwa's the Manyema soldiers complain that the native hunters do not go off after elephants. Sungula says the reason is that when the hunters are absent the Manyema soldiers take their wives. This is a heinous offense in the eyes of the natives, who have a superstition that if the wife does not remain constant when the husband is away fighting or hunting dangerous game, the hunter will be sure to suffer serious failure, wounds, or death. The natives of the Congo have the same idea, which prevails generally throughout central Africa.

All the ivory that Sungula now gets he sends to the white men at Kabambarré, and receives cloth in exchange. He seems fairly contented with his lot. His people are all hungry-looking creatures; they are having a time of short rations till the corn ripens, when there will be plenty. Now they live chiefly on wild fruits, the oily nut of the fan-palm, the acid fruit of the rubber-vine, and certain insipid roots known to the natives. Sungula is very intelligent, and does not badger one by begging. He does not seem pleased with the big party of Baluba soldiers without a white man; thinks the natives, upon seeing the forces brought against them,

NATIVE DUGOUT CANOE IN WHICH GLAVE TRAVELED FROM MOLIRO TO MTOA, WITH TWENTY PEOPLE ABOARD AND A TON OF CARGO.

will submit and pay the desired *hongo;* but the black soldiers are bent on fighting and raiding; they want no peaceful settlement. They have good rifles and ammunition, realize their superiority over the natives with their bows and arrows, and they want to shoot and kill and rob. Black delights to kill black, whether the victim be man, woman, or child, and no matter how defenseless. This is no reasonable way of settling the land; it is merely persecution. Blacks cannot be employed on such an errand unless under the leadership of whites.

December 10. Very glad to reach the village of Lobangula. He makes the following complaint against the Manyema soldiers who arrived at his village two days ago: The soldiers saw one or two guns leaning against the huts loaded and capped; fired off two of these in the air; then went searching through the village, and found in the huts other guns loaded and capped. In two huts where guns were found two natives were made fast and beaten, one very badly lacerated, his shoulders being cut most unmercifully; the other bears marks of the chicot on his back and a swollen eye as the result of beating. The chief arrived on the scene, and asked the reason of this treatment. The Manyema replied that the villagers had been arming to fight against the whites. The chief replied that this was not so. He had acknowledged the whites, and hoisted the flag given to him by the white men at Kabambarré; moreover, he was engaged in collecting rubber for the whites. He explained that he was menaced by his near neighbors, and as a matter of precaution his people kept their guns in readiness. The soldiers were not satisfied with this explanation. The chief was seized and bound, and kept so for several hours, and released only after he had consented to pay to his persecutors one goat, ten fowls, and two slave girls; then he was set free and the eight guns were returned. Then the hut of Lobangula was rifled. The brutal action of the soldiers so terrified his people that many fled into hiding and have not returned. Yesterday the sergeant of the soldiers gave me two fowls; evidently they were of the lot received as ransom; and my servant saw the skin of a goat which was spread on the ground to dry. Lobangula says that in the future, when he hears of the approach of a party of soldiers without white men, he and his people will go into hiding till they have passed, as he is afraid of them.

Lobangula asks, What became of all the slaves who were taken over the road by Tippu

SLAVE BOY WITH CARVED CHAIR, AND IDOL FROM THE RUA COUNTRY WEST OF TANGANYIKA.

Tib, Rumaliza, and Nzige? Formerly a marriageable girl could be bought for sixteen yards of white cloth, a very young girl for ten, and a man for the same price. Kasongo was a great slave-market. Bwana Nzige has fled to the coast with Rumaliza. Lobangula says Tippu Tib and Nzige were the first to are beaten; the women are taken by force. Msa says he is afraid to complain to Kabambarré for fear that out of revenge the soldiers will inflict persecution worse than ever. The whole country is being upset by the brutal and thoroughly unjustifiable conduct of the soldiers.

TRUMPETERS, DRUMMERS, AND WHISTLERS AT KABAMBARRÉ.

«bore a hole through» the country between Tanganyika and the country of the Manyema. In collecting rubber the natives cut the rubber-vine into small pieces, put the rubber-juice first on the chest, then take it off and make it into a ball.

December 11. After five hours' hard marching from Lobangula's I reached Bwana Msa's place, in a hollow surrounded on all sides by wooded hills. After the fight with the whites he remained quiet, and when the white men came to Kabambarré he asked for a Congo Free State flag. After receiving it he thought he would be free from attack; but a party of black soldiers, under a head man, Furahani, attacked the village, looted the place, and killed three of his people. Since then the State soldiers have inflicted repeated persecution on him, stealing everything he has. He has given them food each time they have passed. Not content with this, they steal everything on the plantation and in the houses. If the rightful owners object, they

Msa has lots of slaves, as have all his people; and they seem to be happy enough. Slavery is finished in this part of the world, so far as raiding is concerned; but the Wangwana are allowed to retain the slaves which they own. In fact, it would be difficult to put them back in their own villages; and once in the hands of the Wangwana, under the white man's government, their chief troubles are over. They are compelled to work, but that is always good for Africans; it is the only way to elevate them. Slaves who have been a long time with the Wangwana do not wish to return to their villages even if given the opportunity.

Msa is very intelligent; he wears spectacles, and reads Arabic fluently. I showed him the letters given me by Tippu Tib in Zanzibar. He read them, and told me the contents. Tippu asked everybody to show me kindness, and if necessary give me cloth or anything I might want, and he himself would stand security for the payment. Had

VENDERS OF POTTERY ON MARKET-DAY IN NYANGWÉ.

I got into a tight corner, these letters would have proved very valuable.

December 12. I am visiting at Bwana Msa's to-day. My men are tired, footsore, and hungry, and some sick, and I myself have a very sore heel; a day's rest is desirable for everybody. My sick men are suffering from sore heads and maimed feet. They got their stomachs full of mtama flour and fish to-day, and have been standing on their heads and dancing. There is no better remedy for African ailments than a full belly. African travelers nearly always have crow's feet sprawling from the outside corners of the eyes, which should be credited to the constant blinking caused by the sun's rays, and by the long grass drooping over trails in the wet season, the sharp-pointed blades cutting, spatting, and flicking one's face.

December 14. Reached the Kabambarré station at noon; met very kindly by Lieutenant Hambrusin and Mr. Sinade, his second, just arrived.

December 16. Spent a very quiet day in Kabambarré. Hambrusin has been here since April last [1894. The place was captured on the previous January 25]. He has a good substantial brick house in course of construction and nearly finished, needing only doors and windows and plastering. He has a big force at the station: four hundred soldiers, with their women and children—in all over one thousand people. From the open square in front of the station-house a most picturesque street forty meters wide runs away, lined on each side by well-built clay huts of uniform size, made for two men and their families. There are one hundred of these huts in one street already occupied; another long street is in course of construction to accommodate the remainder. Banks of banana-trees and clumps of tropical forest make the place very picturesque. The plantations are superb, and Hambrusin is still busy making other plantations. Fruit is brought in from the neighboring Wangwana settlements.

December 17. Yesterday the natives in a neighboring village came to complain that

one of Hambrusin's soldiers had killed a villager; they brought in the offender's gun. To-day at roll-call the soldier appeared without his gun; his guilt was proved, and without more ado he was hanged on a tree. Hambrusin has hanged several for the crime of murder.

December 18. The tribute exacted from the natives consists of rubber, ivory, and labor. From six till about seven Hambrusin himself gives instruction to the soldiers, who march headed by a band of drummers beating native instruments and whistling. The bugle-call is understood and very well produced by the soldiers.

Hambrusin was through all the fighting against Rumaliza; he says that Dhanis and Pontier are to receive the credit of the campaign. Pontier mastered the country between Stanley Falls and Kasongo, and Dhanis that between Lusambo and Kasongo, and as far as Kabambarré.

All the troops here are Baluba, and from the neighboring tribes, men taken in the fights; they are to serve seven years at a small salary, cloth and provisions; after seven years they are free to go where they like; here the men and women are married. Hambrusin is a stern master, but without that the spirit of this big horde of men would be decidedly rebellious. He has been alone for several months; one of his agents returned home, and two died here of hematuric fever.

I do not think the natives are making much out of this partition of Africa; something should be done to permit their earning a living, to give them comfort and content. Formerly an ordinary white man was merely called *bwana* or *mzungu;* now the smallest insect of a pale face earns the title of *bwana mkubwa* (big master). During the campaign against the Arabs by the soldiers of the Congo Free State many cannibals were to be seen, so officers tell me, provisioning themselves from the killed.

This antislavery movement has its dark side also. The natives suffer. In stations in charge of white men, government officers, one sees strings of poor emaciated old women, some of them mere skeletons, working from six in the morning till noon, and from half-past two till six, carrying clay water-jars, tramping about in gangs with a rope round the neck, and connected by a rope one and a half yards apart. They are prisoners of war. In war the old women are always caught, but should receive a little humanity. They are naked, except for a miserable patch of cloth of several parts, held in place by a string about the waist. They are not loosened from the rope for any purpose. They live in the guard-house, under the charge of black native sentries, who delight in slapping and ill-using them, for pity is not in the heart of the native. Some of the women have babies, but they go to work just the same. They form indeed a miserable spectacle, and one wonders that old women, although prisoners of war, should not receive a little more consideration; at least their nakedness might be hidden. The men prisoners are treated in a far better way.

December 21. To-day I saw an old woman prisoner who had died, being dragged to burial by her fellow-prisoners in the rope gang.

December 23. No work to-day, as the men on the station received an advance during the week. Natives came in crowds to trade; certainly several hundred natives are at the station with maize, bananas, potatoes, fowls, etc. The market lasted from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. Hambrusin will encourage the natives to this, and hopes to have a market every Sunday in the future.

When Hambrusin took over the station the men were in a rebellious state, ill-treating the natives, robbing, and even killing. Hambrusin executed a few, and the natives, seeing that they would have justice from the whites, remained friendly. There are dozens of villages about Kabambarré, all friendly and submissive, and with large, flourishing plantations. The natives pay tribute by working, gathering rubber, and carrying loads to and from Kasongo.

December 25. Spent another Christmas in Africa to-day—a very pleasant one. I must not forget the kindness of the Belgians. Everywhere they have rendered me kindly aid and saved me all sorts of bother and expense. Their hospitality has been unbounded. Nobody, however, has pleased me so much as Hambrusin, Belgian lieutenant of artillery, who was all through the war, did valuable work as an artilleryman, and was always in the thick of the danger. With his Krupp gun he played a most important part in the downfall of Rumaliza.

There is one blemish on the generally admirable aspect of the Kabambarré station—the miserable, hard-worked, half-starved prisoners, under control of brutal sentries, who delight in every opportunity of ill-treating the wretches placed in their care. But this will end now that Hambrusin has the help of white men. When he was alone for so long he was helpless to attend to everything himself, and had to leave the most responsible work in the hands of his black leaders.

Everything is done in military style, and the discipline is splendid. The men arise at the bugle-call in the morning, and form in line two deep; the roll is called, and then they drill for two hours under the supervision of the whites. They march well, each forty men under a corporal, who instructs his men by word of command in French. After morning drill there is an hour's repose; then the bugle sounds again, and the men turn out for work. Hambrusin inspects the line, sees that all are there, and in response to a bugle-call the head men file in front of their officer, salute respectfully, and receive instructions for the respective squads; they retire to their places, half turn, and march away in order, headed by the buglers, who conduct them to their particular work.

December 26. Left Kabambarré this morning. Lieutenants Hambrusin, Sinade, and Steeman saw me on my way. Marched from the station on the main road, flanked on each side by the soldiers' huts; the men off duty turned out and saluted me as I passed; and *moyo*, the friendly salute of the Baluba, was exchanged with my men. Hambrusin engaged for me forty-two Wabangobango carriers, two for each load; good, strong, willing fellows. Hambrusin has the natives well in hand. I sent word yesterday that I needed carriers, and they turned up in force to-day, quite prepared, and no grumbling. I pay them one fathom Amerikani each to carry a load to Kasongo. Hambrusin also supplied me with an escort of five soldiers and a corporal, two boys as servants, and a cook, the last three to go as far as Nyangwé. I am most grateful for the kindness; if I had been denied aid, I should have been put to great expense and trouble. Hambrusin informed me that he had received orders to prohibit strangers from passing from Tanganyika to the Lualaba *via* Kabambarré and Kasongo; but that he did not think the regulation applied to me, as I was an ancient employee of the Congo Free State, and, moreover, my recommendations were a sufficient passport through the newly acquired land.

December 29. Last night camped at the village of Kestro. Kibonge, who ordered the assassination of Emin Pasha, is being deserted, and one of his own people, in consideration of cloth, is leading Lothaire to Kibonge's hiding-place. The district of Piana Kiteté (Piana means «successor of») is said to be full of incorrigible thieves and bravados, who have attacked caravans several times; but I am assured that Kiteté's people have been most unmercifully persecuted by the State soldiers, who arrive in the villages, and without any payment save blows and curses, take fowls and bananas, destroy cooking-pots, etc.

December 30. All the natives on Tanganyika Lake and from Mtoa to Kasongo speak more or less Swahili, most of them fluently. Natives who have first been under the Wangwana element are the best people to deal with; they have been taught by harsh lessons not to humbug their superiors, and they are taught to be clean besides. They learn to desire good cloth, to build good houses, and to make plantations extensive enough to guard against a drought. I camped near the village of Piana Kiteté to-day. He is in a sad frame of mind; says that he and his people have been fought and raided now four times for no reason that he knows of. Nearly all the women and children have been taken from his villages by Kibangula, Kalombola, and Falabi, the *nyamparas* of Kasongo. Kiteté swears he has done the whites no harm, nor have the Congo Free State soldiers or porters been molested by him. On the contrary, he received the Congo Free State flag, and sent goats to Kasongo. The last goats he sent to Kibangula, and also some slaves; and the slaves were accepted, and the guardians of the goats were also retained as captives. He says his people's huts have all been burned, and they have been so hunted that they have not made new huts. A soldier on the trail has women, and always a boy servant; his wife carries his sleeping outfit, food, etc., cloth, and sandals; his boy carries his cartridges and gun. Often a wife carries the gun. Some of the soldiers have several wives, and are quite large insects. Piana Kiteté says all his people want to emigrate to more peaceful regions, but he restrains them.

A native accompanying a white man, even as ordinary porter, an occupation as humble as that of a pack-donkey, calls other natives *wachenzi*, a scornful word for «savage.» A military spirit prevails through the whole settlement of Kabambarré. My escort are constantly whistling the bugle-calls, and shouting out military commands in French. Experience proves that youths of fourteen and sixteen are as useful and as plucky as matured soldiers.

January 1, 1895. Marched from Myula's village, near the Lulindi River, to Piana Mayengé's village. The land traveled over is undulating; we are constantly marching over grass-covered hills with sparse growth of stunted bush. The natives are all friendly to the whites, and peaceful among themselves. *Mandiba* (small mats of the fiber of palm-

trees) are the current coin from Piana Lusangé to Kasongo.

We see people who carry knives in sheaths, worn over the right shoulder and slung to the right side, the handle of the knife just below the armpit. Also, we see more spears than have been present for a long time. Guns are scarce; probably they have them, but the power is now in the hands of the whites. The Wangwana and Arab traders are not yet allowed in the country by the Congo Free State—a wise precaution, I think; they would smuggle powder into the country, and intrigue with the natives, and the Congo Free State would have their battle against the lawless element to fight over again. Besides, if the Wangwana traders are permitted, the profit goes out of the hands of the Congo Free State. Piana Mayengé has built a fine large house to entertain travelers; it is made of clay, with broad verandas and five large rooms.

I learn that Sefu, Tippu Tib's son, left the boma at Ogella, and joined the fighting outside. He was using a short Winchester, fired three shots, then had his arm shattered; he retired into the boma, and handed his gun to Bwana Jama. Sefu died a few days afterward. Tippu Tib did not want the Wangwana and the whites to fight; he knew the inevitable conclusion of such a contest, and sent letters to Raschid, Sefu, Rumaliza, and Nzige, telling them how to come to terms with the whites and open up trade relations. Nzige was the only one who wished for peace; the others tore up Tippu's letters in rage.

Kasongo was built on two parallel slopes facing each other, with a gentle ravine between large clay or brick buildings. Limes, oranges, bananas, papaws, pomegranates, and guavas are growing everywhere. Some establishments were surrounded by a tembé wall; others consisted merely of one big house. There were immense plantations. It was the most important ivory-mart in central Africa; all agree that it was far bigger and more important than Ujiji. Many Arabs were permanently settled here in the past; now they are all gone to New Kasongo to be under the eye of the whites. Many ivory-traders here were immensely rich.

Kasongo shows signs of having been a most important town, certainly the largest I have yet seen in Africa. For a square mile the ground is covered with masses of large clay or sun-dried brick of houses which contained numerous rooms. Each Arab *mgwana*, or man of any importance whatever, had a large house for himself and wives; their followers and slaves lived elsewhere. The houses are now in utter ruins. A broad road running from west to east, thirty feet wide, was kept clear of grass when Kasongo was occupied. The large houses were built on each side of the way. Now a prolific outburst of foliage threatens to hide every vestige of this famous place. Only a few Wangwana of minor importance are now here; all others have gone to settle, by order, near the Congo Free State station at New Kasongo, on the Lualaba. The roofs have been pulled off the bomas, and all wood-work of any value, such as doors and windows, has been taken by the white man for building purposes. New Kasongo is four hours west from here.

January 3. Reached New Kasongo, and was kindly received by Lieutenant Francken and Messrs. De Corte and Perrotte. The station is surrounded by villages that pay tribute in different ways. Some do paddling; others build; others, again, bring in wood for building purposes. The chiefs to the west of here supply mandiba mats as their tribute. Some bring in ivory and rubber.

The place has a population of fifteen thousand, nearly all slaves. I left New Kasongo, and followed the right or east bank of the Lualaba to Nyangwé, which is built on a treeless plain; all the timber for building purposes comes from the opposite bank of the river. Lemery has done good work here. He has a herd of forty head of large-horned cattle. Magnificent avenues of forest trees are seen, and clean roads lined with mango, guava, palm, and banana. A small island opposite the station has five hectares of rice in perfect condition, and in other places are maize and manioc; besides there are the plantations in the vicinity of the station. Lemery says Nyangwé can be made to produce fifteen tons of rubber a month when more tribes are brought under control. Also a good deal of ivory is brought in as tribute and for sale.

In connection with the station there are five thousand auxiliaries, who are sent all over the country to beat the natives into submission to the State. They go in bands of one thousand men, women, and children, and all belongings, settle upon a suitable spot in a rich district, then bring the natives under their control, and prepare the way for a white man to establish a post. The natives, who are all cannibals, are persecuted till they submit; then there is no more trouble.

E. J. Glave.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ROBBINSON.

«IT is really history, my dear,» Miss Camilla Robbinson would say —«unwritten history, which is so much the most interesting, is n't it? And these family traditions and letters and things correct so much that is in the books. For instance, I don't believe one half of the stories about Lord Dunmore,—though, of course, he *was* very loyal to the king,—because he was a friend of my great-grandfather's, and my great-grandmother thought him charming. And surely he could n't have been such a monster! That picture over there—the little dark one in the oval frame —is said to be of him, but you can't see the face now. Certainly he was n't as black as he is painted there, at any rate.»

Miss Camilla had an oddly charming little laugh, and the brightest play of eyebrows as she spoke or listened. So mobile was her face that even the tiny, scattered rings of pale-brown hair that curled lightly about her white forehead seemed to nod and quiver with sympathy and attention.

With all her quaint charm and fragile beauty, Miss Camilla had early and easily slipped into the ranks of spinsterhood, for the ladies of the house of Robbinson had never been given to matrimony; but she loved graceful little vanities of attire, and wore roses in her hair as she presided in the evening over the worn silver, and thin, mismatched china of the Robbin Hall tea-table. It must be confessed that Robbin Hall, like Dotheboys Hall, was a hall only in name, being in fact the brick kitchen of the old Robbinson mansion, which fully fifty years before had been destroyed by fire; but it had, with some alterations and additions, sheltered the family for half a century, and it was ample for Miss Camilla and the widowed fifth cousin who was her sole companion.

It was a not unattractive dwelling, with its overhanging roof making a narrow porch in front, and with its small many-paned windows; but it looked curiously out of proportion to the great oaks which stood about, and to the gaunt, towering locusts of the old avenue.

A climbing rose, as somber green and as persistent as ivy, matted and tangled itself over the trellis which shut in one end of the porch, and broke out yearly into a wealth of small yellow-white, half-blighted blossoms, with a faint, earthy fragrance, and a peppery something within their pallid folds which made one sneeze.

Within, the staircase was steep and narrow, it cannot be denied, and the old portraits were crowded together upon the walls in a way to suggest that these darkling shadows of dead Robbinsons held themselves so stiffly for want of elbow-room. But all was atoned for by the subtle thing called «atmosphere.» One looked about with a sense of mellow distinction, and absorbed a reverence for the Robbinsons from the very walls.

Perhaps it was the stillness of the place which caused a lull in the levity of the most thoughtless when the door of the narrow parlor had shut upon them, and old Aunt Viny had crept off to find Miss Camilla out among the sweet-williams and mottled balsams of her sunny, old-fashioned garden, and to warn Miss Betsy, lying on the sofa in the long west room up-stairs, to get ready for company.

Miss Betsy had once made a feeble dash into matrimony, but the incident soon closed with the death of the perfectly helpless and ineligible groom, and made little or no impression upon the community, to which she continued to be Miss Betsy Ashby to the end of her days. Only in Miss Camilla's heart rankled the recollection that she was Mrs. Jaggs.

KENYON P. ROBINSON, late of Texas, and purchaser of the Robbin Hall Low Grounds, glanced about him not without interest as he waited, looked down upon by all the goodly company upon the walls.

A fanciful observer might have seen something especially stony in the stare which they bent upon the possessor of so many of their hereditary acres, and the occupant of their old overseer's house; but his clear gray eyes roved easily and unconsciously over them all. It was a good face, with a firm mouth and chin, half hidden by the short brown beard; but a boyish blush suffused it as a light step was heard outside, and he stirred a little nervously in his chair.

Miss Camilla gave him her hand with a

smile. Her large hat was hanging by its strings from her slender arm, and she carried in her hand a bunch of winter violets.

There was a fine gradation in Miss Camilla's smiles, and she did not smile upon Mr. Robinson without a delicate reserve. For who was he? That was the question. She had been able to cast aside the natural prejudice which arose from his being in possession of a part of the family estate; she had overlooked, after a little struggle, his living in the old overseer's house: but she could not forget that she knew nothing of his antecedents. The very fact that his parents had left Virginia to go to Texas was against him. The First Families do not leave Virginia.

His name told nothing. A Robinson might be anybody. He might have blue blood—or he might not. They had once had an overseer named Robinson!

It was indeed an old grievance of Miss Camilla's that Robbinson and Robinson were so often confounded, and she had acquired a distinct dislike to the latter name.

«I am not related to any Robinson,» she would say, with a stress born of stifled irritation, when questioned as to her relationship to such and such a one. Just as invariably a wave of remorse would sweep over her as soon as the words had left her lips, and she would hasten to add:

«Though there are a great many of them that I should *like* to be related to—oh, a great many of them! One branch, to my certain knowledge, is descended through the female side from one of the Signers. And there was a Robinson who was a friend of my great-grandfather's, and of General Washington's, and of a great many people like that—I have some of his letters now. But my name really is n't Robinson at all. It is Rob-binson—with two *b*'s, not one. I can hear that second *b* distinctly myself when it is properly pronounced, but most people say that they can't at all, and so it is very natural that the mistake should occur. But even if our names were spelled alike, there would be no relationship; for my father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather were only sons, and so there could n't be, you know. I am the last of the name,» she would add almost casually. But though she let fall this remark like an afterthought,—for she was never sure whether there was not a trace of boastfulness in saying this,—it was clear from the gentle complacency of her face that she knew it was no trifle to be the whole Robbinson family.

So she smiled upon Mr. Robinson her smile of gracious aloofness as she greeted him that morning for the second time beneath her roof. This, it seemed, like the first, was a purely business visit. He had heard, he said, of the famous Robbinson recipe for curing hams, and he had come to beg a copy.

She went to her little spindle-legged desk, and wrote it for him in her slim, flowing hand.

He took it with a profusion of shy thanks.

«I am going on to the station» he said. «I should be very glad to take any letters, or attend to anything.»

Miss Camilla thanked him, but she had no letters. He looked into his hat and meditated.

«If I can be of any use to you»—he hesitated—«at any time, I shall be very glad. You see, I am so near—»

She murmured her acknowledgments, but her smile was a little strained. So near indeed! The bitterness of it all came over her as he spoke.

There had never been anything of the sordidness of poverty in the hereditary tangle of affairs which, according to a cherished family tradition, began when the first Taggart Robbinson mortgaged his plantation and melted his plate to help Bacon in his rising against Berkeley, and which the successive Robbinsons had long looked upon much as they did upon the family gout.

Heavily encumbered as the estate was, it had remained intact until now. Poor Miss Camilla had had many a bitter struggle with herself before she could accept the offer for the Low Grounds; but there had seemed no help for it.

After all, it was not unpleasant to have a neighbor, and it *was* convenient to have a gentleman about, as Miss Camilla admitted to Miss Betsy, in the mere matter of getting the mail, for instance, for old Uncle Madison was woefully slow and irregular. But there were a hundred other things in which Mr. Robinson rendered the friendliest services.

He hived her bees, dosed old Bess the mare, trimmed the fruit-trees, and discovered so many ways of making himself useful that Miss Camilla wondered sometimes how she had ever got on without him. But his own place did not in the mean time suffer, for the Low Grounds were the wonder of the county.

New books and magazines found their way to the round table in the narrow parlor, new flowers to the garden. Mr. Robinson himself had a love of flowers not inferior to Miss Camilla's own, and delighted her by innumer-

able clever devices for raising slips and starting seed. Altogether, things are rarely so bad as they seem at first, Miss Camilla reflected.

She was even moved to confess to Mr. Robinson that it was pleasant to have a friend at hand.

«But suppose I am not a friend,» he said.

She glanced at him with something like fright, and looked away.

The firelight shone upon their faces and across the waxed floor, and rows of painted eyes stared down upon them. Her look passed rapidly from the short-waisted lady leaning upon the harp to the slim-handed gentleman with the lace ruffles, from the red-faced colonel of the French-and-Indian war to the double-chinned dame with the pearl necklace; and her face was pale and storm-swept.

«But I hope,» she faltered, «that you will be.»

«I would rather,» he said huskily, «be something else.»

She tightened her hands together as if they shook, and she did not speak for a long, long time.

«There is nothing else,» she answered, «that you could be.»

AND then how frightfully she missed him! He brought her mail, but he did not come in. He helped her into her carriage at church, but he no longer rode beside it. And Robbin Hall was stiller than ever; for Miss Camilla's sweet, reedy little songs ceased somehow, and she dusted the miniatures over the mantel or rubbed the thin silver in silence. But once she astonished Miss Betsy beyond measure by asking her, not without gentleness, about the deceased Mr. Jaggs.

Perhaps it was the discovery of a new cause of anxiety which brought the line between her blue eyes during those dismal November days, when the rain pattered upon the roof, and even oozed through the plaster of wall and ceiling. A white blur had appeared upon the judge's black-silk sleeve, unsightly specks marred the beauty's white-satin gown!

Miss Camilla stood transfixed before them. Why—why had she not noticed! Why had she not prevented it! But how could she?

MR. ROBINSON looked about him with surprise, and Miss Camilla smiled faintly.

«I have sent most of my pictures away, you see,» she said; «some to the State Library, some to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. I had intended to do so at my death; but they were getting mildewed, and I was afraid to keep them.»

«I am glad you kept that young lady,» he remarked, looking up at an old-time beauty above the mantel. «She is rather like you, by the way.»

«Is she?» she said. «I should be glad to think so; but we have never thought as much of that picture as of some of the others. It is a Gilbert Stuart, but she—my great-aunt—displeased the family by her marriage, and for a long time her portrait was turned to the wall.»

«And so there is a story to that picture,» he mused.

«No—only a commonplace one. She fancied some one who was not quite—who was her inferior in birth—or her family thought so—and she would marry him—»

«And lived happily ever after?» he finished.

Miss Camilla smiled.

«Yes; it is n't much of a story.»

«I don't suppose it seemed commonplace,» he said, «to him and her.»

A curious little pause came upon them, which he broke.

«I have been finding out something about my ancestors since I was here last.»

«Ah, indeed?»

Miss Camilla was interested.

«Yes; I have been turning over some old papers during the rainy days, and I came across rather a curious bit of information about my grandfather. I have often as a boy heard my father and mother talking about their life in Virginia; but if they mentioned this fact, it made no impression upon me. It is rather interesting. My father's father once lived on this very estate.»

Miss Camilla looked at him in blank bewilderment.

«But how *could* he?» she exclaimed.

«It is quite a remarkable coincidence. He lived, as I suppose, in the very house in which I am living now!»

Miss Camilla's lids fluttered and fell, and the blood beat in her cheeks. Then she lifted her eyes to his face, and held them steadily there.

«Indeed?» she murmured. «That is very—interesting.»

He smiled.

«Or very shocking? Don't think that I care about my grandfather. He seems to have been an honest man, and a man not to be ashamed of, if he was an overseer. But I love you so—that for anything more—to come between us—»

He set his lips as if half angry at the unsteadiness of his own voice, and waited to regain his mastery of it.

«And I know the traditions of your family—»

Miss Camilla looked at the fire.

«I am afraid,» she said softly, «that I have talked to you a great deal about my family.»

«You could not talk to me about anything,» he said, «that I would not care to hear; but some things—the story of that young lady's picture, for instance—have been rather discouraging to a plebeian who wanted to ask you to be his wife.»

Miss Camilla still studied the blazing logs almost as if she had not heard, but a faint rose crept into her face.

«We were speaking just now of the portraits,» she said. «While they were hanging on the walls, with their eyes always following me about, I could think only of my ancestors as they were painted there—in wigs and ruffles and satin gowns; and when I tried to do as I ought as the last of the name, I remembered how much they thought of the family, and how particular they had been about—everything; and it seemed to me that for their sakes I must be careful about the same things, and not do anything—different.»

She paused for a moment, with his eyes fixed eagerly upon her face. His own face was tense almost to haggardness.

«I am glad those pictures of them are gone, for now I can think of them as being in heaven, and—not caring.»

Miss Camilla's lashes were still wet, but she broke into a bright, tremulous laugh, letting her hands drop restfully into her lap, and looking up at Mr. Robinson.

«I shall be so glad,» she said, «to stop telling people about those two *b*'s!»

Annie Steger Winston.

THE RED COLUMBINE.

FAIR, fragile daughter of the ledge,
Thou shakest in the breezes free
Thy gold-rimmed bells along the edge
Of headlands looking out to sea,

Or climbest up the rugged face
Of inland boulders high and steep,
Or fringest with thy airy grace
The precipice whence waters leap.

Fair herald of the race of flowers,
Daintiest of all the springtime knows,
Fresh with the chill of April showers
Or breath of late-dissolving snows,

The secret places of the rocks
Wherein no human foot may stand,
The overhanging crag that mocks
The bravest climber's reaching hand;

The inaccessible ravine,
Shadowed and dewy all day long,
Where at the bottom, dimly seen,
The unsunned brook repeats its song;

The cliff unscaled by daring feet,
The glen concealed in twilight gloom,
These offer thee their safe retreat,
And look upon thy hidden bloom.

Thou lovest to climb the highest rock
Seamed by a finger's breadth of soil,
And thence look brightly down, and mock
The lover who would seize and spoil.

Uncloistered nun among the flowers!
Thou keep'st thy virgin pride and state,
Kissed only by the winds and showers,
From all the world inviolate.

The winged banditti of the air
Who plunder through the summer hours,
The insect thieves who everywhere
Rob and despoil the helpless flowers,

Are yet asleep; the chrysalis
Still in his branch-hung hammock swings,
Unconscious of the coming bliss
Of sunshine, liberty, and wings.

Ah, flower that virgin-hearted dies!
Whose heart no butterfly has stirred,
Whose honey-laden nectaries
Have never known a humming-bird!

Ere wasps forsake their cradling clay,
Or night-moths haunt the apple-bough,
Thou livest thy brief and lonely day,
And when the bee comes, where art thou?

Elizabeth Akers.

THACKERAY IN WEIMAR.

WITH UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY.[1]

WEIMAR, the old residence town of the grand dukes of Saxony, yearly attracts a large number of strangers. They are not drawn thither by any extraordinary natural beauties or mineral springs, nor by old art treasures, or the fashionable life of modern summer-resorts. What attracts so large a multitude of travelers is the desire to visit the place where German thought blossomed and ripened into a classic beauty never before known. Well has the small town on the Ilm been called «Ilm-Athens,» and the ruling house been compared with the Medicis. For it was not a mere coincidence, but the cautious choice of the intellectual and benevolent Grand Duchess Anna Amalia, that brought together in Weimar the greatest German poets and thinkers as teachers and companions for her son Carl August, who in his turn knew how to appreciate them, to increase their numbers, and to retain them in Weimar.

Among the visitors to Weimar are representatives of all the civilized nations of the world; but particularly numerous since the beginning of this century have been travelers from England, and recently from the United States. Goethe's biographer, Lewes, was received there in the most kindly and cordial manner; there Bayard Taylor pursued his studies for his beautiful «Faust» translation, and gave lectures on American literature. It was through him that many of the inhabitants of Weimar first became acquainted with Edgar Allan Poe's «Raven.» In like manner, Professor Thomas of Ann Arbor, one of America's best Goethe students, who has now been called to take the place of the late H. H. Boyesen at Columbia University, studied there in the Goethe-Schiller Archives and the Goethe National Museum.

The existence of the Goethe-Schiller Archives and the Goethe National Museum is due to the generous bequest of Goethe's last grandchild, who died in 1885; and they have lately become objects of great interest to admirers of art and literature.

But many of those who come to Weimar unattracted by the classic peace of the past find the social and intellectual atmosphere of the place most agreeable. The worthy descendants of Anna Amalia and Carl August, mindful of the noble traditions of their house, are continually striving to keep fresh the artistic and literary atmosphere. The Weimar Court Theater was one of the first to produce the great works of Wagner; Liszt made the cosy little cottage near the park, given him by the Grand Duke Carl Alexander, his permanent home, and hundreds of his pupils carried with them from Weimar into the world the art taught them by this great master. The Art School and the Conservatory of Weimar boast of a well-earned reputation.

The opening of the Goethe National Museum offered the layman an opportunity to glance into the workshop of this universal genius; and the manuscripts and correspondences of the «Poet-Archives» put in new light the commanding position held by Goethe in the literary and artistic life of his time. Contributions to his art and natural-history collections were sent him from all sides, and his opinion was asked on all questions of literature, art, and the natural sciences. Artists and scholars of all nations came to Weimar in the first decades of this century in ever-increasing numbers to form a personal acquaintance with Goethe, and to rejoice in his kindly appreciation of their works and interests.

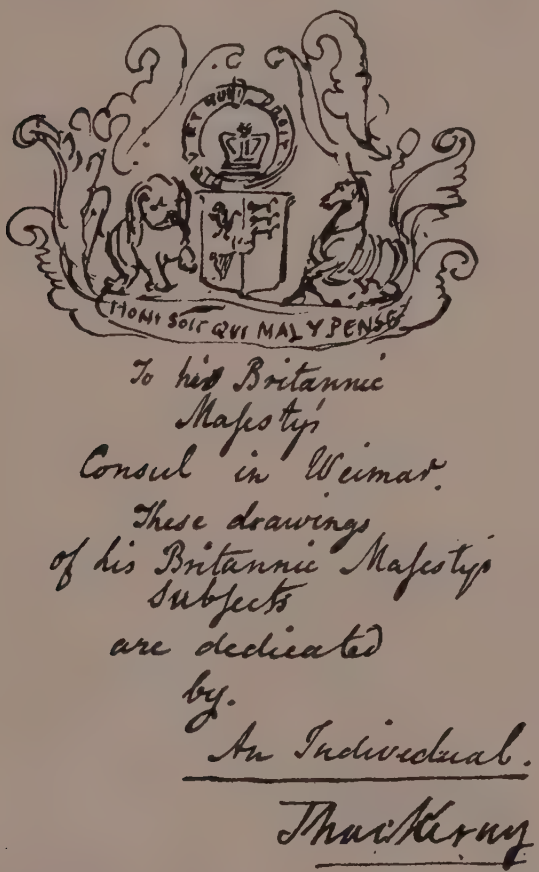
They received at the same time stimulus and encouragement in the intellectual and friendly intercourse which was carried on both at court and in private houses. In this respect the salons of Frau Johanna Schopenhauer, and of the witty, fantastical daughter-in-law of Goethe, Ottilie (née Von Pogwisch), particularly distinguished themselves. Ottilie, with her husband August von Goethe, and their children, Walther, Wolfgang, and Alma, occupied the top floor of Goethe's house on the Frauenplan. She stood at the head of Goethe's household, cared for her father-in-law with the greatest assiduity and self-sacrifice, and entertained her guests in the most agreeable and graceful manner imaginable.

The rooms on the first floor were used only

[1] Printed by permission of Smith, Elder & Co.

for large parties, while Goethe's study and bedroom, which looked out upon the spacious garden in the rear, remained undisturbed in the midst of the liveliness and gaiety often going on in other parts of the house.

With advancing age, Goethe had retired more and more from the whirl of society; and often again, as in the beginning of his stay



in Weimar, he lived in the idyllic little cottage in the park, and there received his visitors in quiet and friendly intercourse.

Henry Crabb Robinson, the friend of Charles Lamb and William Wordsworth, who until the middle of this century traveled extensively through the Continent and became acquainted with all persons of intellectual or artistic renown, describes a visit to Goethe's cottage in the year 1829. He writes in his «Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence»:

He [Goethe] generally eats and drinks alone, and when he invites a stranger it is to a tête-à-tête. This is a wise sparing of his strength.

In the course of a second visit they talked much of Byron, and of the similarity of Burns's «Vision» and Goethe's «Zueignung.» Afterward the conversation turned more in detail to Byron's life and works.

It was a satisfaction to me to find that Goethe preferred to all other serious poems of Byron the «Heaven and Earth.» He added: «Byron should have lived to execute his vocation, to dramatize the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands the tower of Babel would have been!» In this way I spent five evenings with Goethe. I saw much of his daughter-in-law; he is said to have called her «ein verrückter Engel» (a crazy angel), and the epithet is felicitous.

At Ottilie's Robinson often met Samuel Naylor, the clever translator of «Reineke Fuchs» into English, and the son of his friend Thomas Naylor. Samuel Naylor, it seemed, was a favorite of Frau von Goethe. In fact, during those years a considerable number of young Englishmen were shown particular favor by the ladies of Weimar.

A member of the English colony at Weimar in 1830 was Mr. W. G. Lettsom, who was then the English minister's attaché at Weimar, and later became her Majesty's chargé d'affaires in Uruguay. While a student in Cambridge he had been a friend of William Makepeace Thackeray, and seems to have given him most enticing descriptions of the charms and attractions of the society life at Weimar. For when Thackeray, then but nineteen years of age, had, without the permission or knowledge of his pastor and masters, undertaken a trip to Paris during his vacation in the summer of 1830, and had overcome his first scruples about this escapade, he extended his journey to Weimar, and remained there the entire winter, captivated by the pleasant and stimulating life.

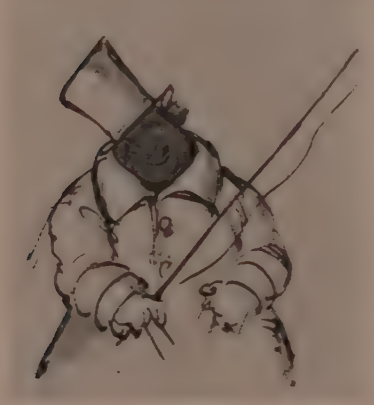
Through his friend he was soon introduced into the best social circles, and above all, of course, into Goethe's house. Wherever he went, he met with a friendly and hearty welcome, as did every well-recommended Englishman. But Ottilie von Goethe particularly rejoiced at this splendid addition to her English retinue. She had expressed her affection for the sons of England before this, call-

ing herself in jest «the British consul at Weimar.» As such she extended her protection to young Thackeray, who, though unknown at the time, soon became through his talents a general favorite.

We gain further knowledge of Thackeray's visit to Weimar from his own hand. He writes in a letter dated Wednesday, the 20th of October:

I saw for the first time old Goethe to-day. He was very kind, and received me in rather a more distinguished manner than he had used to other Englishmen here. The old man gives occasionally a tea-party, to which the English and some special favourites in the town are invited: he sent me a summons this morning to come to him at twelve. I sat with him for half an hour, and took my leave on the arrival of ——. And Madame de Goethe was very kind. When I went to call on her I found her with three Byrons, a Moore, and a Shelley on her table.

At about the same time Thackeray ordered from a bookseller in Charterhouse Square «a liberal supply of the Bath post paper, on which he wrote his verses and drew his countless sketches. On certain sheets of this paper, after his interview with Goethe,



A COACHMAN.

we find the young artist trying to trace from recollection the features of the remarkable face which had deeply impressed his fancy.»

There is to be found in «Thackerayana,» a collection of notes, anecdotes, and drawings which have been put together from the works left by Thackeray, rather an unsuccessful portrait sketch. This, it seems, partly served as a model for the illustration by Daniel Maclise (under the pseudonym of Alfred Croquis) which appeared in the March number of «Fraser's Magazine» in 1832, almost simultaneously with Goethe's death.

Goethe received from Thackeray the first numbers of this magazine, founded in February, 1830; and Thackeray writes to Lewes:

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. «Fraser's Magazine» had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for a while in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. R——, which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. «They would make me look like that,» he said; though, in truth, I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and healthy-looking than the grand old Goethe.

Goethe's unfavorable judgment unfortunately did not deceive him, for the portrait by Maclise unintentionally became in the reproduction a very striking caricature, like that of Mr. R——. The original drawing, however, which is now in the South Kensington Museum, in spite of its sharp characterization and painfully realistic treatment, makes a striking and noble impression, and thus realizes far better the enthusiastic description which Carlyle gave it in «Fraser's Magazine» of March, 1832:

Reader, thou here beholdest the Eidolon of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. So looks and lives, now in his eighty-third year, afar in the bright little friendly circle of Weimar, «the clearest, most universal man of his time.»

Maclise, who had never seen Goethe, undoubtedly used Thackeray's sketch for the profile drawing, which explains its awkward and bent figure. For the full face he made use of an engraving, widely known in England, after the admirable Goethe portrait by Stieler in Munich. Later Carlyle himself says, in a note to the Fraser portrait:

The copy in «Fraser's Magazine» proved a total failure and involuntary caricature, resembling, as was said at the time, a wretched old clothes-man carrying behind his back a hat which he seemed to have stolen. (Carlyle's «Miscellanies,» vol. iii, p. 93.)

On November 17, 1830, Thackeray writes, still from Weimar:

I have read «Faust,» with which, of course, I am delighted, but not to that degree I expected.

It is natural, of course, that, owing to his youthfulness, the pathos and dramatic power of Schiller appealed to him in a greater degree, as one can see from his letter of February 25, 1831:

Talking of Schiller, I am in possession of his handwriting and of his veritable court sword, and I do believe him to be, after Shakspere, «The Poet.» . . . I have been reading Shakspere in German. If I could ever do the same for Schiller in English, I should be proud of having conferred a benefit on my country.

The best description of Thackeray's subsequent life in Weimar is found in the above-mentioned letter to Lewes, of April 28, 1855:

Five and twenty years ago at least a score of English lads used to live at Weimar for study or sport or society, all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindliest hospitality. The court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right appeared in uniform, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing—the kind old Hof-Marschall of those days, M. de Spiegel (who had two of the loveliest daughters eyes ever looked on), being in no wise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant court entertainments. I, for my part, had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted. . . .

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless poems and novels in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

A small collection of sketches of this kind he had, at this time, dedicated to Frau von Goethe, under the joking title, already mentioned, of «British consul in Weimar.» The loose leaves are carefully pasted together, and on each one Ottilie von Goethe has testified in her own hand to Thackeray's authorship; and the name Thackeray which stands below the dedication given on page 921, and which serves more or less as iden-

tification of «An Individual» immediately above it, is written by Ottilie.

These drawings were handed down with the greatest care by inheritance to Goethe's grandchildren, and so on down to the author, who takes pleasure in presenting them to the public as valuable aid for the appreciation of Thackeray's artistic talent, and as a remembrance of one of the happiest episodes in the life of the great novelist.

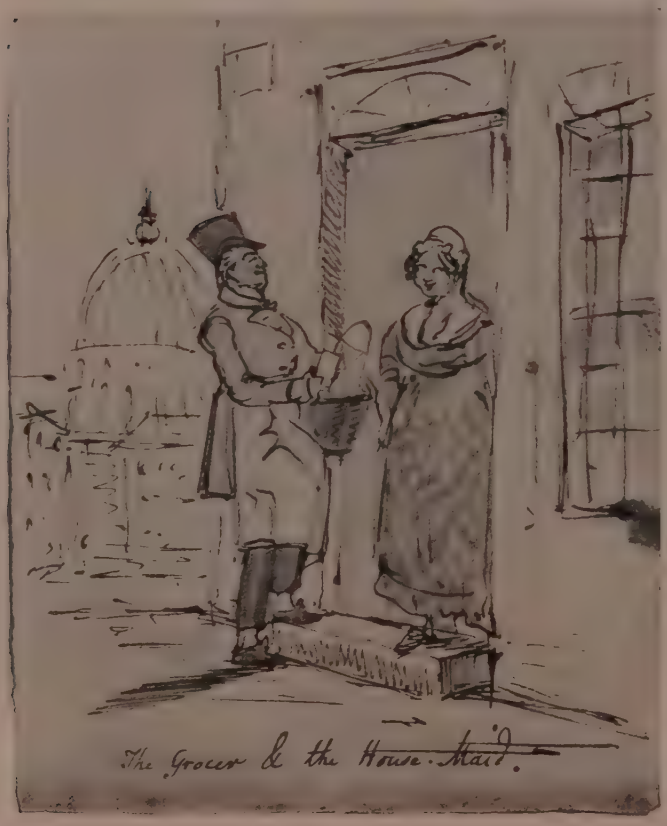
Most readers know Thackeray as an artist only from the drawings he has made for his novels; but in these, as well as in the Goethe sketch, he shows himself by no means to the best advantage; for, on the one hand, the sketch suffered, as did that of Maclise, in course of reproduction; and on the other hand, the great knack of his artistic talent lay in his very sketchy though highly characteristic treatment of lively and preferably humorous scenes or funny types and personages.

Frau von Gustedt, who as Jenny von Pappenheim was a friend of Ottilie von Goethe, tells in her memoirs how Thackeray used to caricature himself:

> As we sat about the tea-table and conversed he drew the most humorous sketches. He always drew himself by beginning at the feet and completing the picture without taking his pen from the paper. He used to draw a little street boy next to him, making fun of him because of his queerly shaped nose, which had once been broken while boxing. Otherwise he was of good appearance—tall, with fine eyes, and thick curly hair. He belonged to the most popular set of Englishmen who made Weimar their temporary home, and of these there were a great many.

Pictorial puns can be found in Thackeray's Charterhouse school-books, in which there is a drawing called «In a State of Suspense.» Still more numerous are his similarly humorous treatments, while a student, of legal definitions, such as «Fee Simple,» «On Freeholds,» «A General Clause,» «A Rejoinder,» «An Ejectment,» etc.

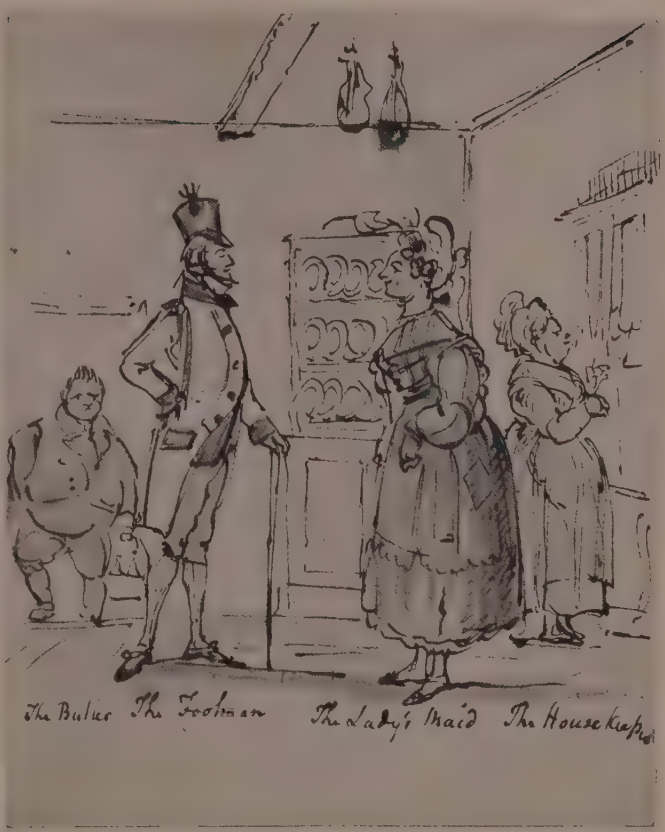
Further details concerning his visit to Goethe, and his impressions of court and of Weimar society, Thackeray describes from memory:



> Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected invitation that the «Herr Geheimerath» would see me. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long greydrab redingote, with a white neck-cloth, and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy, his eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. . . . I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even at the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself,

which I answered as best I could. . . . *Vidi tantum:* I saw him but three times—once walking in the garden of his house in the Frauenplan, once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed to. [Alma von Goethe died at the age of seventeen years, while on a visit in Vienna in 1844.]

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of art and letters. . . . At the court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished. The Grand Duchess, a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this court to the patriarch of letters there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign.



The most interesting document of the international literary pursuits cultivated by the social circle grouped about Ottilie von Goethe is «Das Chaos» («The Chaos»), a publication printed for this same small company. J. D. Gries, the talented translator of Tasso and Ariosto, had described the confusion of languages then spoken in Weimar in a stanza which, freely translated, would read:

> Often time full many a thing can show,
> Which once we thought was but a fable;
> Weimar as «German Athens» we did know,
> But now they call it «German Babel.»

And the origination of «The Chaos» points, if only in a trivial way, to the polyglottism which later reigned throughout its pages.

In the year 1829, when the French sculptor David visited Weimar for the purpose of making his famous bust of Goethe, and Mickiewicz, the Polish Byron, was also there, a small circle of intimate friends of Ottilie met together in her living-room one rainy afternoon. Among the gentlemen were Councilor Soret of Geneva, the instructor of the present Grand Duke Carl Alexander; Mr. Patrick Parry, a popular Englishman who had settled down in Weimar; and Eckerman, Goethe's secretary. The conversation had come to a standstill, something which very rarely happened, when Eckerman remarked with a sigh, «Es regnet»; «It rains,» said Parry; and «Il pleut,» laughed Soret.

«Go home if you don't know anything better to talk about,» said Ottilie, moodily; «it seems to me, anyway, that our company is falling asleep. It is the highest time to shake them up with something of particular interest.»

The proposition met with general applause, and after diverse expressions of opinion it was finally decided to found a Musen-Verein, (Society of the Muses), with an Apollo at

its head. The club was to meet once a week to furnish contributions for a journal to appear only in manuscript form. Ottilie succeeded in interesting Goethe in the undertaking, but could not persuade him to act as Apollo. The nine Muses soon met, and were compelled to take a tenth into the club. «The old gods will gladly suffer this from us good people of Weimar,» Ottilie explained. In a few days the manuscript journal appeared. The contributions were not signed; Ottilie alone knew their authors, and took good care to keep their names in secrecy.

The Society of the Muses was heard from as such but once, and forthwith disbanded. «The Chaos» took its place, as the contents of the future printed pages were to be chaotic. According to the rules, only such persons were admitted to «The Chaos» as had lived in Weimar at least three days, had contributed at least one original but still unpublished article, and had promised to keep it secret from all non-members. Ottilie, as editor, was assisted by Parry and Soret. These three carried out the original undertaking with much tact and discretion; and by and by the greater portion of society also took part. Young and old were interested and excited in trying to guess the authors of the different articles, and in the hope of being guessed themselves, and of having replies. On Goethe's birthday, August 28, 1829, the first printed number appeared.

It opened with a German prologue, by Holtei, explaining the appearance of «The Chaos,» and «invoking the good graces of the great master.» In the «Letter-Box,» which begins in the next number and is continued in the succeeding ones, one «Elvira» replies in French to an Englishman who writes for news from Weimar. One «Henry Davantry» writes from London warning a friend against visiting Weimar, against the German «malaria» sentimentality, the tobacco, the moonlight, and the dancing-craze of the women. The writer of the «Elvira» letter was Mr. Plunkett, son of Lord Dausany, and Ottilie was the author of the letter signed «Davantry.»

The second number opened with an English prologue by Mr. Charles Knox, the twelfth son of the Bishop of Derry; while a prologue in French, written by Soret under the pseudonym of «Plainpalais,» served as introduction to the third. The same number contained an answer, also by Soret, to a letter by «Elvira.»

After the appearance of a fourth prologue in Italian, a correspondence in French by

the Russian Larazin, and English poems by Charles des Voeux, the translator of Goethe's «Tasso,» Gries, under the pseudonym of «Alikuin,» again complained of the predominance of the foreign element in verses a free translation of which is:

British, Gallic, and Italian
Seem to be in fullest sway;
If I knew some Kamchadalean,
Satisfied I 'd go my way.
With happiness supreme I 'd smile
If Turkish I could murder; oh,
But German now is out of style,
And only German 's all I know.

Goethe, too, contributed several poems, which were marked with a star, and by his graceful verses «To Her» evoked a contest of skilful retorts «To Him,» written by four ladies, among them Ottilie, each one of whom claimed for herself the compliments of his verses.

It was generally taken for granted that Thackeray, too, had contributed to «The Chaos» during his stay at Weimar; for Ottilie von Goethe could not permit such a talent, although only later fully developed, to escape her undertaking. But nothing has ever been discovered which might lead to the identification of any pseudonym which he may have used. Two contributions, however, have been found among the manuscripts which are carefully kept in the «Poet-Archives» in Weimar, which doubtless were written by the same hand as the above dedication and the titles of the other illustrations. They were surely, therefore, written by Thackeray.

The first is a merry drinking-song, without title or signature:

I pray not for riches, I ask not for fame;
Let madmen and soldiers go seek her;
But honesty needeth no Sir to his name,
And a little 's enough for good liquor.
I state him an ass who, despising his glass,
For place or preferment will quarrel;
My creed I do hold with the lyric of old,
For he stuck all his life to his barrel!

When goblins and ghosts 'mong the children of men
Were permitted by Satan to riot,
Our priests laid them deep in the Red Sea, and then
The poor exorcised devils were quiet!
Now all dæmons are rare, save the one that 's called care;
But we 've need of no priest to dismay him.
Right simple 's the spell the dull spirit to quell—
In the red sea of wine you should lay him.

St. Peter in heaven hath charge of the keys,
If his brother St. John 's a truth-teller.
When an angel in heaven, how gladly I 'd ease
The old boy of the keys of the cellar!
Or if banished elsewhere as a sinner who ne'er
Has listened to prayer or to preacher,
Then may I be cursed with perpetual thirst,
And to quench it an emptiless pitcher!

Numerous translations from Goethe's works appeared in «The Chaos.» Count Alessandro Poerio in Florence translated «Die Braut von Corinth» into Italian, and Count Casa Valencia «Die Spinnerinn» into Spanish. Lord Leweson contributed to «The Chaos» parts of his «Faust» translation, which, however, did not please Goethe very much. But all the more satisfactory were the translations of «Meine Ruh' ist hin» from «Faust,» and «Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt» («Mignon»), by Samuel Naylor, and of other selections by Mr. Lawrence under the pseudonym of «St. Ives.»

To this category belongs Thackeray's second contribution, entitled «Translated from Faust,» and signed «Rosa»:

Once on a time there lived a king,
And he did keep a flea.
Now he did love this little thing
As though his sire was he.

The tailor was called by the king's desire,
And he bid the man of stitches
To make a coat for the young squire
And an elegant pair of breeches.

Silks and velvets rich and rare
Did this flea each day now put on;
Ribbons, too, on his coat he did wear,
And a gold cross at his button.

A minister next was this little flea,
And wore a star which made his
Brothers and sisters at court to be
Great gentlemen and great ladies.

They bit the court, and they bit the queen
And the wretched maids of honor;
But not one of them all might scratch, I ween,
Though a dozen were upon her!

Now ladies and lords are more at ease,
For nothing does prohibit 'em,
When bitten by nasty little fleas,
To kill them all ad libitum.

In a letter also published in «The Chaos» Ottilie von Goethe characterized the general tone of Weimar society which then reigned, and which to some degree still reigns:

We speak to each other frankly and openly about every feeling and sensation. Even if Weimar were a place in which few strangers were seen, or where these were widely scattered, we would, ac-

cording to custom, fight our way up the entire ladder which has to be climbed with a stranger, beginning with the first question, «Is this your first visit to Weimar?» and ending with remarks on the weather and the theatre. But as so many different countries sent us their inhabitants, we all silently resolved to throw off the awful chain of monotony which in consequence would surely weigh upon us

every hour of the day; and then, after the first phrase had been uttered as payment on account, quietly to continue in our customary way, as if no stranger were present. . . . Wherein consists the great difference in feeling one's self out of place or at home? Surely only therein, that one approaches one's old acquaintances with confidence and without all ceremony. So one acts and talks as if one could not be misunderstood, whereas one treats strangers in their places in a way which really is nothing but politely expressed distrust.

It was no wonder, then, that the charm of such an unceremonious and cordial intercourse, and the cultivated amiability of the members of society, induced Thackeray to interrupt his university work for a considerable time. With joyous gratitude he in later years remembered his sojourn in Weimar and the friends he had won there. After twenty-three years he returned thither for a short visit with his daughter, to show her the dearly loved town where he had spent so happy and so instructive a period of his youth.

I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughter with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the park, which still belongs to the family, and had been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

Thackeray closes his letter to Lewes with the words:

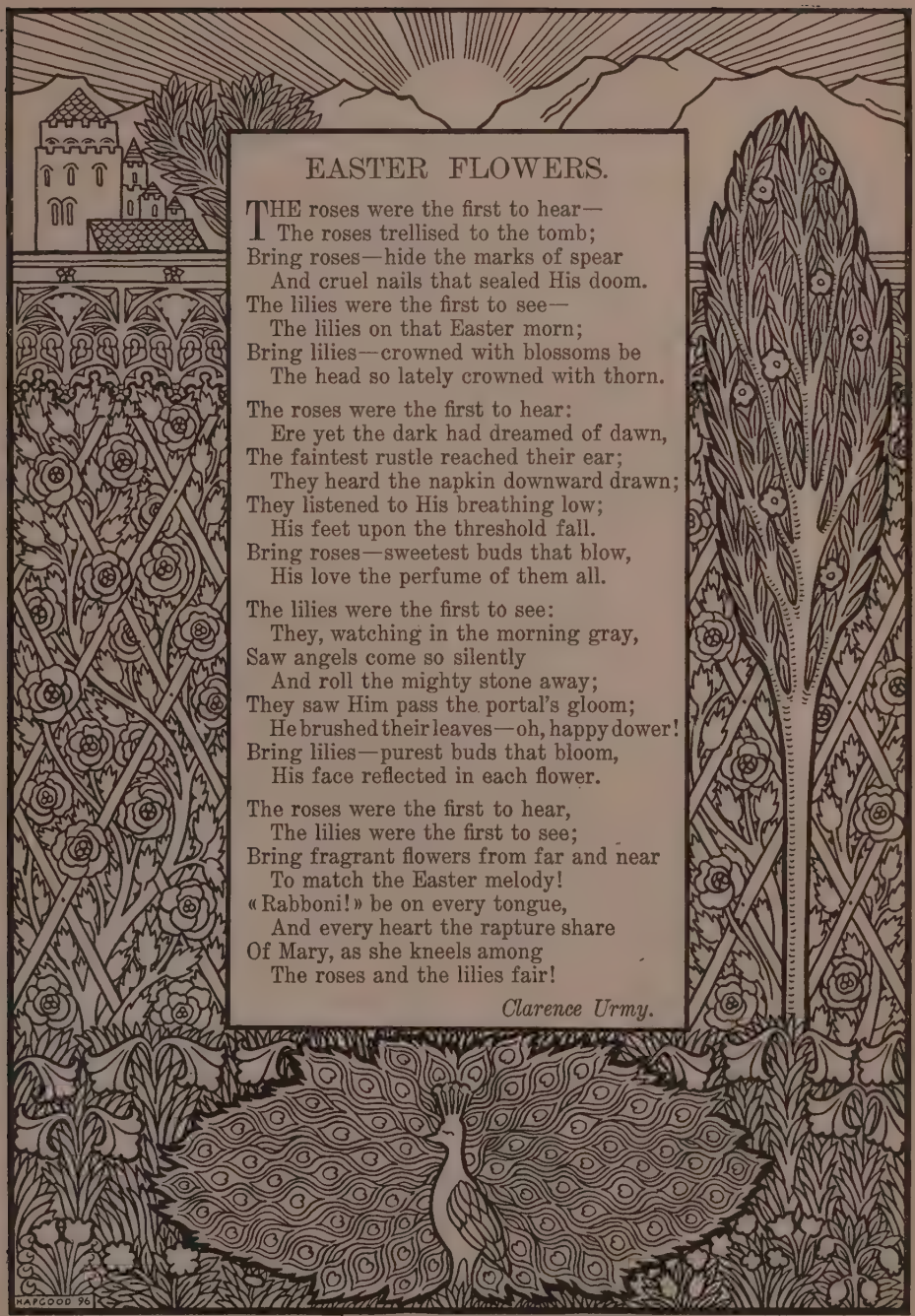
After a five and twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, more charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

And Lewes adds from personal experience:

Thackeray's testimony is not only borne out by all that I learn elsewhere, but is indeed applicable to Weimar in the present day, where the English visitor is received by the reigning Grand Duke and Duchess with the same exquisite grace of courtesy, and where he still feels that the traditions of the Goethe period are living.

Walter Vulpius.

(Translated by Herbert Schurz.)



EASTER FLOWERS.

THE roses were the first to hear—
The roses trellised to the tomb;
Bring roses—hide the marks of spear
And cruel nails that sealed His doom.
The lilies were the first to see—
The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The roses were the first to hear:
Ere yet the dark had dreamed of dawn,
The faintest rustle reached their ear;
They heard the napkin downward drawn;
They listened to His breathing low;
His feet upon the threshold fall.
Bring roses—sweetest buds that blow,
His love the perfume of them all.

The lilies were the first to see:
They, watching in the morning gray,
Saw angels come so silently
And roll the mighty stone away;
They saw Him pass the portal's gloom;
He brushed their leaves—oh, happy dower!
Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom,
His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear,
The lilies were the first to see;
Bring fragrant flowers from far and near
To match the Easter melody!
«Rabboni!» be on every tongue,
And every heart the rapture share
Of Mary, as she kneels among
The roses and the lilies fair!

Clarence Urmy.

NANCY.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

WHEN Maitland and I arrived at the Café Durand, at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Place de la Madeleine, the little tables were already far out on the sidewalk. Surrounding them, here and there, were many apathetic sippers of absinthe and many garrulous bock-drinkers, sunning themselves and gossiping of the last escapade of a famous actress. We had walked leisurely from the Rue d'Argenson, where for several years I had established my studio. We had seated ourselves at one of the little tables, and were enjoying the amusing spectacle of the Paris street, intending later, possibly, a visit to the florid canvases of Rubens in the Louvre.

It was about the hour of noon; the sun was very mild and pleasant, for the May of this 1891 had been extremely cold in Paris. Maitland offered me a cigar, and ordered some coffee. Like many of his rich fellow-countrymen, he was dressed like an Englishman, and might very well have been taken for the younger son of some wealthy lord. He fell to chatting and laughing, as was his wont, and commenting upon the myriad faces—sad, gay, stern, and flippant—of the crowd that passed us. He told me that there was not here the variety of Broadway, nor the beauty. I remember I replied that there was not even the beauty of Regent street. There were many sad instances of vagabondism; there were many women with hectic complexions and blonde hair; there were, also, many specimens of the Paris dandy: but there was in all the faces no freshness, no purity. I fancied my young American friend secretly regretted the absence of the pert young miss of Fifth Avenue, who is able to lighten the heaviness of the passing show by her open-eyed trustfulness. I have never had the good fortune to travel in the States, but I fancy that to watch the promenade from a café on Broadway, if they have these affairs in New York, would be extraordinarily amusing. I fancy the people dress much more showily even than here; that there is a greater exhibition of millinery and a more generous display of color, a fondness for which is probably to be traced to the influence of their brilliant autumnal foliage.

Maitland amused me by his newly acquired *fin de siècle* pessimism. He affected to find nothing of interest in the throngs of well-dressed men and women who were moving in either direction; he pretended to give me his opinion that the faces of the Parisians betrayed a marvelous lack of *esprit!* Suddenly he became very silent. His attention was fixed upon the sad, white face of a nun who passed. She wore, I believe, the garb of the order of Sacré Cœur. Her face, pale and set, had a strained, painful quality, as if she were silently brooding over some secret grief. Maitland frankly stared at her as she moved by our table; then, excusing himself, he rose and hastened on to a point on the boulevard, where he stopped and again scrutinized her features more closely. When he returned to his seat he was silent a long time. He appeared to have entirely lost interest in the gaiety of the street. Maitland was usually such good company that I was beginning to be afraid that I had probably wasted an afternoon when at last he said abruptly:

«You Englishmen imagine that you know American characteristics very thoroughly. You know and are fond of certain optimistic American types; you introduce them into your plays and novels; you solemnly assure yourselves that you have, in the vulgar phrase, ‹sized us up.› It will therefore surprise you, I presume, when I tell you that the face of the cloistral nun who passed is quite typical of many of our New England women; that it is the exact counterpart of one which has been indelibly stamped on my memory, which I saw but once, and which betrayed, as did the nun's, a sadness beyond words.»

«I fancy that you knew the handsome nun from the way you stared,» I said with a smile, sipping my coffee leisurely.

«No; only the face. I knew that—it was familiar to me.»

«She reminded you of the typical New Englander? She certainly appeared anemic to a degree. I hope in America you are not in the habit of starving your typical women. Perhaps you starve them—the types—to preserve them.» I laughed.

Maitland was silent a moment.

«That is the word—*starved*,» he said. «They are starved—their emotions allowed

to wither away of inanition. I can't take this thing lightly, because the life of some of these mistaken women, with their horrible self-repression, comes so vividly before me. I have lived much in New England; I know whereof I speak; I can give you an instance.»

Maitland glanced about at the gay scene before us with a quick glance, and then, as it were, with a gesture put it far from him—the passing throng, the pretty kiosk with its illustrated papers, the array of carriages, the glitter of a parade of soldiers. In the distance the magnificent if irreligious Madeleine seemed to rise from an enormous bank of roses, for there was in the place before the church a flower-show of unusual proportions. On all sides the gaiety of the Paris afternoon was beginning. The city was festal,—it is always festal,—playing the part to the nineteenth that Venice did to the seventeenth, that New York will perhaps, to the twentieth, century. Within the Café Durand a skilled musician played a lively waltz. Some very charming Americans came and took a table near us—a handsome mama, and a daughter with the frankest blue eyes, who demurely sipped her little glass of Madeira, and glanced at my friend. Maitland saw and heard nothing of it all. «I have half a mind to tell you,» he said, «the story of Nancy Brandon.»

The waltz the musician was playing was a very pretty trifle. I made a mental note to learn its name, buy it, and send it to my little niece in Devonshire.

«Go on!» I laughed; «I want to hear if there are nuns to be found in your puritan New England, and to learn that your typical woman there is a recluse. Let me tell you that the type you send across the water for us to admire is talkative, lively, rapid, *brave*. Are there, then, also the other sort—?»

«I assure you what I say is true,» he interrupted. «Consider me, if you please, an ancient mariner. I must tell my story to get rid of it.»

«To be rid of the face?»

«Yes; that is it.» Maitland did not smile.

«I see. The nun reminds you of—the New Englander?»

«It is the likeness of two minted coins, of two casts of a statue; the white face of stone, the dying soul within the eyes; the nun's and Nancy Brandon's were the same. There were the same traces of faded beauty in each of their delicate, flower-like features, and the same repression and the same repellent hauteur in their eyes.»

I said nothing, and after a moment's hesitation he continued:

«About three years ago I spent a week with a friend in the hills of Vermont for the trout-fishing. It was just about this time, in May. Our luck was not of the best, and I resolved to fish a stream hitherto untried. It led me through a wild country, a primeval forest, through the gorge of a mountain, and so down into one of those remote valleys which seem to be entirely shut out from the world.

«I remember that I had fished all day with some success, and it grew to be dusk before I realized my distance from home. I came upon a road which appeared to have fallen into complete disuse. The grass was growing between the tracks of the wheels, and brambles and raspberry-bushes entirely obscured the old rail-side fences on each. I came to a farm-house, and found it locked and deserted. Three or four apple-trees were in full bloom at the north side and in the meadow. The old barns near by were rotting, with their open doors hanging half off. Across the valley, upon a hillside, gleamed a light. I determined, if possible, to reach the house which contained it. As I came out into the road again, I remember, it began to rain a little.

«I passed many other deserted farms—you see, the soil in parts of New England cannot compete with the fertile Ohio and Mississippi valleys. I had happened upon a district where nearly all the farmers had sold out or died out, and the later incoming foreigners—the Irish, the French Canadians, and others—had not yet arrived.»

«But you astonish me, Maitland,» I said, interested; «is it possible that your Yankees are dying out in New England?»

«Yes; the change has been silently going on for some years. It is quite true that the old ‹first-settler› population is disappearing; also that the differences between the rich and the poor are becoming much more marked. The cities are growing, but the rural districts are becoming depopulated, the small farmers moving West. It is noticeably so in the Connecticut valley and in Vermont. Farm after farm that I passed presented the most wretched appearance; the low, white wooden houses were overgrown with rank vines, the fences broken down, the windows in many instances boarded up. At one house, which had the stately white pillars of the classic architectural period in America and seemed finer than its neighbors, I observed a swarm of dirty Irish children about the door, playing a noisy game among the old box-bordered flower-beds in the quaint garden. I

pressed on, and at last, chilled by the rain, arrived just as darkness was setting in at the house on the hill farm whose light I had observed from the valley.

«There was an air of neatness about the yard as I entered, and I felt sure that the hill farm, for some reason, was still being cultivated by the descendants of the original settlers. The house was of the common New England type, two stories in front, and straggling out in the rear to a number of low sheds and outhouses. I knocked at the side door, and it was immediately opened by a tall, middle-aged farmer-like man with a long, brown chin-beard. He was dressed in his Sunday black doeskin. I asked him if I could obtain lodging for the night. He answered me with a question.

«‹Be'n fishin'?› he asked in a loud voice and with a cheery manner. ‹I reckon you ken stay, ef Nancy don't mind. Come right in, sir; it 's a bad night fer to be out.›

«The door opened into the great farm kitchen. By the stove, in a stiff wooden chair, was seated an old man, who held his skinny hands out over the fire, looking at me suspiciously over his shoulder. A large Newfoundland dog sniffed at my heels and growled. The younger man, who had every appearance of being from the West, placed a chair for me by the stove, and I had leisure to tell them of my successful fishing venture and to show them my basket of trout. I had leisure, also, to observe the third figure in their household—a delicate, slight little woman, who was busy setting the table near a window. Her back was turned toward me. She seemed to have no curiosity concerning my arrival, but to be completely engrossed in her affairs. When at last she turned and approached the stove for some purpose, she scarcely lifted her eyes from the floor.

«‹Nancy,› said the younger man, briskly, ‹ken ye make room fer a stranger to-night?›

«‹It 's nothing to me,› she answered in a low, dull voice, which possessed too little interest to be forbidding.

«‹I guess ye ken stay,› said my host, winking at me as who should say, ‹You see, *I 'm* willing enough.›

«I saw Nancy's face—a tragic face, like the nun's, as white and cold as marble, with faint traces of a past beauty, and a sweet, solemn purity of profile like a Greek cameo. She gave me an impression of outline without color or life.

«‹Huh! Ef it had be'n to-morrow night, now, guess you 'd not found no light here nuther. It jest happed father an' Nancy here is goin' West with me to-morrow. Ye see, most the folks in this valley has moved away long afore this; but ye 're welcome to stay the night here.› He observed my glance about the neat kitchen.

«‹No; we ain't need to pack. Sold out as she stands to the bank folks to Equinox—everythin'. I made a clean sweep. Yes, house, barns, cattle, furnitoor, beddin', pictyers,—everythin'; guess they think they got a bargain. They was mighty ready to bid a lump sum.›

«NANCY.»

«‹Some o' the furnitoor in this house is nigh goin' on a hund' fifty ye'rs old,› said the old man, not looking at me, but with an attempt, I thought, to be agreeable. William smiled contemptuously, and went on:

«‹Wal, the bank folks did n't hev fer to go down deep fer it, true; but how was we to take it West? Folks out in my kentry ruther prefer modern furnitoor, an' wife she would n't hev the old stuff in the house. Whar be you from? New York? Guess likely you would n't be hevin' the old stuff in New York, nuther;› and he laughed heartily.

«His laughter seemed to irritate his father. The old man shifted himself on the edge of his chair, then pushed back again.

«‹There 's most folks nowadays gettin' too high an' mighty,› he said. ‹William, it wa'n't right to sell the old mahogany table yer mother used ter set such a store by.›

«‹Thet table fetched ten dollars,› said William, laconically; ‹an' mother she 's beyond where she needs tables, I reckon.›

«His father did not reply. He was a lean old man, white-haired and clean-shaved except beneath his chin, where his whiskers grew out from his collar in a sort of fringe. His whole appearance was neat and well cared for; he seemed to partake of the general tidiness of the place. It came over me that this neatness was due to the quiet little woman setting the table—that she had performed her whole duty in that household, and yet she had done no more.

«What is the cause of every one's deserting the valley?» I asked, feeling that I had hit upon a domestic dénouement.

«‹Because—no one 's willin' ter be content an' thank God for what they 've got,› quavered the old man, irritably. ‹Because they 're always wantin' an' wantin', an' ain't ready to stay settled down.›

«William winked at me. ‹Why, it 's because farmin' don't pay up here on these hill farms, thet 's why. An' you 've got to git up an' git. I writ father fifteen year ago to hustle an' sell out an' come live wi' me, an' I kep' writin' an' writin'; did n't do no good. I told him to sell out when he 'd a chance, the year the slate folks took to minin' slate over to the holler. I told him to sell out then, and I guess likely he wishes now he 'd took my advice. I reckon Nancy and him hez hed 'most enough on it up here all alone winters. No; it 's played-out kentry; might 's well own up to it. I guess he 's hed enough.›

«The old man had the discomfited air of one who admittedly has the joke turned against him at last. He kept on warming his hands over the stove, for the evening had come on raw and cold, and varied his movements by occasionally touching the hot tea-kettle. Over his stern face there flitted a senile grin, then disappeared. He seemed to me to have been a large man once, like his son, but latterly to have shrunken down hard and small upon his bones. He moved uneasily in his seat, then said, as though to change the subject to an impersonal one:

«‹I guess likely it 's a-goin' to storm all night.›

«He walked over to the window and looked out. The rain was driving in on an eastern wind. He gazed vacantly out into the storm a moment, and the window reflected his old withered face. Then he turned about, his eye, I thought, meeting Nancy's. He said quickly, ‹Guess—ye won't want to start tomorrow, William, in the rain?›

«I noticed that Nancy paused a moment as if listening for her brother's reply.

«‹Rain 'r shine, father; I 've been a week longer now than I expected. It 's time I was gettin' back—so it 's rain 'r shine.›

«The look that came over Nancy's face was one I never shall forget. Her expression settled down into a rigid, tragic despair. She sighed, and went out of the room with a soft step.

«‹Why,› said William, with a confidential smirk, ‹it does beat the Dutch how they fought ag'in' goin' away from the farm! They kep' a-gittin' stiffer an' stiffer. Now,› said the honest fellow, ‹it will be doin' me a favor, sir, if, you bein' from the city, you should try an' persuade 'em that it 's no place up here alone—them two; a word from you, bein' from the city, might go a great way to make 'em feel satisfied to go. Why, sir, they do remind me of these 'ere lichens that grow about this 'ere farm on the stun fences! Nancy she sees plain it 's fer father's best good, an' so now she jines in an' does her best; but there was a long time when she done her best t' other way.›

«‹She loves the old Vermont farm too well to leave it?›»

«‹Dunno; guess not; don't believe, ef you should ask her, she 'd know why. She 's got to be an old maid, an' she 's set in her way; I guess that 's it.› William gave a great yawn. There was no tragedy here for him.

«Presently supper was ready. I was rather surprised at its delicacy, expecting only coarse farmers' fare. There were light, delicious biscuit, gooseberry preserves, and slices of thin cold pork. The tea was fragrant, the cakes and gingerbread such as I remember long ago at home. I noted places in the table-cloth where it had been darned with exquisite skill, presumably by Nancy's patient fingers.

The old man moved toward his seat at the table, and held out his cup to Nancy, who waited on us, not taking a seat herself. She poured him a cup of steaming tea, and I said, rising:

«‹I 'm afraid I have Miss Nancy's seat?›»

«‹Oh, no,› William laughed; ‹Nancy she never sets down.› Then he added: ‹When she gets out West she 'll have more time. I intend fer her ter be a lady.›

«William looked at his father, and even at Nancy herself, as if for some reward for this gracious speech; but Nancy said nothing.

«The old man appeared to ponder over this remark, and ate his supper in the same nervous, hurried manner his digestive organs had contended against since boyhood, and pushed back his chair. Nancy's face still betrayed no sign. It was only after he had bolted his

supper and regained his seat by the stove that her father said with severity, by way of doing justice to his silent daughter:

«‹I guess Nancy hain't no cause to move West ter be a lady.›

«‹Well, she won't hev ter wait on folks,› said William.

«His father hitched his chair a peg nearer the stove. It was as if one of the old-fashioned customs of his house was being attacked—the custom of toilsome house duties for the women, inherited from the early settlers, from the old puritan customs of his fathers.

«‹Women-folks don't need ter be idle,› he said. ‹Nancy she 's like her mother; I 've seen her mother git up off a sick-bed ter churn.›

«They proceeded to discuss Nancy slowly and laboriously in her presence, as if they had often done so before, and had come to regard her as virtually absent. She sat in a distant corner of the kitchen, as though afraid of intruding. When we rose from the table she came forward and began quietly removing the dishes. I noticed for the first time that she had a slight limp as she walked. I wondered how much her lameness had to do with her strange reticence. In the semi-darkness of the great shadowy kitchen I watched her as she moved noiselessly about, performing her gentle offices in the old farm-house for the last time. It seemed to me that she lingered caressingly over the old blue china and the table-cloth, so spotless and so white.

«I had happened upon a strange catastrophe in her narrow, arid life. Yet her face was so utterly devoid of emotion that I almost believed the sadness of the situation lay in my own mind, not hers. I was heartily glad they were going to take her West, where, as William coarsely and humorously said, his boys 'd ‹romp the old maid frills right out 'n her.› I thought of the long days, immured in the bleak snows of winter, that she had passed in the bleaker society of the old farmer. Alone! For it is not the habit with these arid farm-folk to interchange opinions save upon the weather. All else is fixed and settled—religion, patriotism, duty; they have no qualms, no fears, no hopes, and what affections they may have they bury deep within their souls, as if ashamed to own them!

«As the evening wore on it was evident that hidden in the old man's heart was a secret satisfaction at leaving the old hill farm which he could not entirely suppress. He began to ‹thaw› a good deal, as they say in Vermont. An odd Gargantuan humor betrayed itself in his sallies at William—reminiscences of days, long past, spent in taverns or about the village store. His mirth was almost dreadful, for it seemed an unconscious acknowledgment of an emancipation, as if he had been cold and hard, but Nancy harder still, and the day of his release had come at last.

«‹A nice pair, you two!› laughed William, noisily; ‹you two a-farmin' it! Say, between you an' the old horse, s'pose ye plowed one furrer a day!›

«‹Huh! guess we made out ter live, me an' Nancy. When I wuz about I did my share, an' when I wuz took with the quinzy—wal, Nancy she done everythin'.›

«They both chuckled at this sally, while little Nancy sat silent and mute, knitting at the other end of the room as if not listening.

«‹Why, one night she thought I wuz a-goin' ter die. She hitched up an' druv over to Equinox, fifteen mile, for a doctor. I never see her so excited. I see her cheeks flush up, an' I see tears in her eyes. She took on 's if I 'd been a babe!›

«William rocked in his chair with laughter.

«‹Me a babe!› echoed the old man, joining in the laughter with his high treble. Presently Nancy rose and went out of the room, and William fell to boasting quietly about his Illinois farm and belongings. It was the usual bragging of the successful Westerner. He boasted of his town, of its railroad, of its enterprise. I myself said very little. I felt somehow oppressed, tired, and out of sorts. William was too triumphant over these two poor creatures, who had clung so long and so bravely to the little sterile hill farm in Vermont; for of this kind of faithful, queer human stuff, as it seems, are martyrs born and heroes made.

«The storm grew in power as the night advanced. The wind tore down the narrow valley from the uplands to the north with the velocity of a legion of broomstick witches. We could hear the branches of the maples before the house swish and thrash in the rain and blast, and could feel the old house groan and tremble as if about to fall and bury with it in revenge all who meditated treason to the hillside farm. At first I could not sleep. I kept seeing Nancy's stony, soulless face before me—beautiful, yet so hard, so cold. Toward daybreak I fell into a dull, lethargic forgetfulness.

«The next morning, as you may readily believe, I came down a trifle late for their rigorous farmers' six-o'clock breakfast. Wil-

liam and his father had been up at daybreak, getting ready the few trunks and parcels they intended taking West with them. When I entered, the kitchen floor was swept and garnished. The tin coffee-pot was smoking on the table with cheerful invitation. Father and son stood by the window waiting for me. As I approached him the old man allowed that he thought ‹likely› it would ‹clear,› after all. He stood motionless, looking off at the massive broken clouds flying at great height across the valley from the west. Far above, the wind was blowing half a gale; in the valley the air seemed dead and still. The vast procession of high cumulous clouds seemed to fascinate the old farmer. He did not change his gaze at the clouds when I approached. He would see the same clouds and sunlight in Illinois, yet to him they would never be quite the same. The clearing wind there might be from the east or north, not west. A thousand signs of weather would be useless to him in Illinois. The long compilation of facts about farming in the rocky hill soil would be worthless now. Even the moon, my friend, looks down at us so differently in Illinois!

«William motioned me to a seat at the table, and as we sat down pointed in his father's direction and grinned.

«‹Takin' a last look!› he said, chuckling in a low voice. ‹Jest watch him—ain't he seen it long enough?›

«The old man suddenly gave a startled cry and half turned. ‹I 'm a-comin', Nancy,› he cried, looking in our direction.

«‹Why, Nancy—she ain't spoke,› laughed William, with brisk cheeriness. ‹She 's went out.›

«The old man looked about, dazed for a moment. ‹Why, why, I thought I heerd her callin', jest as she always called. Why, where *is* Nancy?›

«William looked about vacantly then said: ‹I guess I 'll jest go call her. She don't never eat, an' she 's got a long journey ahead.›

«William went to the door and called twice. There was no response. His father had just taken one of Nancy's light, delicate biscuits,—and you know how much the character of a woman goes out into her cookery,—but he laid it down again as if listening. The Newfoundland dog was barking far down the slope of the hill.

«‹Nancy! we 're a-waitin' fer you,› called William, who had gone to the kitchen porch. Then we could hear his loud voice calling her name out in the field near by. The old man began to fidget about; he could not eat. He rose from his seat and went about the rooms on the first floor—into the parlor, cold and damp with long disuse, and tenanted by the somber haircloth furniture and solemn stove. He climbed up into the second story, and I could hear his quavering old voice calling, ‹Nancy—Nan-cee! where be ye, my gal—where be ye?›

«Presently he came stiffly down the stairs, muttering to himself, his face betraying a helpless sort of anxiety. He extended his hands, as if his sight were failing and he was groping to find his daughter, on whose quiet strength he had leaned so many years. He went out of the door, not noticing me, and I followed with a nervous dread of some catastrophe. I was more alarmed by the expression in the old man's face than by anything else. Men of his long isolation seem always to be prepared for and to live in expectation of great crises, and when they grow terror-stricken it is a sign that the catastrophe is at hand.

«I followed him out to the barns, black with weather-stain, and in ruins. They leaned one against the other as if feeble with old age, weak skeletons of joists and beams covered loosely with boards. One of the great doors was hanging by one hinge, half ajar. There was a rotten, wormy flooring, from which as we entered a troop of rats scampered in fright. These wooden ruins have a deathly human significance in their integral decay. They are on their way, like ourselves, to impalpable dust. A ruin of stone gives no such disagreeable impression. In time the old barns would become but a mound of earth, a grave. I shuddered as I glanced upward among the shadowy rafters and down in the gulf-like disused haymows. The rain had beaten in on all sides, and there was a continual drip, drip from the roof. The old hay smelled musty and wet. We made our way through the old stables. Nancy was not to be found. I cannot forget the keen sense of relief I experienced as we came out.

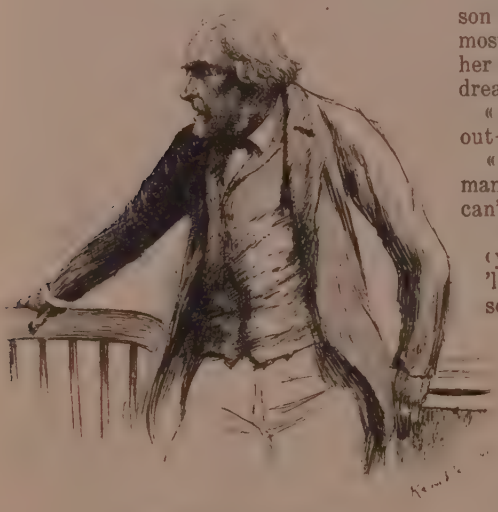
«Just then we heard again the deep bark of the Newfoundland far down the meadow. ‹Oh, Nancy—she can't be far away,› quavered the old man; and so we went back to the house.

«William was awaiting us at the porch of the kitchen door with a perplexed air. ‹She 's run off some'eres; I dunno what started her off. Why, I knowed she 's stood by father not wantin' ter go West; but I can't understand her a-hidin' this way, an' not wantin' to start. She 's awful freakish, an' she 's hid.

I s'pose the best thing we ken do is to s'arch all through the house—she ain't outside nowher's. Let 's begin in the garret; it's the only thing we ken do. She 's freakish, an' she 's went an' hid.›

«I followed William up-stairs, as his father sat down on the porch feebly, and said, ‹I guess I 'll jest set here till she comes back.›

«In the garret we saw in the half light some old dresses hanging, and on the same



«‹SHE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.›»

nail a faded bonnet; they sent my heart into my throat. Near by was a half-opened trunk, and many little articles that women value were scattered over the floor.

«‹She 's be'n here,› said William, picking up a bundle of old letters, which he threw back into the trunk. ‹She 's be'n here s'archin' fer suthin'.›

«We continued our search through the house, floor by floor. We went into Nancy's own room—a spare, sad little chamber, the small white bed neatly made, a tiny chest of drawers, and one looking-glass, bright and clean. There was but one stiff wooden chair. Her chamber reminded me of the cell they show in Florence once used by Fra Savonarola. The floor was bare like his, and to make the place seem nun-like, a small worn Bible lay on a little table by the bedside.

«‹I guess Nancy 's took and run away,› said William, cheerily. ‹Huh! she 's down on the West; mebbe she did n't like the teasin' I give her about gettin' married!› But then we happened upon her little bonnet and shawl, and William seemed again perplexed.

«Once more we heard the dog barking far down the field.

«‹Where ken he be, a-barkin' so?› said William. And I followed him down-stairs and so out of doors.

«His father, who had restlessly gone inside, came out now, trembling as with a palsy. ‹Oh, she can't be far away—not far away,› he repeated; but fright had taken possession of his face. He knew, as did we all, that Nancy was the most systematic little person in the world, the most methodical, the most precise, and that any deviation on her part from the ordinary was laden with dreadful possibilities.

«‹No,› said William; ‹she 's jest stepped out—that 's all.›

«‹Why, Nancy she *had n't* a care,› the old man quavered with a dreadful meaning. ‹She can't be far away.›

«‹Father!› replied William, as if angrily; ‹you go in the house. Me an' Mr. Maitland 'll go find where she 's gone. She 's about somewher's.›

«The old man turned obediently, then followed us afar off. He looked as if he had shrunken very small and thin as he stood in the path watching us. Perhaps if little Nancy had seen him then she would have perceived in his attitude the keen fatherly affection which for some reason he had been so scrupulously careful to conceal from her all the long years.

«We walked down the hill through an orchard, fragrant and snowy-white with apple-blossoms, and through a small piece of woods, in silence, William glancing furtively here and there along the old stone walls among the brambles. The black Newfoundland dog came running up and barking, as it seemed, leading us on. We came presently upon a little old-fashioned burying-ground. It was quite overgrown with raspberry-bushes, wild honeysuckle, and clematis in bloom. It was one of those little ‹neighbor› burial-places common among the old New England hill farms. A broken wall of stone surrounded it. We caught sight of a gray dress, a sleeve, and a small white hand that lay on the grass palm upward, like a camellia.

«William and his father stood still like frightened animals. I advanced to the wall and looked over it. Lying there, her head fallen back among the briers, was Nancy. Her features had relaxed in death, her lips were slightly parted, and she almost seemed to smile. There was a small empty vial in her

hand, showing clearly the medicine to which she had resorted to relieve herself of life's burden. The dog kept barking, and William called to it angrily. Then they both advanced to where I stood, removing their hats unconsciously.

«‹Never wa'n't a-goin' fer to leave the old farm,› said William, in an awed whisper, nodding his head.

«‹Nancy!› called out the old man, in his high treble. ‹She 's took sick.› But he did n't move from where he stood.

«William began to cry like a young boy, and shake his head from side to side. He strode over the stone wall, pressing the briers out of his path. I followed him. He stood a moment looking down at the upturned face. Then he very gently lifted the slender little figure in his strong arms. She was quite dead. As he bore her up I fancied I perceived a smile of contentment on her pure maiden face. There was certainly a change from the night before. It seemed that Nancy was happy.

«William carried her across the upland pasture, making his way through the tall grass, stooping here and there among the low branches thick with white apple-blossoms, through the trees, and so across the meadow toward the old farm-house. Her hair broke loose upon his shoulder, wavy and light like that of a young child. I can see his strong, huge figure now, with its burden, and the old man slowly following, mumbling and muttering to himself. I can see them as they disappeared, with their dead, amid the fragrant boughs.

«I waited for some time, hesitating to intrude upon their grief. I turned to the burial-ground. The headstone of the grave where she had lain was overgrown with luxuriant vines. I pushed them away, and read the simple inscription:

Here lies the body of
JOHN G. BRADLEY,
Private, Co. —, Eighteenth Vermont Infantry.
Killed in the battle of the Wilderness,
May 5th, 1864.
Aged 19 years, 4 months.

«Near by in the brambly grass I found a letter, crumpled and worn. It was dated ‹Fredericksburg, Virginia, April 26, 1864,› and it began, ‹Dear Miss Brandon.› It was simply an amusing account of the soldier's camp life, in a lively boyish hand. Nancy had loved him. She had kept her secret well all the years; I believe she had kept it even from the soldier she had loved.»

THERE was a short silence before Maitland called out quickly: «*Garçon, garçon! l'addition!*»

A moment later we rose and strolled in silence over to the galleries of the Louvre, through the laughing, chattering throngs. The streets were crowded with life, and the sun shone down with blinding glare upon the full flood-tide of the splendid Paris afternoon.

John Seymour Wood.

«THERE IS A PEACE THAT COMETH AFTER SORROW.»

«THERE is a peace that cometh after sorrow,»
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure;
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded;
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'T is not the peace which over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

Jessie Rose Gates.

GENERAL GRANT'S MOST FAMOUS DESPATCH.

«I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER.»

IN the January number of THE CENTURY General Horace Porter gives the origin of the famous message from General Grant which electrified the country—«I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.» As General Porter's article shows, it was a passage from a letter, and not a laconic message as was supposed when the extract first appeared in the newspapers.

General Grant and his army had been «lost in the Wilderness» for three days. Rumors had reached Washington of terrific fighting and fearful loss of life; the people of the whole nation were almost breathless with anxiety and fear of a terrible defeat, with consequences more disastrous than ever before.

Then came this letter from Grant to Halleck. He at once took it to President Lincoln, to whom it was a great relief. He joyfully exclaimed, as he read the terse sentence aloud, «We will give that to the country!» and the next morning the people learned that Grant and the army were safe. Remembering that other laconic message at Fort Donelson, «I propose to move immediately on your works,» the country applauded, and fully believed that we had a soldier and a fighter at the head of the Army of the Potomac.

For many years this famous letter has been in my possession, and this is how it came into my hands: I was the «attorney in fact» and business agent of General Halleck, had charge of his property and money, and was the executor of his estate. When he returned to California after the war, to assume command of the Division of the Pacific, he brought with him a chest containing his personal correspondence and copies of most of the army papers that passed through his hands. It was his intention then to write a history of the rebellion. And let me say here, it would have been a true history; there would have been very little romance in it; his enemies would perhaps have discovered that their causes of grievance were not of his volition or instigation, but that he had fearlessly carried out the orders and wishes of his and their immediate superiors.

When General Halleck was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1869, to command the Division of the South, the chest of papers was left in my care. I expended some time in arranging them as a preliminary to the work on the proposed history. While on a trip to the East I visited General Halleck. This was a few months previous to his death, which occurred on January 9, 1872. To my inquiry, «When are we to begin our history, general?» he replied emphatically:

«Never! History is a falsifier.»

He had become disgusted with those already written.

On my return to San Francisco, I placed the papers in the bank vault of Montgomery Block, where they remained for several years. When Colonel Robert N. Scott, formerly of Halleck's staff, was appointed government historian in charge of the publication of the War Records, he asked me for them. Upon receipt of an order from General Halleck's widow, then the wife of General Cullum, I forwarded the chest to Colonel Scott, in Washington.

Three or four years ago, in overhauling and destroying the old and worthless papers in the vault, I found a bundle of letters marked, in General Halleck's writing, «Personal.» They were from various persons in civil and military life, and among them I found the famous letter. My first thought was, «I will send it to Washington»; but Colonel Scott was no longer living. I also argued, «Why not let the people continue to believe that it was a short message?» Then it occurred to me that most certainly a copy of the letter had been retained at the headquarters of the army, which proved to be the fact, since it is printed in its proper place in the Official Records.

I shall hold the letter, subject to an order from the proper authority. If not so called for, then it should be placed in the National Museum at Washington.

G. W. Granniss.

Near Spotsylvania C. H. Va.
May 11th 1864. 8.30 A.M.

Maj. Gen. Halleck
Chief of Staff of Army,
General.

We have
now ended the sixth day
of very heavy fighting. The
result to this time is much
in our favor. But our losses
have been heavy as well as
those of the enemy. We have
lost to this time eleven
General officers killed, wounded
or missing, and probably
twenty thousand men. I
think the loss of the enemy
must be greater we having

taken over four thousand
prisoners, in battle, whilst
he has taken from us
but few except stragglers.
I am now sending back
to Bella Plains all my
wagons for a fresh supply
of provisions, and Ammunition,
and propose to fight it
out on this line if
it takes ——— all Summer.

The arrival of reinforce-
ments here will be very
encouraging to the men and
I hope they will be sent
as fast as possible and
in as great numbers. My
object in having them
sent to Bella Plains

was to use them as we want to our supply train. If it is more convenient to send them out by train to march from the rail-road to Bells Plain or Fredericksburg send them so.

I am satisfied the enemy are very shaky and are only kept up to the mark by the greatest exertion on the part of their officers, and by keeping them entrenched in every position they take.

Up to this time there is no indication of any portion of Lee's Army being detached for the defence of Richmond.

Very respectfully
Your obt. svt.
U. S. Grant
Lt. Gen.

A BLUE AND GRAY FRIENDSHIP.

GRANT AND BUCKNER.

ABOUT fifteen years ago I visited Lookout Mountain with a party of gentlemen, and stood with them on the pinnacle overlooking the beautiful valley of east Tennessee, and range after range of mountains visible from our point of vantage, from the Great Smokies of North Carolina to the Cumberland of Kentucky. The battle-field of Missionary Ridge formed the immediate foreground of this vast panorama. In our party were men who had served with distinction as officers in the opposing armies in that battle, and naturally the incidents of the conflict formed an interesting subject of conversation between them, with much good-humored badinage and friendly interchange of views. Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of «Tom Brown,» who had listened with an expression of surprised interest to the conversation between these friendly foes, turning to me, said: «Why, this is extraordinary—most extraordinary!» «What?» I asked. «Why, that these men, standing in full view of the field where, only a few years ago, they were trying to slay each other, should be discussing the incidents of that battle, calmly, kindly,—I might almost say in a brotherly spirit,—with no trace of bitterness or ill feeling. Now, I doubt if we in England could discuss the Wars of the Roses, or the Cromwellian wars, with such an entire freedom from antagonism.»

Could Mr. Hughes have witnessed, a few years later, the funeral cortège of the great general who had hurled the successful columns against the Southern lines along the crest of Missionary Ridge, and who had brought final defeat to the Southern arms in Virginia, his astonishment would have been greater, and his pride in the «kin beyond sea» would have increased, on seeing that there were no more sincere mourners than the Southern generals who came from far-away homes to pay a last tribute of friendship to the memory of Grant.

One of these Southern generals, who served as a pall-bearer at the funeral, was General Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky; and I have had the opportunity of learning the story of the friendship between these two soldiers.

The two men had many characteristics in common—faithfulness to duty, loyalty to friends, gentle, dignified, unostentatious simplicity of manner, directness of purpose, and firm persistence. They were together for three years at West Point, and served in the same division through the Mexican war, where they were much associated. They were in most of the battles of that war, and both were promoted for gallantry. Grant resigned from the regular army in 1854, and Buckner in 1855.

Then came our Civil War, and the two met again for the first time at Fort Donelson, as generals on opposing sides. The capture of Donelson laid the foundation of Grant's subsequent success, culminating in the command of the largest armies of modern times and his election as President of the United States. The surrender of Donelson consigned General Buckner to months of inactivity as a prisoner of war, at a time when others less able were winning promotion in the field. But Buckner was the hero of Donelson on the Southern side. He was in no wise responsible for the blunders of his two superior officers in command—blunders made against his repeated protests, as is well shown by the official records. He advised against allowing the army to be cooped up in the trenches, and took his command there under protest. On the morning of February 14, before the investment was complete and before expected reinforcements had joined the Union forces, it was decided, upon the advice of Buckner and Floyd, to force a way out through the then weak right flank of the Union army, General Buckner making disposition to form the rear-guard and cover the movement. Before the orders were put in execution they were countermanded at the instance of General Pillow. On the night of the 14th it was again decided to make a sortie in force on the Union right early the next morning, Buckner's force to form the left wing and to protect the rear on the retreat. The movement on the morning of the 15th was successful: the Federal right wing was doubled back, and the road to Nashville was open. General Grant was absent from the field, having been summoned to a consultation with Commodore Foote on his gunboat beyond the extreme Federal left. Pillow had halted twenty pieces of artillery that had been ordered up by Buckner. There remained nothing to do but to

Hd Qrs, Army in the Field

Camp near Dover, Feb'y 16th 1862

Gen. S. B. Buckner,

Confed. Army.

Sir, Yours of this date proposing Armistice, and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of Capitulation is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works. I am Sir, very respectfully your obt. Svt.

U. S. Grant

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL « UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER » DESPATCH. FROM « PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT.» (THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.)

In order to show this despatch on the present page the word «Sir» has been lowered to the line beneath, and the words «I am, sir, very respectfully,» have been raised to the line above, and the words «Brig. Gen.,» under the signature, have been omitted.

begin the march toward Nashville, which Buckner was expected to cover, when he received an order from Pillow to withdraw to his former position within the works. While hesitating to obey an order which did not come from the first in command, and which was so at variance with the agreed plan, a second order to withdraw at once was received. Buckner sought Floyd as he began the execution of the orders, and protested that its execution meant the loss of the army. Floyd ordered him to hold his position while he hastened to consult Pillow. He yielded to the arguments of Pillow, who had lost his head by the success of the morning, and, thinking the works could be held, had sent a grandiloquent despatch claiming a great victory. Buckner was again ordered to resume his former position, and the wise plan, so gallantly executed, was abandoned. The Union right was reinforced, their former position reoccupied, and the chance to save the Southern forces thrown away.

General Grant, in his «Memoirs,» says that General Floyd «was no soldier, and, possibly, did not possess the elements of one»; and shows that he held General Pillow's ability as a soldier in light esteem. He adds: «I had been at West Point three years with Buckner, and afterward served with him in the army, so that we were quite well acquainted. In the course of our conversation, which was very friendly, he said to me that if he had been in command I would not have got up to Donelson as easily as I did. I told him that if he had been in command I should not have tried in the way I did.» One of General Grant's first questions on meeting General Buckner was: «Where is Pillow? Why did n't he stay to surrender his command?» «He thought you were too anxious to capture him personally.» «Why,» he answered, with a humorous smile, «if I had captured him I would have turned him loose. I would rather have him in command of you fellows than as a prisoner.» It was not, at this early stage of the war, known what course the Federal government would take with regard to prominent officers who should be captured, and Generals Floyd and Pillow were not willing to take the risk. Turning the command over to Buckner, they escaped on the only transport available, Buckner informing them that he considered it his duty to stay with his men and share their fate.

During the Washington Centennial in New York in 1889, when Buckner, as governor of his State, rode up Broadway at the head of the Kentucky troops, as he passed a line of the Grand Army of the Republic the veterans broke ranks and crowded about him to shake the hand of the gray-haired soldier who, years before, had chosen to stay with his men at Donelson and share their fate.

It was one of General Grant's peculiarities that he never forgot a favor. Some years before the war it had come in Buckner's way to do him a kindness. After the surrender, and when General Buckner had gone aboard the transport that was to convey him North, General Grant took him aside, and said, in his gentle, half-diffident way: «Buckner, you may be going among strangers, and I hope you will allow me to share my purse with you.» Buckner thanked him for his kindness, and told him that he had made provisions so that he would not require financial assistance.

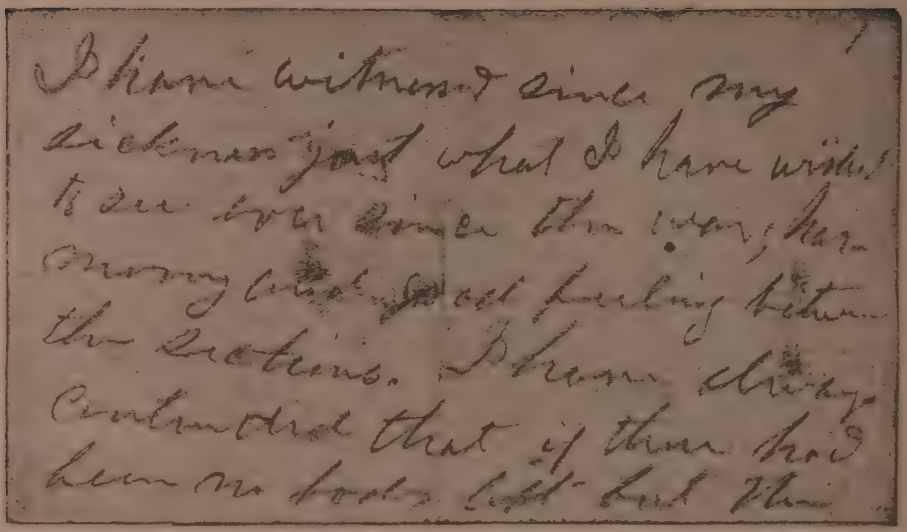
The following anecdote, here first published, shows General Buckner as a participant in similar courtesies between Northern and Southern soldiers after his exchange.

When Bragg invaded Kentucky in 1862, Chalmers, commanding the advance, attacked a Federal force strongly intrenched on the hills on the south side of Green River at Munfordville, where the Louisville and Nashville Railway and the turnpike both cross that river. Bragg was greatly incensed at this repulse, and ordered a large force to march at once and take the position by assault. General Buckner advised against this as a needless sacrifice of life, stating that he had an intimate knowledge of the surroundings, having hunted over the ground when a boy, and that a force could cross at another ferry, and by placing artillery on hills on the north side of the river could command the works in a manner to force a surrender. His advice was taken, plans were put into execution, and orders given to open fire on the following morning at daylight. About midnight Colonel (afterward General) John T. Wilder, commanding the Union forces, came under a flag of truce to General Buckner's bivouac in front of Wilder's position, and the following conversation, unique in the history of war, took place. Colonel Wilder informed General Buckner that, as he was a volunteer officer, he did n't know much about the usages, regulations, and proprieties of war; and knowing General Buckner to be an educated soldier, an old army officer who understood such matters, and esteeming him as a high-minded gentleman who would deal honestly and frankly with him, he had come to ask his advice. «Now,» said he, «I know that I have a strong position, and can put up a good fight. I want to do my whole duty to

my country, but I don't want to sacrifice my men unless there is a chance of making a successful resistance. Those men back there are my neighbors and friends, and I don't want to do anything that will bring disgrace upon them. You know what is right and proper under such conditions. You know my force and the strength of my position, and you know what force you have to bring against it. Now, I ask you, as a soldier and a gentleman, to tell me whether you think, under the circumstances, I should surrender or fight.» His voice trembled with emotion when he spoke of his men being his neighbors and friends. General Buckner, realizing the helplessness of Colonel Wilder's situation, was deeply impressed by his earnestness, his sincerity, and his patriotic spirit, and especially by the confidence Wilder had reposed in him; and he felt that he must treat him with perfect frankness and fairness. He told him that he could not advise him as to whether he should surrender or fight, but would give him accurate information respecting his force and its disposition, and that he must then decide for himself. He told him that he had a force amply sufficient to take the place by assault, but gave him to understand that it was not at present his intention to assault the works. He told the position and number of guns on the north of the river, with orders to open fire at daylight, and that he was satisfied these guns would render his position untenable; that, as an evidence of his good faith, he would send Colonel Wilder with a staff-officer to visit the batteries. After some further conversation, Colonel Wilder said that he accepted General Buckner's statement without visiting the batteries; but he yet hesitated, and was evidently suffering from conflicting emotions, whereupon General Buckner said: «Colonel Wilder, I think it but right to say to you that if you have any information that would induce you to believe that a prolonged resistance would materially aid the movements of the Federal forces elsewhere, I think it is your duty to hold your position as long as possible, even, if necessary, to the sacrifice of your command.» Colonel Wilder finally said that he had no such information, and that he would surrender his command early the following morning. A staff-officer then presented to Colonel Wilder, as his vindication for surrendering, a map on which was shown the position of the guns commanding his position. Early the next morning General Buckner visited Colonel Wilder's camp, and the arrangements for the surrender were completed. The Union forces, about four thousand strong, marched out and grounded arms, as we used to see in the pictures of the Cornwallis surrender in the old-time school histories. Colonel Wilder handed his sword to General Buckner, who returned it with a complimentary speech. Colonel Wilder served with distinction through the war. He was one of the gentlemen with Mr. Hughes on the visit to Lookout Mountain referred to above, and took part with the ex-Confederates present in the friendly discussion of the battle. Only a few years ago he came to Frankfort, Kentucky, while General Buckner was governor of the State, and while dining with him at the executive mansion I heard the story from the two officers.

The war over, the Union restored, Grant was hailed as the successful general, and was twice chosen President. Then came his triumphant journey around the world, in which he was received everywhere with distinguished marks of homage. Then the clouds gathered. Defeated for renomination for a third term, he suffered political vituperation from his own people and financial disaster. Stricken with an incurable malady, long and patient suffering followed. Was the great general's life to pass away in gloom? His calm endurance, and his heroic struggle to complete his «Memoirs» before his death, touched the nation's heart. From the South, remembering his magnanimity in his hour of victory, came expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

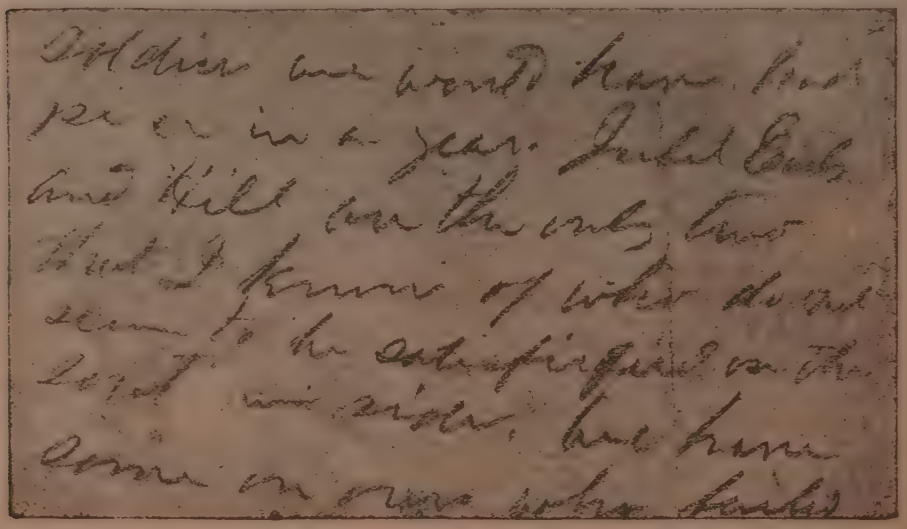
General Buckner, who had chosen the life of a country gentleman after the war, honored and beloved by the people of his native State, who fondly called him the «gray eagle of Glen Lily,» after the name of his picturesque country home, and recently married to a beautiful and accomplished woman, was traveling in Canada when he learned that General Grant had been carried to Mount McGregor, and that the end was approaching. Wishing to carry to him a message of kindly remembrance from Southern soldiers, he telegraphed to Colonel Frederick Grant his desire to visit his father. Colonel Grant met him at Saratoga, and accompanied General and Mrs. Buckner to Mount McGregor. General Buckner found General Grant in his sitting-room, in the adjustable chair, furnished with wheels, which served him as a bed. Though pale and somewhat emaciated, he preserved the calm courage that was his most marked characteristic. General Grant, who was unable to articulate, replied to General Buckner's cordial greeting by writing on a small pad of paper, from which he removed the

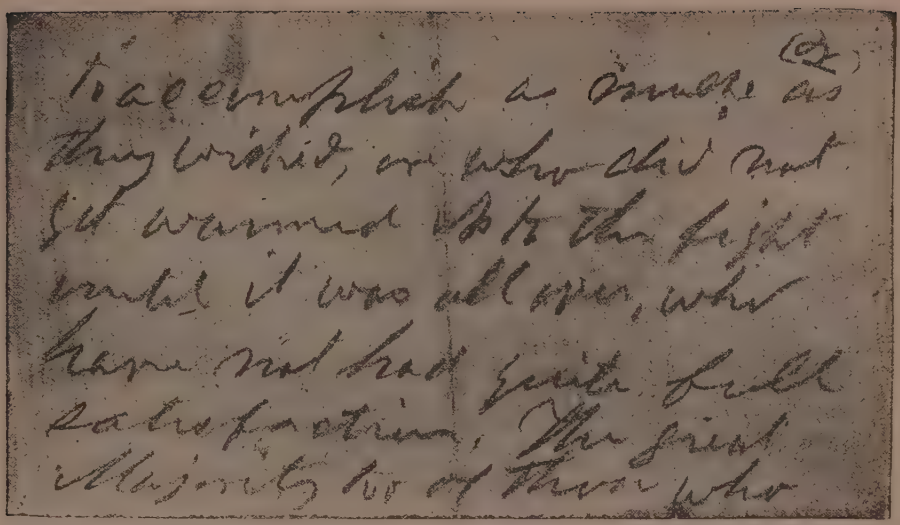


slips after writing on them. He wrote: «I appreciate your calling very highly." And: «You look very natural, except that your hair has whitened, and you have grown stouter.»

General Buckner said that, aside from the gratification of a feeling of personal friendship, he had a special object in view in paying this visit. It was to assure General Grant that every Confederate soldier held him in kindly remembrance, not only for his magnanimity at the close of the war, but for his just and friendly conduct afterward in interposing to prevent the violation by his own government of the terms of the military convention which he had entered into, at the surrender, with the Southern soldiers, which secured them from molestation so long as they complied with the terms of their parole. To this General Grant wrote an answer which is a last message of friendship to the South and to the whole country, and part of which is published in facsimile in this article for the first time:

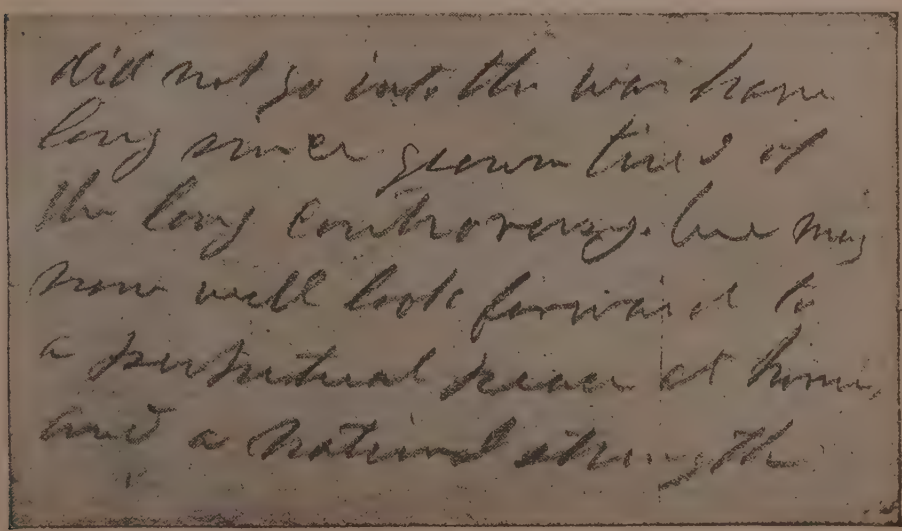
«I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war: harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers

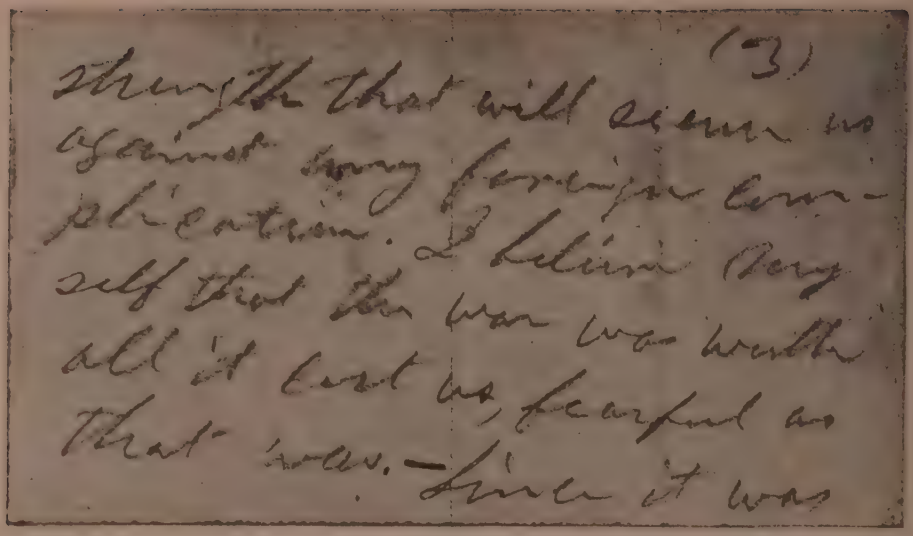




we would have had peace in a year. Jubal Early and Hill are the only two that I know of who do not seem to be satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority too of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will secure us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our inheritance.»

General Buckner expressed himself as fully in accord with the views in regard to the friendly feelings of the actual combatants, and said that if the chief political promoters of the war on both sides could have been assembled between the lines of the two armies, with instructions to arrange all differences in a few hours, or else to fight out the differences to a finish among themselves in sight of both armies, the result would have

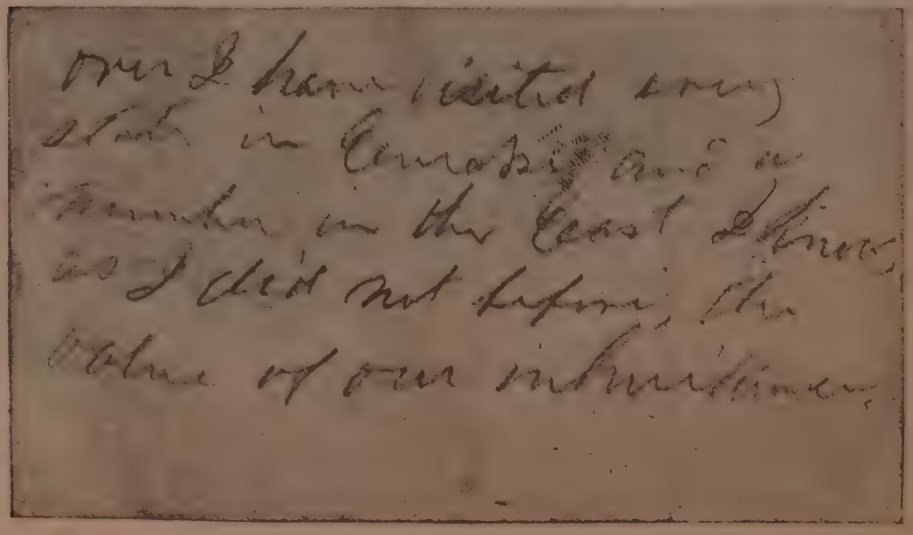




been an arrangement satisfactory to all sections in a short space of time. This suggestion seemed to amuse General Grant. After some further remarks by General Buckner, he said that he was unwilling to credit the newspaper accounts of the serious character of General Grant's illness; that he could no more abandon hope in his case than he could in that of Captain W. H. T. Walker of the Sixth Infantry, who was desperately wounded at Molino del Rey, and who, though abandoned by his physicians, had completely recovered his health. General Grant wrote in reply: «I remember Walker's condition well. He was, as I remember, many months unable to help himself. In my case I have not been confined to bed a single day; but there cannot well be a cure in my case.»

After talking for some time, General Buckner proposed taking his leave, fearing a longer interview might prove fatiguing to General Grant, who then wrote:

«I am very glad to see you indeed; and allow me to congratulate you. I still read the papers, and saw a full account of your recent marriage.» And: «Is Mrs. Buckner here at the house with you?» To which an affirmative reply being given, he added:



«I would be very glad to see Mrs. Buckner, if she can come in and see me as I am now. Where you see me has been my bed for more than four months.»

After greeting Mrs. Buckner, he wrote:

«I knew your husband long before you did. We were at West Point together, and served together in the Mexican war. I was with him on a visit to the top of Popocatepetl, the highest mountain in North America. Your husband wrote an account of that trip for publication at the time. I have just written my account, which will be published in my forthcoming book.»

The conversation lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes longer, and the friends separated, to meet no more. They had met in battle as worthy foemen; they met for a last farewell as loving friends. A few days later General Buckner was summoned by telegram to attend as a pall-bearer at the funeral of General Grant in New York.

The bitterest passions are engendered by civil wars, and our great conflict was no exception, being the terrible culmination of years of political and social strife, followed by complications incident to race problems and political reconstruction. But as Americans we can well take pride that the soldiers of the South and the defenders of the Union now unite in rejoicing in the glories of a common country. There is no Southern soldier who does not hear with a thrill of patriotic pride the story of Keenan's charge at Chancellorsville, or of Cushing's deed of daring in blowing up the *Albemarle;* while the best, the most appreciatively generous tribute to the enduring courage and fortitude of the soldiers of Lee's army was written by Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, a Union officer who had been crippled for life facing those soldiers on Cemetery Hill.

It was a Southern soldier who wrote the immortal lines, since cast in enduring bronze and placed in the national cemeteries where lie the soldiers who fell for the Union:

> On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead.

John R. Procter.

A VETO BY GRANT.

THANKS to THE CENTURY, and to General Porter, for responding to the wishes of a waiting people to know more about their hero Grant. A character so modest and undemonstrative very slowly impresses its real grandeur upon the popular mind. That impression, however, has now so far progressed that we look eagerly for every new line penciled in the portrait with proper authentication. I beg to add one strong line.

While in Vienna on his tour around the world, ex-President Grant stayed at the American legation. In one of our long evening talks I said to him that I knew of no braver civil act in our history than his veto of the fiat money («inflation») bill, which had passed both houses of Congress, and to which many of his warmest friends had committed their political fortunes. He quietly replied:

«I will tell you about that. During the progress of the discussion I followed its course, but expressed no opinion. After the bill came to me I was visited by both its friends and its opponents, urging their views. To none of them did I express any judgment of the measure, nor did I bring it before my cabinet. When the time for its consideration was nearing its end, one night when I was alone in my room I took up the bill. I thought it admitted a construction which would obviate the evil effects alleged against it, but resolved not to sign it without communicating to the Congress that view. I proceeded to write out such a message to accompany the notice of my approval.

«After finishing the draft I took up the sheets to read them over. At the conclusion of the review I said to myself, 'This is evasive and a strained construction. It is not my honest conviction.' I gathered the sheets, tore them up, and cast them into the waste-basket. Then I wrote out my veto message. Next day I advised my cabinet of it, and sent it to the Congress.»

The line I seek to add to his coming portrait is that of a silent man, in the night, in the solitude of his chamber, aware of his great power over the welfare of his country, watching his own debate between inclination and duty, and resolutely deciding with his conscience against an eager popular demand.

John A. Kasson.

[*Ex-U. S. Minister to Austria.*]

THE MIRACLE OF THE GREEK FIRE.

HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM, 1896.

THE bare but richly colored landscape—the rocky hills, the caravan tracks, the narrow, rushing river, the shaggy-coated shepherds with their flocks—on the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem was all that we expected; but the carful of tourists and the scene at the railroad station utterly spoiled the longed-for «first view.» I tried to arrange it so that we should stop at a station on the way, and take horses for the city, but without avail. Never shall I forget the baggage-master's deliberate fury. With the entire traveling public demanding its baggage,—sometimes with the wailings of native women,—he would cease his frantic work of assortment, and keep the world waiting while he stormed, raged, and imprecated. Then he would seize a trunk, and tug at it with the face of a madman, stopping everything now and again to declaim in shrill and spurting sentences, or dashing at a bag with contorted features and the rage of a Turkish soldier clutching an Armenian. On the whole, perhaps it was not unfortunate; if there was to be nothing about it but the modern, the diversion might as well be noisily complete.

It was not till the next morning that we *felt* the place. Starting from our hotel just inside the Jaffa Gate, near David's Tower, we went on donkeys around the city, devouring with eager eyes and hearts the landscape so strange and so familiar—past the Pool of Siloam, along the edge of the valley of Jehoshaphat over against Gethsemane, past the Golden Gate, till we came to the barren hilltop that some think is the true Calvary. The identification has no certainty—Dr. Bliss, the young archæologist who is tracing so skilfully the old walls, says that when you abandon tradition you are lost till there is something actual to lead you. And yet at least this is now more like Calvary than is the little chapel inside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher—this lonely hilltop, dismal and unperverted, with its native graves, uncared for, unwalled, strangely spotted with blood-red anemones. We were not sorry that for the time being it appealed to us as the very scene of the immeasurable tragedy. Opening the New Testament, my eye caught a sentence from the well-known story, and I felt as if my heart were struck.

Anxious, dangerous, murderous now, all this part of Asia was a bloody country in the days of Moses, in the days of Christ; doubt, suspicion, and threat, murder in religion's name, are in the air now as they were of old. One day (our first Friday here), on the way to the Wailing-place of the Jews, an old Jewess was knocked down by a camel. The drivers grinned, and went on. There seemed little pity for the bemoaning old creature even among her own people. Another time I saw a woman run to a girl of about eight years, and drag her home, biting the tender flesh of the child's arm like a vicious dog. The traveler is entirely safe here if he or she knows and submits to the ways and regulations, and refrains from journeys that are for the time being pronounced dangerous. But when you ask what would happen if a Christian should visit the Mosque of Omar at certain sacred seasons, or if a Jew should enter the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the answer is not, «He would be put out,» but, «He would be killed.» The sad eyes of the Armenians here hide sorrows and anxieties that no one dares to tell.

Any of the sacred places themselves may be scenes of violence at any moment. Not long ago the Dalmatian cavass in charge of some Russian tourists who were visiting the Grotto at Bethlehem resented the interference of the sacristan monk who was clearing the way before the Latin procession, drew his revolver, and shot him dead on the spot; after that, firing four shots wildly at the procession, he wounded a priest in the arm and rib.

At the miracle of the Greek Fire in the Church of the Sepulcher there is always violence: in 1834, in a horrible panic, hundreds of pilgrims and others were crushed, beaten, or bayonetted to death.[1] In 1895, at this same ceremony, the Greek crowd pushed back the

[1] See a graphic account of this extraordinary catastrophe in «Visits to Monasteries in the Levant,» by the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jr. London: John Murray, 1849.

Armenian patriarch who was going into the Chapel of the Angels to take his usual part with the Greek patriarch. The bugle sounded, and the Turkish soldiers who are always present there to keep the peace came to the rescue. They themselves are said to have behaved well, but the rival Christian factions fought with desperation. No lives were lost, but injuries were inflicted, and the patriarch's miter was knocked from his head.

In the old days, as now, there were lepers and misery; then, as now, there was a city beautiful, worthy of love and tears; then, as now, there were goodness and brutality, envy and hypocrisy, and many a faithful heart. Jerusalem, Syria, this Ottoman empire,—yes, and the unchristian Christian world,—need a Redeemer now as then, a Prince of Peace. All this comes upon one here with new and tremendous force.

A city beautiful! On Palm Sunday, from the stairway near the spot where Mary stood when the body of her son was taken from the cross, I saw the Greek procession in the Church of the Sepulcher. Then I went over to the Mount of Olives. Looking back from a field well up on the hillside, the whole city lay beneath—the temple area, with the great mosque in full view across the valley of Jehoshaphat. From here Jerusalem, with its clear and stately outline of walls, the domes and minarets of the mosques, and the old towers and churches, has a singular completeness. Perhaps even in Solomon's time, from the outside, though different, it was not more lovely. The warm gray of the stones of the city is the color of the unbleached wool of goats; the hills are darker, with a delicate bloom over them, spotted with gray olive-orchards, and melting in the distance into violet. It is indeed a city set upon a hill, isolated, distinguished. The picture realizes one's lifelong dream of the city of God.

The sunset sky was wild and cold, with streaks of sunshine. The rain ceased, and the air grew warm. In the rich, low light all blemishes were lost, and the City Beautiful was spread before the pilgrim's eyes. Perhaps it was here that Christ wept over Jerusalem; along or near this path he must have come on the day of his «entry» on the first Palm Sunday, whose feast was being kept that very day throughout all Christendom. There were no other travelers; a few Syrians passed by. I gathered some flowers by the wayside, and turned again homeward.

You see that we did not find the Holy Land disillusioning. There are many things that confound the Western mind; there is filth and degradation and superstition. But here is the same sky, the same landscape, the same dominating Orient. The painter who knows the Holy Land best said to us in Jerusalem: «At times when I look at these fields, and realize that this very picture was reflected in the eyes of Jesus, I feel myself shiver.» The Bible, no matter what one's theology or philosophy, here takes on a vitality and meaning beyond the power of conception hitherto. Are the places real? Jerusalem, all Syria, is real, and some of the «sacred places» are unquestionable. But you do not have to be sure that the place is exact when you listen, with a new emotion, to the words of Jesus repeated by the French monk on Good Friday, and at that «station of the cross» where Christ cried out, «Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.»

Even the terrible rounds of the «sacred places» in the Church of the Sepulcher, all bedizened, and ridiculous with fantastic impossibilities—is it not all given a true holiness by the passion of believing worshipers through the ages? Bent under the unescapable burdens of this life, hither from every part of the earth they have come, only that they might touch the footprints of the Man of Sorrows. Crawling on the worn pavement, they have kissed reality into every sacred lie.

The warring of emotions in the breast of the onlooker from another civilization is something indescribable. You might expect to feel nothing but indignation at some of the scenes of Holy Week; but the human element gives pathos and dignity to ceremonies which otherwise would be shocking indeed to the Protestant mind. Do you know that on Good Friday evening, in the small up-stairs Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, which is called the true Calvary, the scene of the descent from the cross is reënacted? The Latins borrow the altar built over the very spot of the crucifixion. There is a large crucifix on the altar, flat, and painted to represent life; but the Latins bring their own small jointed crucifix; the crown of thorns is removed with iron pincers, a sheet is passed under the arms, the long nails are withdrawn one by one and kissed, the arms are turned down, and the body is laid upon the altar. There is chanting, most melodious and moving, and a sermon in French. Pilgrims, in various costumes and of various Christian beliefs, are bowed in worship in the low-ceiled room which was once «Golgotha.»

I shall not attempt to describe the effect of such a scene at such a place. The part

which sounds grotesque and painful is lost from sight; the mind rushes back to the event, and realizes it in a way which can only be hinted at in words.

But the most startling scene of Holy Week is the miracle of the Greek Fire on the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

In the center of the rotunda of the Church of the Sepulcher is the Holy Sepulcher itself, a hexagonal structure, divided into the Chapel of the Angels and the tomb proper.

The night before we had seen the pilgrims, most of them Russian peasants, lying in the places to which they would cling till they should receive the fire. With two cavasses leading the way, we arrived at about 11 A. M. The soldiers examined the natives for arms as they went in. We were led around the Greek chapel, through the pilgrims thick upon the floor, and taken to our outlook in the gallery. The armed Moslem soldiers encircled the Sepulcher, the crowd packed eight or ten deep between them and the walls. In harsh and piercing tones they were shouting their songs, some religious and some secular, with clapping of hands and excitement that grew apace. The Arabic was translated for us as the chanting went on:

O Jews, O Jews,
Your feast is the feast of devils.
Our feast is the feast of Christ—
Christ who has redeemed us,
And with his blood has bought us.
We to-day are happy
And you are sorrowful.

Then it would be

The resurrection of Christ has redeemed us from our sins,

given out with antiphonal yells, and with hand-clappings. Sometimes they shouted working-songs and sometimes a Bedouin war-song.

At about one o'clock some Armenian monks formed a small procession. At this moment a youth in white was lifted on the shoulders of the crowd.

This is the tomb of our Saviour!

first the youth shouted, clapping his hands, and pointing to the tomb; then the crowd responded antiphonally,—this over and over.

Now the youth is hoisted higher in the air to the top of a pyramid made with three men on the shoulders of the level crowd.

Our candles are in our hands,
And to the tomb we are praying—

still antiphonally. Now the youth drops down, and five men are raised in a circle, and, chanting, move around, from left to right.

A man wearing a pink shirt, red waistband, and white trousers is standing with his arm in the oval window of the Sepulcher. The shouting and clapping continue:

O the Jews! O the Infidels!
Your feast is the feast of the dead,
And our feast is the feast of Christ.

It is like college foot-ball games, negro camp-meetings, the Salvation Army, the boatmen on the rapids of the Nile. An American presidential nominating convention is a quiet gathering in comparison with all this hysterical yelling, pulling, pushing, and gesticulating.

But if the ear suffers, the eye has a feast beyond the power of words to picture. The processions of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and dark-faced Abyssinians—one sect following another, and each vying with the others in splendor—are like chains of jewels drawn through a box of precious stones. For there is color everywhere, not only in the glowing marbles, and the jutting ornaments of the architecture, and all the unmoving background, but in the whole swaying mass below: the red fezzes and gleaming guns of the Sultan's troops; the fezzes and turbans and flowing robes of the Syrians, red, white, blue, and orange. The black dress of certain of the Greek priests serves as a foil to the magnificence of their dignitaries. Gorgeous indeed are the jeweled miters of the chief ecclesiastics, and their vestments of blue, white, and pink, stiff with embroidery of gold and silver.

The surging to and fro of the crowd below; the swinging of the lamps, the strange and outlandish odors, mixed with the smell of incense; the straining of the gaze past the archways into the chapels where mass was continuously chanted; the waiting for some strange new thing to happen, made us at times faint and dizzy.

Occasionally a big, black drinking-jar is passed over the heads of the people, and eagerly seized.

The Armenians waiting at the window on the other side of the tomb seem more quiet.

Now there are high-pitched yells that sound like catcalls; now it is «God save the Sultan!» sometimes joking and laughter: but there is no cessation of the clapping and singing, though at some moments louder than at others, and more antiphonal and concerted.

To the right from where we stand, in the corner made by the tomb and the little Copt chapel, is a group of Copt women in robes of black, with children, and some older men, looking sedate and devout, a pleasant contrast to the clamor.

For a few minutes the shouting has ceased; but I cannot note the fact before they have begun again, clap, clap; yell, yell, yell.

Now the time of the miracle approaches. A flame from heaven is to be communicated to the expectant world. As a preliminary to this sacred manifestation there is a new, wild outburst of cries and screams. We are told that it is the Jerusalem worshipers, who pound with their fists their fellow-Christians of Jaffa, and drag and jerk them away one by one from the window where the celestial fire is to appear.

At about two o'clock the Greek patriarch approaches with banners and attendants. He comes from the Greek chapel, near the door of the Holy Sepulcher. The excitement intensifies. The noise is frightful, and the vociferous scrambling in front of the Greek window of the Sepulcher is a thing of amazement. Men, standing on the shoulders of the crowd, screech words of religious greeting,—

This is the tomb of Christ

darting a finger at the tomb itself with every repetition.

Now the procession moves; those nearest the crowned patriarch join hands about him to prevent violence or accident. Three times they wind about the tomb. Two officially appointed carriers of the light appear in front of the window, and the man who has stood with his arm extended into it gives place to them, and stands by, shouting with the rest. Increasing noise. A seeker of the divine fire climbs up on the side of the Sepulcher, supporting himself by a rope around a pillar. The roar and screams are louder. The procession has halted in front of the door of the tomb. The crown is removed from the head of the patriarch and carried back into the Greek chapel. Now he enters the tomb. He leaves, we are told, in the outer tomb, or Chapel of the Angels, a Greek bishop and an Armenian bishop or priest; he then goes into the inner tomb, where the visible divinity is to be communicated to him. He is to hand the light from heaven to both of the attendant priests, and they are to give it out through the two windows at the sides.

The noise swells like a tempest. A burst of sound—the clanging of bells and stricken bars of metal! A flash at the Greek window. The fire has come! One wild rush, one high-pitched, multitudinous scream, still the excited clanging, and out springs the light over the frantic human mass, leaping from hand to hand, as if each flame were lightning and music. Around and up and over and through, till flame is added to flame, spreading from candle to candle, and floor to gallery. Now a priest appears on the roof of the Sepulcher itself, and the flame runs round the top like a crown of fire. Higher it springs—drawn by a rope up to the people at the base of the dome. It illuminates the most distant and dungeon-like vaults, the chapels above and below, every vantage-ground where the spectators have stood or crouched on the floor, or in temporary lodgments in mid-air.

On and on sounds the clangor and the shouting; men, women, and children are mad; they pass their hands over the flame,—is it not from heaven? how can it do harm?—and then draw their hands over their faces, taking the celestial touch in ecstatic adoration. Over a path made clear for the runners from the window already the fire is on its way to the ends of the earth.[1]

The Armenian patriarch declared to us later, and without hesitancy, that the Greek patriarch simply had a lamp on the tomb proper, which he blessed. This kindly old Armenian said to us that it was not miraculous. It was rumored that a prominent visitor was told by the Greek patriarch that he told the people it was only a symbol, and not a miracle. I asked the visitor whether this was true, and was answered: «No! How could he tell them that? He would be torn to pieces.» Intelligent Greeks assure you that it is a symbol, that «holy fire» is the same as «holy water.» The Latins will have nothing to do with this, one of the most venerable ceremonies and the most appalling scandal of the Christian world.

At the height of the frensy, as the flame leaped through the rotunda and lighted the encircling chapels, making more rich and glittering the altars, the gorgeous vest-

[1] An account, which I have from a resident, states that three bunches of candles are given first by the Greek patriarch to the Greek community, through the window on the side of the Latin chapel. After that a bunch is given by the Armenian priest to his people through the window on their side. The last two bunches are for the Copts and Syrians. They are handed to their priests, who wait for them at the door of the Sepulcher. My informant adds that the Greeks say that the Armenian priest does not enter inside the sepulcher proper, but only as far as the Chapel of the Angels; and the Armenians claim that their priest goes in as far as does the Greek patriarch.

ments, the whole ecclesiastical paraphernalia, the arms and uniforms of the troops, and the many-colored costumes of the mad and motley crowd, the thought flashed upon me: Was there ever anything in all Christendom so beautiful and so blasphemous?

THE ANGER OF CHRIST.

I.

On the day that Christ ascended
To Jerusalem,
Singing multitudes attended,
And the very heavens were rended
With the shout of them.

II.

Chanted they a sacred ditty,
Every heart elate;
But he wept in brooding pity,
Then went in the holy city
By the Golden Gate.

III.

In the temple, lo! what lightning
Makes unseemly rout!
He in anger—sudden, frightening—
Drives with scorn and scourge the whitening
Money-changers out.

IV.

By the way that Christ descended
From Mount Olivet,
I, a lonely pilgrim, wended,
On the day his entry splendid
Is remembered yet.

V.

And I thought: If he, returning
On this festival,
Here should haste with love and yearning,
Where would now his fearful, burning
Anger flash and fall?

VI.

In the very house they builded
To his saving name,
'Mid their altars, gemmed and gilded,
Would his scourge and scorn be wielded,
His fierce lightning flame.

VII.

Once again, O Man of Wonder,
Let thy voice be heard.
Speak as with a sound of thunder;
Drive the false thy roof from under;
Teach thy priests thy word.

R. W. Gilder.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Right Place for an Expert.

WHEN, in January last, it was made known that President McKinley had selected Mr. Lyman J. Gage of Chicago to be Secretary of the Treasury, the announcement sent a thrill of confidence and hope throughout the channels of trade and industry in all parts of the country. Why was this? Simply because business men and financiers everywhere knew Mr. Gage to be preëminently fitted for the post. They knew him to be a financial expert of the first rank, in whose hands the finances of a great nation could be trusted, with entire confidence that they would not be mismanaged. Various other men had been suggested for the place, but none of them had commanded the wide approval which the first mention of Mr. Gage's name had called forth. Some of them were excellent men, of long experience in public life, but they did not possess the expert qualification which distinguished Mr. Gage.

We count it a piece of great good fortune that such a man should be at the head of the financial department of the government at the present time. As our readers are aware, we have urged for many years that in no branch of the public service is expert knowledge more essential than in the conduct of our finances. The whole country realized this last year, when uncertainty about the future financial policy of the nation plunged us into a more acute period of anxiety and alarm than we had experienced since the Civil War. An incompetent man at the head of the treasury would only prolong this period. We must have assurance of safe leadership there, and this Mr. Gage's reputation gives us. It is as comforting as the entrance of a tried and trusted physician to a sick-chamber. We know that in the latter case everything possible for the restoration of the patient to health will be done, and in the best way.

That this nation has been sick nigh unto death from financial distempers was admitted by all of us last year.

Since we have emerged from the crisis in safety there is some disposition to forget that we were sick at all, and to exclaim in the old, familiar way, «Oh, we 're all right; we are the greatest nation on earth, and nothing can hurt us.» But the business men do not take this view. They do not desire a repetition of last year's slow panic, and are anxious to avoid it by removing its cause. For this reason they wish to see some plan of currency reform adopted which will put our financial system on so sound a basis as will make another national «scare» impossible. It was with this end in view that they desired an expert financier at the head of the treasury, and hence their hearty satisfaction at Mr. Gage's selection. They know that he will carry forward the firm, intelligent policy which the Cleveland administration upheld with such courage and steadfastness during the trying times of the last four years, and which Secretary Carlisle explained from time to time with such admirable clearness and force; for Mr. Gage's ideas are identical with those upon which the Cleveland policy was based.

It is from this point of view that his advent is especially beneficial. There have been many plans of currency reform suggested, and the authors of them differ in regard to methods which should be used in carrying them out; but we believe it to be a fact that they will all agree in saying that Mr. Gage's judgment as to methods can be followed implicitly. There are few other men in the country of whom this could be said. His influence, therefore, both in the formulation of a plan and in persuading its adoption by Congress, will be very great. He is on record in favor of having the government go out of the banking business, of having the greenbacks retired, and of establishing some well-guarded system of bank-note circulation, broader and more elastic than that of the present national banks. He regards our present monetary system as the outcome of makeshift legislation and unscientific compromises, and thinks it should be reformed utterly.

In these general propositions Mr. Gage is in complete harmony with all other intelligent advocates of currency reform. The impressive monetary conference which assembled at Indianapolis in January last occupied the same ground. It declared with absolute unanimity that the maintenance of the gold standard, the retirement of the greenbacks, and the establishment of a better and more elastic banking system, are the first and absolutely necessary steps toward reform. The machinery which this conference set in motion will work in cordial harmony with Secretary Gage, and thus the national administration and the most intelligent sentiment of the country will be united in the effort to aid Congress in the best solution of the problem. This is representative government in its ideal form, for it brings to bear upon a great public question the best intelligence of the nation, thus at once commanding the respect of the people by giving them the benefit of the wisest action.

What we have said applies only to Secretary Gage's fitness for office as an expert financier. He has another qualification, which is scarcely inferior to this, and which may be said to be its natural ally. He is an earnest believer in civil-service reform, saying soon after his selection for office that his chief aim as secretary would be to give the country a businesslike administration, making all his appointments on merit alone, and without regard to political obligations. This is the natural policy for a trained and experienced bank president to follow. He knows that a private financial institution can be managed successfully only on that basis, and as a faithful public servant he will not consent to manage the financial department of the government in any other way. This again demonstrates the value of an expert in office. He believes in the best talent available in private business, and can see no reason why inferior talent should be employed in public business. With a government by experts, — that is, by men of real fitness in all its branches, — civil-service reform would be established without a struggle and without a law.

The Value of Dignity.

It is the opinion of some observers that the American sense of humor, combined with the confirmed American disposition to take a good-natured view of everything, has tended to a lack of seriousness and of dignity in our attitude toward public affairs. It is held that our public speakers, especially at banquets and other festive occasions, treat us to chaff and jokes, with little or no effort to appeal to our intellectual tastes. They say that many of our newspapers are no longer our instructors, but avowedly our entertainers, giving us only such brief and furtive instalments of genuine instruction as are necessary to keep up the pretense of guiding public opinion. These, and other like manifestations, are pointed to as signs of a change in national character; but we do not think that they reflect accurately the true feeling of the American people. Certainly in the recent political crisis the press and our public speakers showed a capacity for serious and able discussion.

Any one who moves about much among his fellows knows that there is a wide-spread weariness of the flippant after-dinner oratory of the period. Whenever, at a public banquet, some speaker makes a thoughtful, serious, earnest speech, the response of the audience is invariably so quick and hearty as to give evidence of a keen appetite for wholesome intellectual diet of this kind. So, too, in the press and in public life. The real instructor and leader of public opinion was never surer of a following than he is to-day. The whole country is, in fact, straining its eyes eagerly over the political field in search of true statesmen, real leaders, who take a dignified view of their place in politics — that is, an elevated and worthy one.

We believe firmly that our public men have sometimes underestimated the public taste in this matter. Surely the American statesmen who are held in highest veneration were men of dignity, having that elevation of character, deportment, and speech which was worthy their office. Washington was the ideal of dignity. Lincoln was a most impressively dignified man in his public acts and utterances. What nobler dignity can be found than exists in his inaugural addresses and in the Gettysburg oration? Long before he delivered those immortal productions, in his speeches in the famous Illinois campaign with Douglas, — notably in that at Springfield, in which he defined his attitude toward the slavery question, — this same high dignity was revealed.

True dignity in a public man means a full sense of his responsibility as a statesman. It means masterful knowledge of the subjects discussed, and elevation of tone and

repose of manner in their discussion. Charles Sumner, though often irritating in tone, had this quality in greater perfection than almost any other of our modern American statesmen. To equal his treatment of public questions, we have to go back to the days of Hamilton and the «Federalist.» No one will deny that a strong case is made all the stronger by dignified presentation of it, or that a weak one is put in the best possible light by the same treatment.

John Stuart Mill said at the close of the Civil War that what we needed for our future greatness was «men of a caliber to use the high spirit which this struggle has raised as means of moving public opinion in favor of correcting what is bad and of strengthening what is weak in [our] institutions and modes of feeling and thought.» That is another way of saying that we need men with a sense of the value of dignity, of the responsibility of statesmanship. Instead of following blindly what is bad and weak in our modes of thought and feeling, the work of the true statesman is to correct the one and strengthen the other.

Mr. Mill declared that if we were to develop such men among us, we should prove that the war had been a permanent blessing to our country, and a «source of inestimable improvement in the prospects of the human race in other ways besides the great one of extinguishing slavery.» There can be no doubt on this point. We are making in this country the greatest experiment in free government that has ever been tried. The eyes of the world are upon us at every stage of our progress, to see in what way we meet the demands which the problems of enlightened government make upon our system. If we meet them worthily and wisely, the cause of popular government, which is the cause of human progress, gains everywhere. This opens a field of labor for American patriotism which has no equal. It includes all branches of the public service, and extends from the halls of Congress, through all the State legislatures, down to the municipalities of our cities. In all of these popular government is on trial, and in all of them the greatest want of the time is men who know the value of dignity, and who feel the full responsibility of statesmanship.

OPEN LETTERS

«Speech and Speech-Reading for the Deaf.» A CRITICISM.

I NOTICE with regret that in the interesting article on teaching the deaf to speak, which appeared in your January issue, a number of inaccuracies occur, likely to mislead those of your readers who are not familiar with the processes of educating the deaf. I am sure you will allow me a little space to point out these errors.

It is true that statistics of schools for the deaf in the United States report twenty-five hundred pupils as being taught «by speech»; but no one acquainted with the facts would venture to say that the children «are taught as wholly by means of speech as the children of our public schools.» In their instruction adjuncts, such as natural gestures, writing in the air, the manual alphabet, and other means of conveying ideas to the mind, are in constant use to supplement the inadequacy of speech, which are never even thought of, much less employed, in the instruction of normal children.

A reference to the college at Washington with which I have had the honor to be connected for more than thirty years would lead the reader to suppose that an orally taught deaf-mute entering the college would be likely to lose his speech therein, and that no instruction in lip-reading was afforded in the college. Nothing could be farther from the truth than that any student has ever «lost his speech» because of his connection with the college at Washington. More than half the students speak fluently; every student desiring instruction in speech has it; a corps of eight teachers gives constant and special attention to the preservation and improvement of the speech of the students.

The system of educating the deaf introduced by my father into the country in 1817, when he founded the first school at Hartford, was very much more than one of «conventionalized signs.» It included from the start a thorough training in verbal and written language, providing successfully for the full mental development of the pupil, which in very many cases the oral method does not secure.

The Hartford method was adopted without exception by the schools springing up all over the country during fifty years following 1817; and though speech was little cultivated, thousands of deaf boys and girls received the essentials of a common-school education, including industrial training, and, with scarcely an exception, became self-supporting, even wealth-producing, and always happy members of society. Not a few of them have risen to high positions in the learned professions, becoming lawyers, editors, clergymen, and scientists, attaining «literary prominence» even, which Mr. Wright says he is not aware that orally taught deaf persons have done. And in this connection it should be said that the statement concerning the writing of poetry by the deaf is inexcusable in one who assumes to speak *ex cathedra*. Among the manually taught deaf a score of writers of verse can be named, whose poems ask no partial consideration on account of the «infirmity» of their authors; and even among the orally taught deaf a number have given to the world poetic effusions of a high order of merit.[1]

Mr. Wright's statement as to the various methods now in use in the schools for the deaf in the United States is incorrect, since he makes no mention at all of the only existing *system*—that is to say, one that includes all *methods*. Nine tenths of the deaf children at present

[1] *Vide* an article on "The Poetry of the Deaf," "Harper's Magazine," March, 1884.

under instruction in the country are in schools conducted on a «combined system» which includes a judicious adaptation of means to ends, according to the varying capacity of individuals. In the «combined schools» a much greater aggregate of speech is taught than in the «pure oral» schools, and a greater number of pupils are successfully taught «by speech.» But in these schools is recognized the fact, abundantly proved by the so-called «failures» which have come to them in large numbers from the «pure oral» schools, that very many deaf children are by nature unfitted to succeed with speech, and therefore require other methods for their education.

Nowhere does Mr. Wright show his lack of knowledge more conspicuously than when he speaks of the language of signs as one of the «tools of savagery,» and says «it is unfit for representing grammatically constructed language.» He certainly would not have made such statements had he seen me interpret, a short time since, through the language of signs to the students of our college, a most eloquent and interesting lecture by General Greely on arctic explorations and recent discoveries in Africa. Mr. Wright is doubtless unaware that such interpretations are of frequent occurrence in our college; and I am certain he has little knowledge of the graceful and expressive language the use of which he condemns.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
COLLEGE FOR THE DEAF,
WASHINGTON, D. C. — *Edward M. Gallaudet.*

REJOINDER.

AMONG the twenty-five hundred deaf pupils reported by statistics as «taught by speech,» there may be some in the «combined» schools, of which Dr. Gallaudet speaks so highly, whose instruction by speech is supplemented by the devices to which he refers. I have not visited all the schools for the deaf in the country; but in our own school the children are taught as wholly by speech as those of any public school, and I know from personal observation that this is true of hundreds upon hundreds of deaf children in the other oral schools. If the «combined» schools, in their eagerness to make a good showing of oral work in their reports, put too liberal an interpretation upon the term «taught by speech,» as Dr. Gallaudet would seem to infer, it is a pity, since it invalidates official statistics, but it may result favorably by inciting them to live up to their reports.

The point which I suspect to be the principal *casus belli*, however, is the reference in the article to the College for the Deaf in Washington, of which Dr. Gallaudet is the honored head. The reference consisted simply in the statement made to me by a graduate of that institution concerning his unaided struggles to retain his speech during the period of his residence there; and I took special pleasure in being able to add that, owing largely to the pressure brought to bear by the advocates of the oral method, this unfortunate state of affairs is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

Dr. Gallaudet's dissent from my statement that no graduate of the schools for the deaf has attained literary prominence may easily be due to a different standard of what constitutes «literary prominence.» That many deaf persons have reached literary excellence I stated in my article, and a great honor it is to them. I am proud to have had two of this class among my own pupils. But «literary prominence» is quite another matter.

That there are more deaf children in the «combined» schools than in the oral schools is true. This may possibly be explained on the ground that there are more «combined» schools, and the reason for this may be connected with the fact that the «combined» schools had fifty years the start, and that the expense of running an oral school is greater than of a «combined» school. A glance at the statistics quoted in my article will show the remarkable growth of the oral method since its introduction into this country; and it does not take half a prophet's eye to see that the end is not yet. It is the method of the present and the future, as distinguished from that of the past. The «combined» school is only the first step toward oralism.

Dr. Gallaudet is mistaken in assuming that I did not know that interpretations of spoken addresses in gestural signs were often given at his institution. I have several times had the pleasure of myself witnessing these interpretations, both by himself and others. I am astonished that Dr. Gallaudet has the temerity to dissent from my very conservative statement that the language of signs is «unfit for representing grammatically constructed language.» That this statement is not wholly without foundation, the following literal translation from signs into English may show. It is the «blessing» that the elder Dr. Peet, one of the ablest teachers of the deaf America has ever had, was accustomed to sign before his pupils began their repast. The words are given in the exact order in which the gestures were made.

«Father our, heaven in, again we assemble, bread, meat eat, drink receive; while we all things receive, thou blessing give, so we all strength receive; command thy love obey. We ask all Christ through alone. Amen.»

I purposely avoided in my article any statement concerning the sign-language that I thought could be considered extreme; and I will not add such here, but will content myself with quoting Dr. Gallaudet's own words as uttered in an address before a convention of instructors of the deaf. He then said: «I must say that for the deaf-and-dumb children in schools, striving to master the English language, it [the sign-language] is a very dangerous thing. . . . Then, if we want the children in our institutions to master the English language, what have we to do with the sign-language? I answer, as little as possible. I would bear in mind every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour, the sign-language in a school for the deaf is a dangerous thing. . . . The use of the sign-language, except in cases where it is absolutely essential, is pernicious. It hurts; it pulls down; it undoes; it brings forth groans and grunts and expressions of dissatisfaction and disappointment from teachers.»

John Dutton Wright.

THE WRIGHT-HUMASON SCHOOL,
NEW YORK CITY.

Acknowledgments.

MR. DODGE'S ceiling decoration in the Congressional Library, entitled «Ambition,» was reproduced in the March CENTURY from a photograph by Davis & Sanford.

In the same number «Trialments, Troublements, and Flickerments» was illustrated by George Varian.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

On the Road.

I 'S boun' to see my gal to-night—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
But when I does git to yo' do'
Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'will—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
De way so long wif dis slow pace,
'T 'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
I wish dat watch-dog would n't howl—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
An' evaht'ing, bofe right an' lef',
Seem p'int'ly lak hit put itse'f
In shape to skeer me half to def—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so 's I won't be feared—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
But anyhow I 's kin' o' skeered,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.
De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
But you kin mek hit lighten some,
Ef you 'll jes say you 's glad I come,
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Jean the Chopper.

WHERE Jean de Chambeau swings his ax
The snow is crushed in panther tracks,
Ghostly the flap of the great white owl,
Lonely and grim the wolf-pack's howl;
Yet, to ax-stroke keeping time,
His yodel rings a laughing rhyme:
To-day the depths of the shadowy wood
To Jean the Chopper seem gay and good.

A moose runs by, and he lets it go;
A bear that 's floundering in the snow;
A panting deer whose desp'rate flight
Has led the wolf-pack through the night.

«Run on!» he cries; «go on your way!
I harm no living thing to-day.
This night at Père Thibault's we feast.
He 's called the neighbors, called the priest;
His Lise is tall, like a white-birch tree,
And her black eyes have called to me!»

Francis Sterne Palmer.

The Dialect Store.

«I SUPPOSE I dreamed it; but if there is n't such a store, there might be, and it would help quill-drivers a lot,» said the newspaper man, as he and his friend were waiting to give their order in a down-town restaurant yesterday noon.

«What store are you talking about, and what dream? Don't be so vague, old man,» said his friend the magazine-writer.

«Why, a dialect store. Just the thing for you. I was walking down Fifth Avenue, near Twenty-first street, and I saw the sign ‹Dialect shop. All kinds of dialects sold by the yard, the piece, or in quantities to suit.› I thought that maybe I might be able to get some Swedish dialect to help me out on a little story I want to write about Wisconsin, so I walked in. The place looked a good deal like a dry-goods store, with counters down each side, presided over by some twenty or thirty clerks, men and women.

«The floor-walker stepped up to me and said, ‹What can I do for you?› ‹I want to buy some dialect,› said I. ‹Oh, yes; what kind do you want to look at? We have a very large assortment of all kinds. There 's quite a run on Scotch just now; perhaps you 'd like to look at some of that.› ‹No; Swedish is what I 'm after,› I replied. ‹Oh, yes; Miss Jonson, show this gentleman some Swedish dialect.›

«I walked over to Miss Jonson's department, and she turned, and opened a drawer that proved to be empty. ‹Are you all out of it?› I asked. ‹Ja; but I skall have some to-morrer. A faller from St. Paul he baen haer an' bought seventy jards.›

«I was disappointed, but as long as I was there I thought I 'd look around; so I stepped to the next counter, behind which stood a man who looked as if he had just stepped out of one of Barrie's novels. ‹Have you Scotch?› said I. ‹I hae joost that. What 'll ye hae? Hielan' or lowlan', reeleegious or profane? I 've a lairge stock o' gude auld Scotch wi' the smell o' the heather on it; or if ye 're wantin' some a wee bit shop-worn, I 'll let ye hae that at a lower price. There 's a quantity that Ian Maclaren left oot o' his last buke.› I expressed surprise that he had let any escape him, and he said: ‹Hech, mon, dinna ye ken there 's no end to the Scots?› I felt like telling him that I was sorry there had been a beginning, but I refrained, and he went on: ‹We 're gettin' airders fra the whole English-sp'akin' warld for the gude auld tongue. Our manager has airdered a fu' line of a' soorts in anticipation of a brisk business, now that McKinley—gude Scotch name that—is elected.›

«I should have liked to stay and see a lot of the Scotch, as it seemed to please the man to talk about his goods; but I wanted to have a look at all the dialects, so I bade him good morning, and stepped to the next department—the negro.

«Here an unctuous voice called out: ‹Fo' de Lawd! Ah don' b'leeve you 'll pass me widout buyin'. Got 'em all hyah, boss—Sou' Ca'lina an' Ten'see an' Virginny. Tawmas Nelson Page buys a heap er stuff right yer. Dat man sut'n'y got a great haid. He was de fustes' one ter see how much folks was dyin' ter git a leetle di'lect er de ra'ht sawt, an' Ah reckon Ah sol' him de fus' yard he evah bo't.›

«‹Do you sell it by the yard?› I asked, just to bring him out. ‹Shuah!› and pulling down a roll of black goods, he unrolled enough dialect to color ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin.› But I said, ‹I don't want to buy, uncle; but I 'm obliged to you for showing it to me.› ‹Oh, dat 's all right, boss. No trouble to show goods. Ah reckon yo' nev' saw sech a heap er local col'in' as dat. Hyah! hyah! hyah! We got de goods, an' any tahm you want to fix up a tale, an' put in de Queen's English in black, come yer an' as' fer me. Good day, sah.› And I passed on to the next—Western dialect.

«Here I found that James Whitcomb Riley had just engaged the whole output of the plant. The clerk had an assistant in his little son,—a Hoosier boy,—and he piped up: ‹We got 'ist a littul bit er chile's di'lec', an' my popper says 'at ef Mist' Riley don't come an' git it soon 'at I can sell it all my own se'f. 'At 'd be the mostest fun!› and his childish treble caused all the other clerks in the store to look around and smile kindly at him.

«In the German department the clerk told me he was not taking orders for dialect in bulk. ‹Zome off dose tayatreekalers dey buy it, aber I zell not de best to dem. I zell imitation kints «made in Chairmany.» Aber I haf der best eef you vant it.›

«I told him I did not care to buy, and passed on to the French-Canadian department. The clerk was just going out to lunch; but although I told him I merely wished to look, and not to buy, he said politely: ‹I try hall I can for get di'lect, but hup in Mon'réal dat McLennan he use hall dere is; but bymby I speak for some dat a frien' have, an' 'e sen' me some. An' 'e tell me I 'll get hit las' summer.› I expressed a polite wish that he might get his goods even sooner than ‹las' summer,› and walked to the Jew-dialect counter, over which I was nearly pulled by the Hebrew clerk. ‹You 're chust in time,› he said. ‹Say, veepin' Rachel! but I sell you a parkain. Some goots on'y been ust vun veek on der staich; unt so hellep me cracious! you look so like mein prudder Imre dat I let dem go› —here he lowered his voice to a whisper—‹I let dem go fer a qvarter uf a darler.›

«I resisted him, and hurried to the Yankee department. There was tall hustling going on there, and a perfect mob of buyers of all sorts and conditions of writers; and it took half a dozen men, women, and children, including three typical farmers, to wait on them; and they were selling it by the inch and by the car-load. ‹Wall, I 'm plumb tired. Wisht they 'd let up so 'st I could git a snack er sump'n' inside me,› said one; and he looked so worn out that I passed on to the Irish counter. A twinkling-eyed young Irishman, not long over, in answer to my question said: ‹Sure, there 's not much carl fer larrge quantities av ut. Jane Barlow do be havin' a good dale, an' the funny papers do be usin' ut in smarl lots, but 't is an aisy toime I have, an' that 's a good thing, fer toimes is harrd.›

«I paused a moment at the English-dialect counter, and the rosy-cheeked clerk said: ‹Cawn't I show you the very litest thing in Coster?› I told him no, and he offered me Lancashire and Yorkshire at ‹gritely reduced rites›; but I was proof against his pleading, and having now visited all the departments but one, went to that.»

«What was it?» asked the writer for the magazines.

«The tough-dialect counter.»

«Tough is not a dialect,» said he.

«Maybe not, but it sounds all right, all right. Well, whatever it is, the fellow in charge was a regular Ninth-Warder, and when I got abreast of him he hailed me with, ‹Soy, cully, wot sort d' yer want? I got a chim-dandy Sunny-school line er samples fer use in dose joints, or I k'n gi' yer hot stuff up ter de limit an' be-yon'. See? Here 's a lot of damaged «wot t''ells» dat I 'll trun down fer a fiver, an' no questions ast. Soy, burn me fer a dead farmer if I ever sol' dem at dat figger before; but dey 's some dat Townsen' did n' use, an' yet dey 's dead-sure winners wit' de right gang. See?›

«And then I woke up, if I was asleep; and if I was n't, I wish I could find the store again, for I 'd be the greatest dialect-writer of the age if I could get goods on credit there. Say, waiter, we came for lunch, not supper.»

Charles Battell Loomis.

DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS.

A SEIZURE IN THE JUNGLE.

«I say, Uncle Boon, what 's the row?»

UNCLE BOON: «Why, the elephant owes my sister for cocoanut milk, and Bab is going to hold his trunk until he pays.»

A Maid of '96.

OUT from the narrow, gilded frame,
Eyes like bluets and lips aglow,
Grandmama's face smiles, fair and young
As when it was painted years ago.

Grandmama, with her snow-white hair,
Then was a beauty—some said a flirt;
Dressed in the fashion of 'ninety-six,
With wide, full sleeves and a flaring skirt.

Danced the two-step and waltz at balls,
Rode in a heavy, old-time coupé
Drawn by horses: in 'ninety-six
That was considered the modish way.

One can guess how she might have smiled—
Old-time belle with her stiffened stock—
Could she have seen the modern girl
Stepping free in her loose-hung frock.

How she 'd have marveled beyond belief,
Chancing to raise her eyes to the sky,
Over the din of the noisy street
To have seen an air-coach sweeping by!

Grandmama had a lover then,
Far away in a distant land;
Letters he wrote her must travel days
Before their message could reach her hand.

Grandmama treasures those letters still,
Yellowing sheets of a long-past day,—
«Darling,» «sweetheart,» «my own dear love,»—
Faded writing half kissed away.

Little she dreamed that the time would come
When over land and ocean wide
Voices could sound, and faces smile,
Clearly as though they were at one's side.

But eyes of love in those dim old days
Could hold the image as true and clear,
And voices of loved ones far away
Sweetly could sound in memory's ear.

And still from the narrow, gilded frame
Grandmama smiles serenely bright,
And the satin gown with the filmy lace
About the neck is her bridal white.

Katharine Pyle.

An Up-to-Date Sweetheart.

I LOVE her for her infinite variety;
She does everything my fancy can desire.
'T is impossible to tire of her society,
For there 's always something novel to admire.

She 's a graduate of Cornell University,
And can talk on solid themes like a review;
She has pretty gowns in flowerlike diversity,
And she wears a dainty Cinderella shoe.

She 's the leader of a cooking-class of twenty,
Rides a wheel as well as any in the park;
When she dances she has eager swains in plenty,
And she sings as clear and sweet as any lark.

On the golf-links she is quite a star performer,
And at whist she plays the best and newest leads;
She 's a fervent college-settlement reformer,
And knows all about the masses and their needs.

She can talk in French or German or Italian;
She can row and swim as well as any boy;
She can work in clay or model a medallion
In a way to fill a sculptor's soul with joy.

Yet her versatility, though I adore it,
With this drawback my bewildered heart confronts:
That—it does not seem quite fair to blame her for it—
She 's engaged herself to six of us at once!

P. Leonard.

Hunting-Song.

HAH! list to the drumming of horses' feet on the dry-baked, frost-bit ground;
And hark to the laugh of the morning breeze as it tosses the rhythmic sound.
«Swing away! Swing away!»
It seems to say,
«From the sorrows that pale your life;
Let your soul sit straight in the saddle to-day, unweighted by thoughts of strife.»

«Tarra-rum! Tarra-rum! Tarra-ralla-lah-lah!» the whipper-in's bugle sings;
'T is enough to waken the pulse of life in the dust of long-dead things.
«Break away! Break away!»
It seems to say,
«From the sorrows that crush your days;
And gallop away with us to-day, through the rime-touched morning haze.»

Look! over the hills where they reach the sky, mounts up the red-faced sun;
In an onrush of light on the mists he swoops and scatters them one by one;
Ride away! Ride away!
Oh, life 's but a day;
Your gallop will soon be o'er.
If you 've never been in at a death, my lad, you 'll fear your own the more.

Soho! Soho! there 's Reynard in sight—may the gods grant him speed to-day,
And may the devil put thought in his heart to lead us some perilous way.
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
And on we go—
We 've got no time to quail:
Put your trust in fate, take each five-barred gate, and ride home to roast and ale.

Thomas D. Bolger.

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